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INTERVIEW

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LORNE MICHAELS TALKS ABOUT "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE"

ANOTHER CENSOR BITES THE DUST

THE GREAT FT. LAUDERDALE SEX SCANDAL

DEEP INSIDE THE DRUG TRADE

REAL VOICES TELL THE REAL STORY

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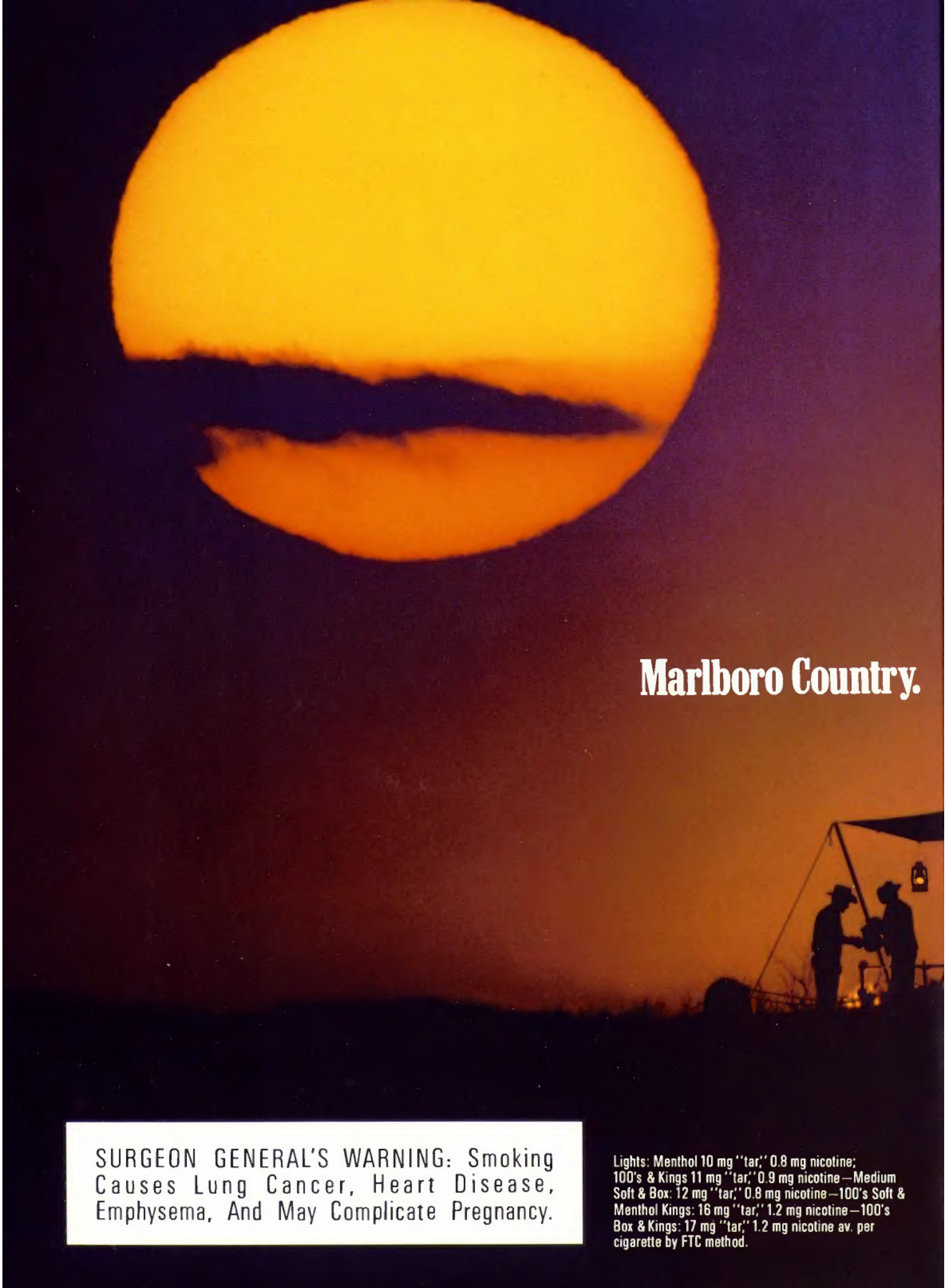


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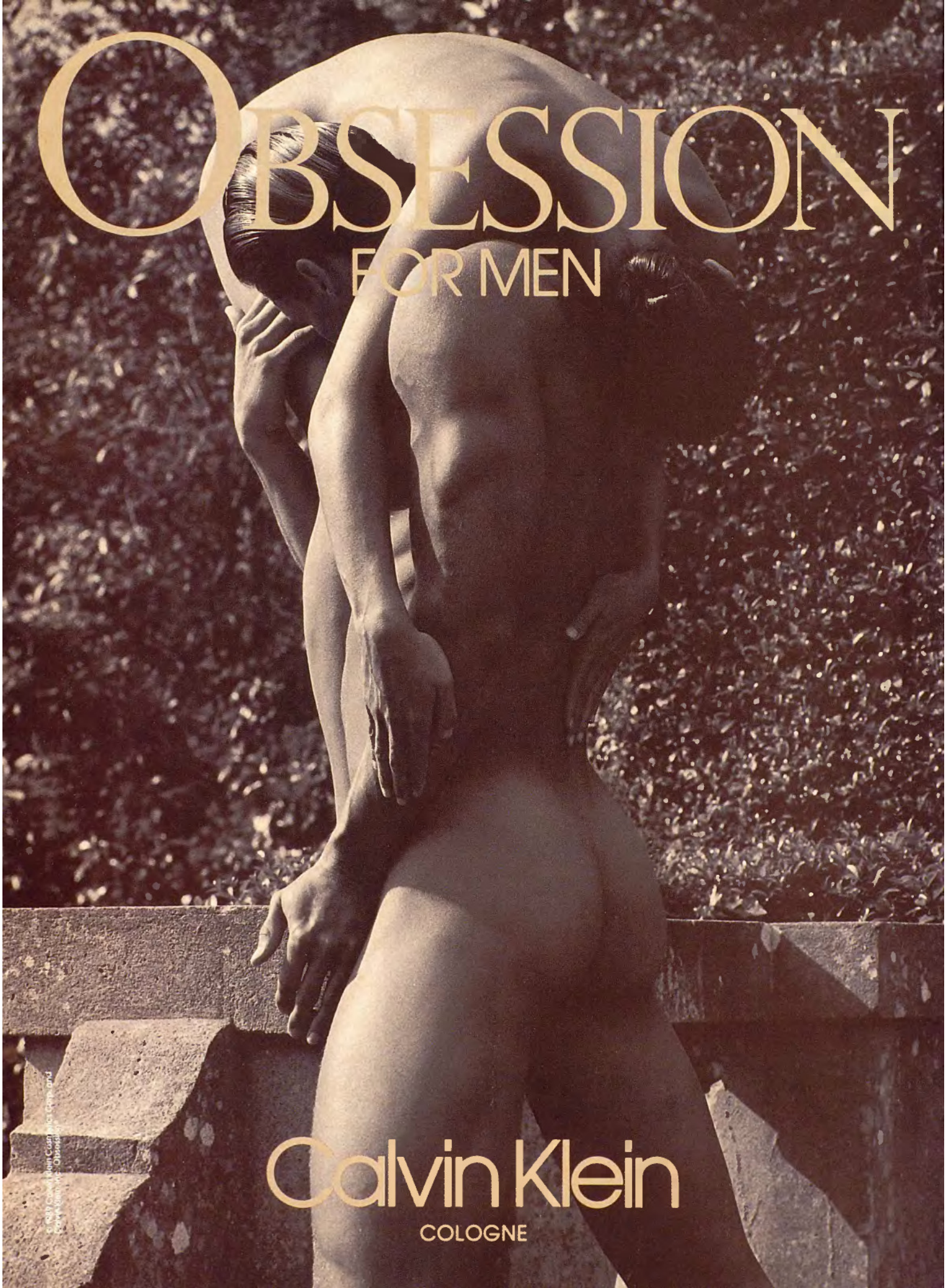

OBSESSION
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
COLOGNE

HE WAS the kind of man who made the right impression on fellow Presbyterians in their swank Fort Lauderdale church—a political conservative who said he was on a mission from God to sell insurance and clean up Fort Honky-tonk. And **Doug Danziger** did his darndest, campaigning noisily against adult bookstores, massage parlors and night clubs with nude dancers. So how come he ended up paying for sex with a housewife while her cop husband hid in a closet and videotaped their conjugation on the family bed? Read all about it in *The Creep, the Cop, His Wife & Her Lovers*, by **Pat Jordan.**

Another case of sexual snooping, this time a fictitious one, is detailed in *Vengeance from Space and the Texas Tomato*, by **Michael Beres,** in which a two-timed weatherman seeks relief with the aid of a satellite. The illustration is by **Blair Drawson.**

A carnal connection is also the subject of *Vox*, by **Nicholson Baker,** hailed by James Kaplan in January's *Vanity Fair* as "the best American writer of his generation." In this segment of the book to be published by Random House, Baker details the startling sex fantasies of a couple who meet by telephone. It's illustrated by **Pat Andrea.**

Reality returns with comic vengeance in *Bonehead Quotes of the Year*, a painfully true assortment of celebrity pronouncements collected by author **Larry Engelmann,** whose most recent book, *Tears Before the Rain*, is about the fall of South Vietnam.

What were you doing on the night of October 11, 1975? If the answer is watching TV, chances are you saw the maiden broadcast of *Saturday Night Live*, which reveled in the fine art of skewering boneheads. Seventeen years later, *S.N.L.*'s creator and executive producer, **Lorne Michaels,** is back in the control booth after a five-year respite, and in this month's *Playboy Interview* with Contributing Editor **David Rensin,** he lifts the curtain on the public and private dramas of *S.N.L.*'s legendary cast.

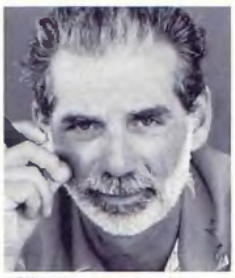
A grim picture comes to light in *The Drug Wars: Voices from the Street*, by **Tim Wells** and **William Triplett,** a harrowing factual record told by the dealers, users and cops who find themselves bound together in America's most futile civil conflict. (It's from the book *The Drug Wars* to be published by William Morrow.)

Contributing Editor **David Standish** packs a lifetime of musical knowledge into his current installment of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock: Swing, Brother, Swing*. This episode chronicles the advent of the big-band era and its legendary talents such as **Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday** and **Duke Ellington. Wilson McLean** provided the accompanying artwork.

Jazz brings us to one of its late, great idols, the Birdman himself, Charlie Parker. **Forest Whitaker** portrayed the saxman in **Clint Eastwood's** cinematic tribute, *Bird*, and gave equal credibility to his co-starring role with **Robin Williams** in *Good Morning, Vietnam*. This month he brings us up to date on the acting life in *20 Questions* with Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook.**

Who says the rich are different from you and me? For *Society Darlings*, **George Carroll Whipple III** (that's the name he was born with) took the photographs that prove debutantes can be red-blooded lusty women, too. Accredited blue blood **Lang Phipps** helps explain the rites of passage.

But wait, there's more! **Michael Jackson** shares his redoubtable expertise about beers in *The Dark Side of Winter*, while *Playboy* Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** delivers sage sartorial advice on *Fifteen Ways to Wear Khaki*. Add to that our March Playmate, **Tylyn John,** and the **Bruce Weber** pictorial on the lovely **Lisa Marie,** and that pretty much—and very prettily, too—wraps up this month's package.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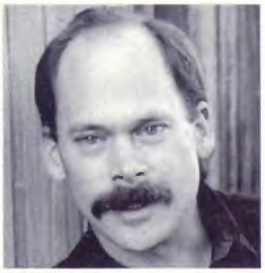
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**Playboy** (ISSN 0032-1478), March 1992, volume 39, number 3. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

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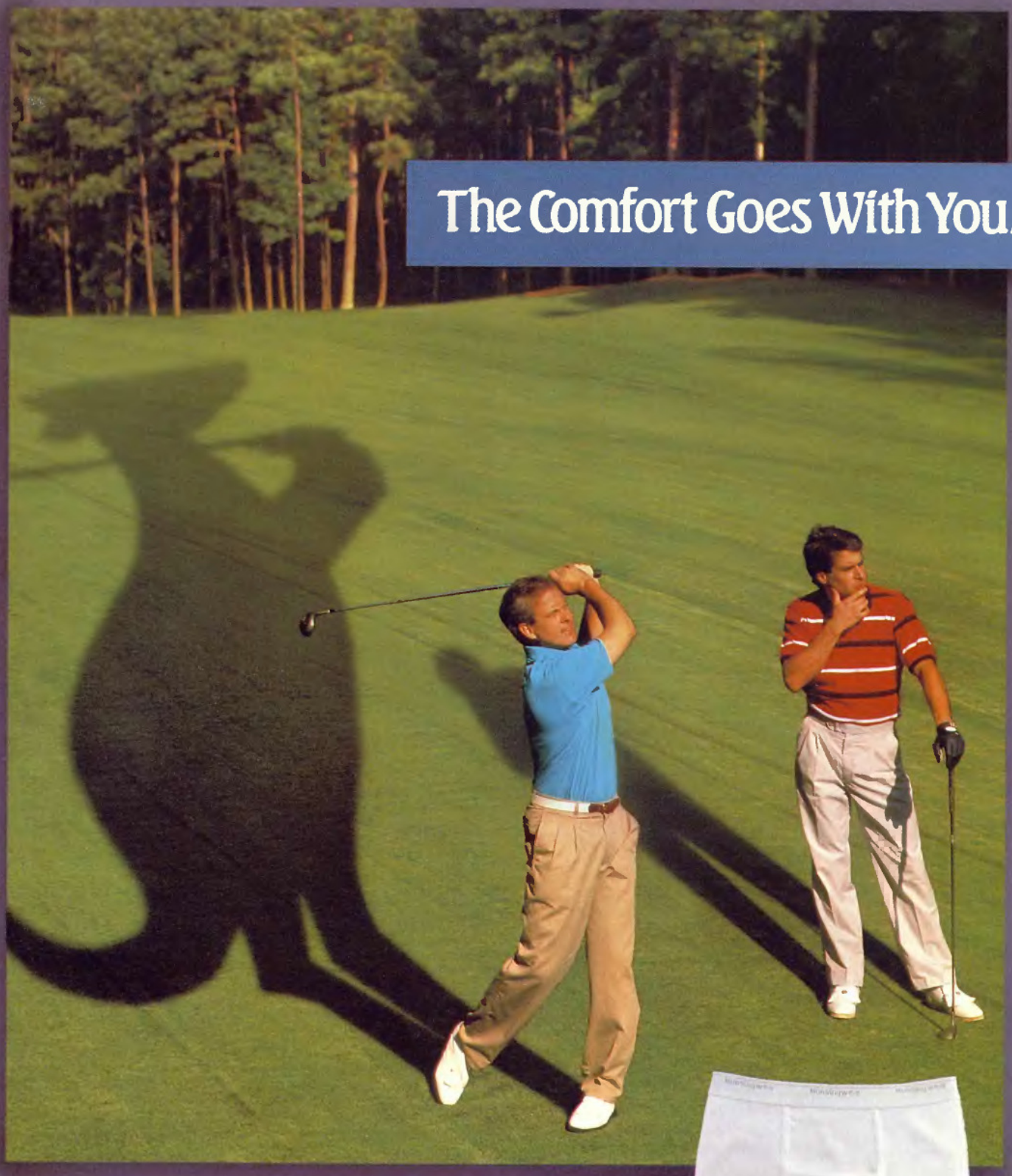

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vol. 39, no. 3—march 1992

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**COVER STORY**

Soon-to-be Playmate Vickie Smith is sitting pretty as she prepares to introduce *Society Darlings*, a pictorial starring the sexy daughters of the rich and famous. Our cover was produced by Associate Photo Editor Lindo Kenney, styled by Lone Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Waydo. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling Vickie's hair and make-up and to Nicole of California for her gown. Our Rabbit enjoys making a spectacle of himself.

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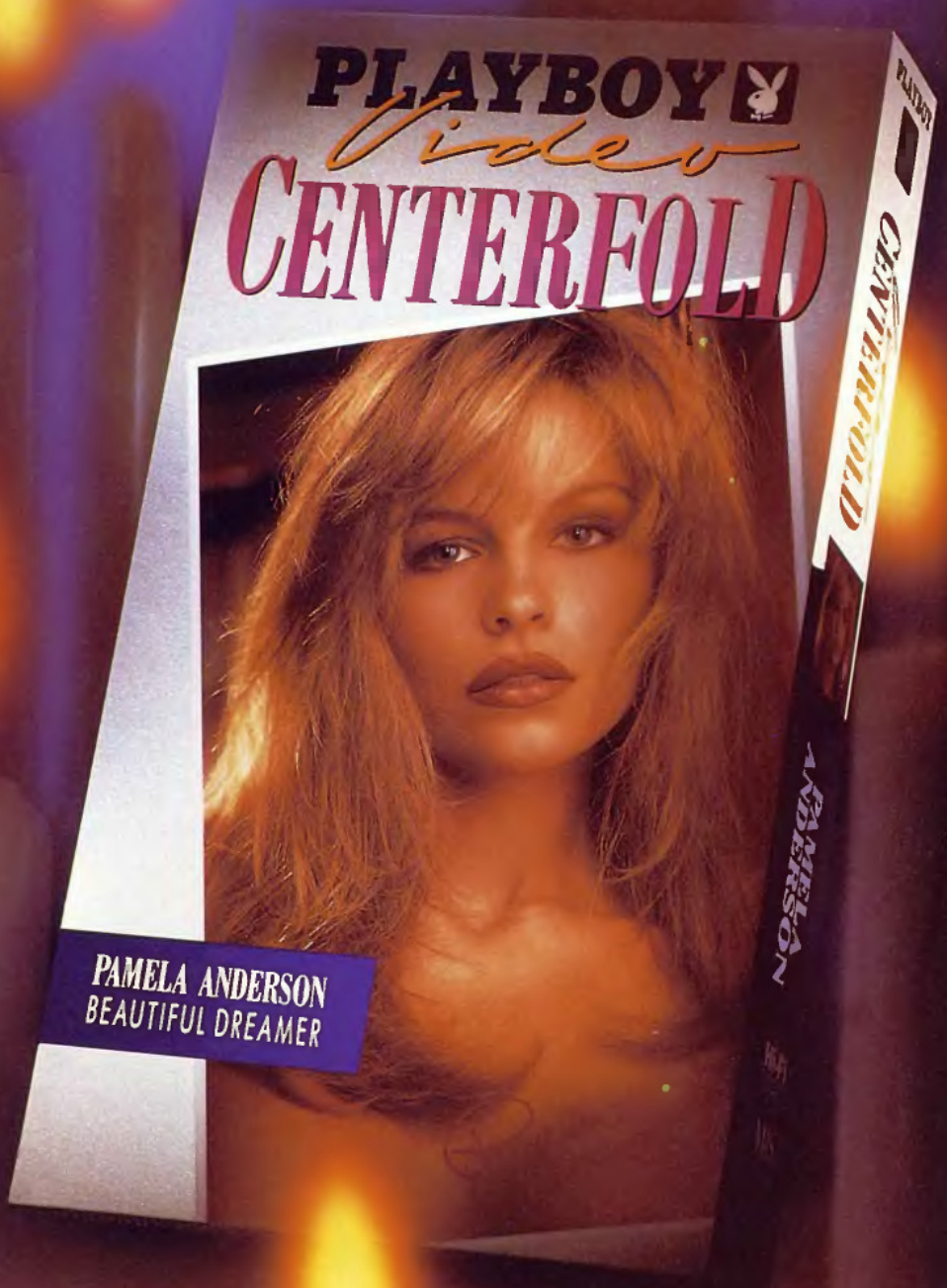


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### CARL SAGAN INTERVIEW

Your *Playboy Interview* with Carl Sagan (December) is a refreshing change of pace from the usual political and entertainment figures. However, there is one more issue I'd like to have seen Sagan discuss: overpopulation.

Someone who understands the problems of global warming and ozone depletion as well as Sagan does must surely be aware that the root cause of these problems isn't cars or power plants, it's people.

With world population currently doubling every 40 years or so, any gains in energy efficiency or renewable energy sources are likely to be overwhelmed by sheer numbers of people. Most scientists studying these matters agree that the first thing we must do is stop population growth.

Given all this, I wonder how Sagan can justify his having recently fathered a fifth child.

Thomas W. Fugate
Frederick, Maryland

I'm probably Sagan's worst nightmare: a retired Air Force colonel and NASA Space Shuttle astronaut. But I do agree with much of his thinking on the need to excite our youth about science, the obscenity of huge arms expenditures, the environment and corporate America's responsibilities. However, he's parsecs away from being right on the shuttle and space-station programs.

In one breath he says, "The shuttle is an attempt at bureaucratic self-maintenance," and in the next he's effusing, "Boy, I'd be signing up myself" in reference to a *Star Trek* Enterprise type of adventure. How does he expect us to advance to a *Star Trek* Enterprise type of vehicle without a manned space program? Sagan should know, as any scientist should, that it takes measured steps to get from one to the other.

He also complains that "manned missions . . . haven't done a thing . . . except learn a little about humans in space." Well, excuse my Vulcan logic, but how the hell can we boldly go where no man has gone before if we don't understand *a lot* about humans in space: the long-term effects of zero gravity on bones, muscles, the cardiovascular system and, yes, that timeless male astronaut fantasy of weightless sex and human reproduction.

Sagan's problem is obvious: There's just not enough money to go around for a manned program and his pet project—an unmanned robotic program of the likes of Viking, Mariner, Voyager, etc. That's a tragedy, because both manned and unmanned programs are needed and both could be funded if our government would pull its head out of the sand and start spinning dollars off the defense budget and into NASA—a point that Sagan eloquently makes. But trashing the manned program to make that point undermines his credibility and, I think, serves the nation poorly.

R. Mike Mullane
Colonel, U.S.A.F. (Ret.)
NASA Astronaut (Ret.)
Albuquerque, New Mexico

### JOE PESCI

I can't thank you enough for bringing us the talented and amusing Joe Pesci in Julie Bain's *20 Questions* (*Playboy*, December). The interview revealed the powder keg of *GoodFellas* to be not only explosive but inspirational and not really bitter as much as *acting* bitter.

I envy Bain for having had the opportunity to meet the exciting and dynamic Pesci, and I can hardly wait to see his performance in *JFK*.

Michael Cohen
Holland, Pennsylvania

### A ROSE BY ANOTHER NAME

I'd like to thank you for Roger Kahn's great article on Pete Rose (*A Rose by*

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*Another Name*, *Playboy*, December). But the ending is not quite right. Many a second baseman and catcher would dispute the idea that Rose could ever be "sad and pathetic" because they've seen Pete's fire on the base paths.

Jeffrey Jakmider
Alliance, Ohio

It isn't hard to find the hero in Roger Kahn's article on Pete Rose. Surprise, it's Roger Kahn. During his odyssey to find the correct voice for the Pete Rose book, Kahn manages to determine the following:

- Pete Rose is basically a dumb guy but a hard worker. My God, the man hasn't read the right books.
- The late baseball commissioner, Bart Giamatti, was nothing more than a power broker. Of course, Giamatti *had* read all of the right books, but it's difficult for dead men to defend themselves.

Overlooked, or possibly ignored, by Kahn is Pete Rose's appearance in federal court, where he pleaded guilty to tax-evasion charges. Rose stood before the judge and expressed contrition, humility and a willingness to accept his punishment. Quite unusual for the majority of celebrity defendants appearing in court these days.

Charles O. Wey
Lake Worth, Florida

### "NOT-SO-GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

Thank you for Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook* "Not-So-Great Expectations" in the December issue. His reflection on the decline in middle-class America's standard of living illustrates how much damage we've suffered from the Cold War.

Just as World War Two bankrupted Britain and rendered her a second-class power, the Cold War has bankrupted us. The arms splurge of the Reagan years put us so far into debt that we now have insufficient funds to invest in the underpinnings of a modern economy, our nation's infrastructure and education.

The Europeans and Asians who rebuilt their economies from the rubble of war with our help surged ahead of us because we carried most of the burden of their postwar defense.

We won the Cold War and our adversary is a basket case, but we have also been damaged. It's now time to revise the mind-set of the past 40 years and cut back the military. Let's use the peace dividend to eliminate the national deficit and bind up the wounds of war.

Dan Christiansen
Seattle, Washington

Scheer's "Not-So-Great Expectations" will, I hope, open a lot of eyes. After graduating from a prominent all-girl Catholic high school, I was forced to drop out of college at the age of 19 because I couldn't work enough hours to pay rent plus the cost of my tuition. There weren't enough hours in the day!

I'm 20 now and work in a clinic, but our merit increases and raises have been frozen for six months because of the tight state budget. I pray the cost of living won't go up, but I know it will. People my age are taking the shit-end of the stick so that the rich can get richer. Eventually, there will be no middle class and our society will be like ancient Egypt's, where there were a few extremely rich people and thousands of slaves. This will be the result of our government's continuing to vote for income-tax breaks for the wealthy and cutting funding for aid to the common worker.

Stephanie Altenburg
Sacramento, California

### DIAN PARKINSON

Thank you for the fantastic photo layout of the gorgeous Dian Parkinson (*Dian Parkinson, Come on Down*) in your December issue. Having watched her all these years on *The Price Is Right*, seeing her *au naturel* in *Playboy* is unbelievable! Hats off to *Playboy*, Contributing

Photographer Stephen Wayda and, of course, to the fantastic Parkinson!

Mario Caputo
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The only reason I watch *The Price Is Right* is Dian Parkinson. The sight of this priceless beauty in a bikini is the best prize on the show.

Joseph Pastore
Hampton Bays, New York

Dian's a bargain at any price!

Randy Scott
Jefferson City, Missouri

### KWOON

I commend *Playboy* for publishing Charles Johnson's short story, *Kwoon*, in the December issue. Along with a few other powerful and eloquent black writers today—Stanley Crouch and Shelby Steele, among others—Johnson seeks to celebrate black history and identity while searching for common ground between races and cultures. To some, this antiseparatist credo is revolutionary and controversial. But it's the only hope we have for survival in a diverse and conflicted society.

Johnson's themes in *Kwoon* and in numerous other works—the value of education, the struggle for self and community, mutual respect, the physical as a window to the soul—suggest that he's gradually becoming a valuable national resource. I hope to see more of his work in *Playboy*.

Richard Hart
Smithtown, New York

### MY JERUSALEM

As a Christian who recently visited Jerusalem, I read Bruce Jay Friedman's article *My Jerusalem* (*Playboy*, December) with interest. Friedman successfully captures the reason for Jerusalem's widespread appeal and popularity among people of all faiths. Those of us who have seen it understand why everyone feels so drawn to this city: It exudes an aura of peace, love for all and true communion with the Supreme Being.

Clarence B. Santos
Los Angeles, California

After reading Friedman's article, I came to the conclusion that your writer was looking for the Stage Deli, since his article seems to be more concerned about the meals he had than the city's 5000 years of history.

Garry G. Blaustein
Tamarac, Florida

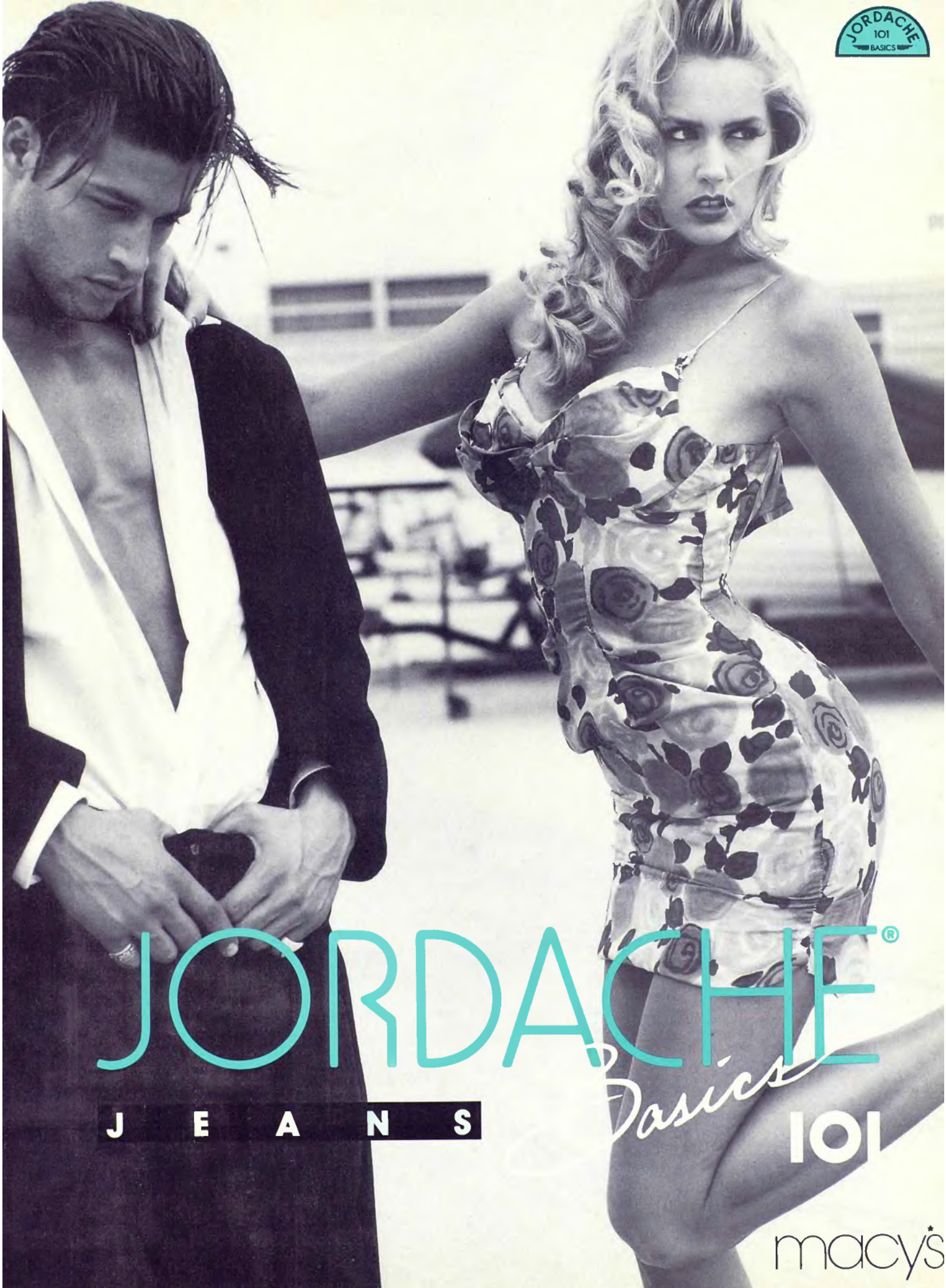
### HOW TO ARGUE

Articles such as Michael Crichton's *How to Argue* (*Playboy*, December) are reasons I continue to be a loyal, reasonably liberated female *Playboy* reader. Crichton offers some of the most understandable and practical suggestions for conflict resolution I've ever seen.

I would speculate that if men and women would simply agree never to fight after 11 P.M. or under the influence of alcohol or drugs, as Crichton suggests, domestic fights and violence would be lessened dramatically.

The section titled "Fight Hard" makes so much sense. Believe it or not, women do *not* want to walk all over men in domestic arguments. To win by default just feels to us as if the issue wasn't important enough for you to spend time dealing with it.

Jody W. Hess
Phoenix, Arizona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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### HUNKS VS. CHUNKS

We've always had a slight grudge against the washboard stomachs and G string–wrapped packages of the Chippendales—and the way our girlfriends' eyes glaze at the mention of the male erotic-dance troupe. So we cheered the arrival of the Chunkendales, an all-male revue in New Mexico featuring 240-pound radio disc jockey Phil "The Bean" Sisneros and his blubbery buddies. They started jiggling for charities—and were an instant hit. "The women go nuts," said Phil, "and the guys think we've got a lot of guts." But Easebe Enterprises, which owns the Chippendale trademark, cried foul and threatened legal action. "We've dealt with the Chickendales, the Strippendales, the Ship 'n' Dales and a million others," countered Bob Green, an Easebe vice president. "We protect our trademark whether they're small, medium or large." Sisneros and his corpulent company succumbed and changed their name to the Chunks, though if Sisneros had his way, "I'd tell them to loosen up their G strings." For the Chunkendales, imitation was just another form of fattery.

•

Death, where is thy timing? According to White House spokesfolks, President Bush was asked to attend the funeral of a "hard-working, patriotic American." There was no rush, though: The patriot's family went on to say that the not-yet-departed was on a life-support system, but could be disconnected at Mr. Bush's convenience. Now *there*'s a health plan.

•

*The New York Times* ran a half-page ad for Giant Carpet Stores with the following head: "THIS WEEK, NO ONE WILL BE GETTING SCREWED ON THEIR LIVING-ROOM FLOOR."

•

M is for the moments that she gave us: Florence Henderson, who played Carol Brady on the TV show *The Brady Bunch*, has revealed that she dated actor Barry Williams—known to millions as her oldest son, Greg Brady—during the filming of the series. At the time, he wasn't even old enough to drive.

### NOW IT CAN BE SOLD

For those of you who drooled over the Army's Humvee (high-mobility multipurpose wheeled vehicle) during the Gulf war and dreamed of kicking its tires at your local dealership, the Hummer—the civilian Humvee—is here. AM General Corporation, the defense contractor that manufactures the Humvees for the Pentagon, plans to blitz the besieged U.S. car market in mid-1992 with a commercial, limited edition of the *Uberjeeps*—1000 of them. (Survivalists and car buffs who can't wait for AM General to establish a dealer network can call 800-3-HUMVEE to place an order.) Altered to meet federal safety standards, the desert-tan pickups have two or four doors; there's also an open-top sports model. Novice offroad warriors will learn special Hummer operating techniques—necessary for negotiating ditches and steep grades—at a one-day training course that's included in the $40,500 to $44,000 price. Unfortunately, the machine-gun mount and plastic dashboard statuette of General Norman Schwarzkopf are not part of the deal.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

•

Be on the alert for an attack of the sex headache, a newly isolated type of head ringer. Dr. James Lance, an Australian neurologist, says the condition begins with cramps in the back of the head, followed by a thunderclap of pain during orgasm. Come again?

•

An apparently vexed woman sped by us in sports-crazed Chicago with this bumper sticker: DA BULLS, DA BEARS, DA VORCE.

•

From the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department newsletter: At a recent trial, a robbery victim was asked, "Are the men who robbed you present in the courtroom today?" Before the victim could answer, the two defendants raised their hands.

•

We detected a sense of humor in a small Italian restaurant the other day. On the menu, one salad selection was called radicchio ad absurdum.

### MEN OF TEAL

Now that performance art is more than 30 years old, we've reached a point where we're able to distinguish—with an expertise we've yet to develop for street mimes—between good and unfortunate acts. Of the latter, we've witnessed NEA grant recipient Karen Finley smear yams on her naked body, ex–porn queen Annie Sprinkle offer peeks at her cervix and an androgynous clubgoer quaff urine on stage.

However, *Tubes*, a show in New York performed by the Obie Award–winning Blue Man Group, transcends all the downtown *dreck*. Each man in the trio is garbed in a blue latex body suit equipped with tubes that spew multicolored paint at his buddies, the spectators and an occasional canvas. The presentation we attended integrated music, lighting and a variety of stunts to rousing effect. Somehow, this event was

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I mean, nobody is better than I am, by myself, alone in a room with MTV. You should see me. I was born for the boogie, no question."—THINKING MAN'S HEARTTHROB DIANE SAWYER, FROM THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT NETWORK'S *CLASS OF THE 20TH CENTURY*

### NOT TONIGHT?

Of the 80 women who suffer from migraine headaches surveyed at the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine, the number who engaged in sex during such an attack: 53.

•

Number of the 53 women who said sex provided complete or temporary relief from the headache, 24; number who said sex had no effect, 28; number who said sex made the pain worse, 1.

### CHANGING LANES

According to a survey by Integrated Automotive Resources, Inc., the percentage of Japanese-car owners in the U.S. who intend to replace their autos with American cars, 32; percentage of current domestic-car owners who intend to switch to Japanese models, 7.4.

### PORT-A-CALL

Number of Americans who use cellular telephones: 5,300,000.

•

According to a survey by Motorola, the percentage of cellular phone calls that were personal, 33; percentage of callers who felt that their cellular phones improved relationships with their spouses, 54; percentage who called a loved one just to say hello, 73; percentage who called to order food for take-out or delivery, 36.

### FACT OF THE MONTH

The greening of America: The Department of Agriculture estimates that 45,000,000 lawns cover more than 30,000,000 acres of the U.S.

### FIT FOR FITNESS

A survey by the National Sporting Goods Association reports that the average amount spent on sports clothing by a downhill skier in 1989 was $121.51; by a golfer, $62.90; a hunter, $58.85; an aerobics enthusiast, $34.98; a jogger, $34.25; a tennis player, $31.50; a camper, $26.95; a swimmer, $26.18; a cyclist, $16.88; a fisherman, $15.57; a bowler, $13.87.

### RAT RACE

According to a study by Juliet B. Schor and Laura Leete-Guy of Harvard University, the number of hours worked each year by the average employee in Japan in 1989, 2155; in the United States, 1951; in the United Kingdom, 1856; in France, 1610; in Germany, 1603; in Sweden, 1539.

•

The average number of hours employed Americans added to their yearly work schedule between 1969 and 1989, 138; hours of housework added, 45.

•

Average number of hours Americans spent commuting in 1975, 181; in 1985, 204.

•

By law, minimum number of paid vacation days per worker each year in Sweden in 1989, 25; in France, 25; in Spain, 30. Average actual vacation in European countries: five to eight weeks. U.S. average: 16 days.

### HAMMER, SICKLE AND PUTTER

Cost of a country-club membership at the first golf course established in the Soviet Union in 75 years: as high as $75,000. Greens fees: $40 to $50.

—BETTY SCHAAL

productive in a way we can't explain. Is it a show for your mom? No. Your brother-in-law the accountant? Definitely.

•

We were looking at our Burnishine Products catalog—which is of interest to people who work in pressrooms—when we noticed an ad for Putz Pomade. Presumably, the goo can be used for its original purpose—cleaning press rollers—or to make morons look nice in the hair department.

•

Like many newspapers, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* often reprints short, historic items that originally appeared in its pages decades ago—when journalistic standards were a bit different. Consider this recently resurrected 100-year-old blurb: "A bear lately attacked a woman in the woods, and then a woman abused the bear with her tongue, so that it fell at her feet and died." A grisly end.

### MARLBORO MAN

The last time we looked upon the landscape of comedy, we noticed a few craggy edges. The sharpest joker we spied is Denis Leary, star of the one-man show *No Cure for Cancer* in New York. For fans of contrariant humor—people who retch at the thought of tree huggers—Leary is a breath of fresh smoke. "I love cigarettes. I smoke seven thousand packs a day," Leary tells us. "It's an oral thing. If they sold tits by the pack, I'd smoke them all day, too." The Boston native's diet is as depraved as his humor; he's eager to exploit the dark side of human desire. On why he could never be a vegetarian, he explains, "Eggplant tastes like eggplant, but meat tastes like murder. And murder tastes pretty fucking good." Then Leary got offensive, asking *us* questions: "The guy who invented cocaine—what was he *thinking*? 'Could we have a drug that makes my penis small, my heart beat faster, sucks all the money from my bank account and makes me talk to complete assholes for hours on end while I'm doing it?'" Our conversation ended on a philosophical note with the blue-collar Aristotle caught in a puzzle. "Lou Gehrig died of Lou Gehrig's disease," he reflected. "How come he didn't see it coming?" Beats us. But we see Leary coming on fast.

•

The football quote of the year belongs to Indianapolis Colts tight end Clarence Verdin, who was asked what it was like playing for a team that at one point was 0–9: "It's like you're standing in front of a million people, you pull your pants down and there's nothing there. I mean, my wife doesn't want to make love to me, my kids don't want to play with me and my parents won't accept my collect phone calls. It's bad news."

# MUSIC

### NELSON GEORGE

THESE DAYS, rap can be as pop as Debbie Gibson. Hammer has as much to do with the genre's hard-core roots as cotton candy does with steak. His ***Too Legit to Quit*** (Capitol), buttressed by Hammer dolls, a Saturday-morning cartoon show, a *Saturday Night Live* and a movie tie-in, is one of the most hyped recordings in history. As an event, the marketing of this project illustrates how mainstream this music now can be; as a listening experience, it's a passable aerobics exercise sound track. Chant vocals, nonsampled R&B riffs, many guest singers and Hammer's guttural rap stylings are perfect for jogging but, bereft of Hammer's hyperactive videos, *Too Legit* is well-crafted but unsatisfying. Tone Lōc's ***Cool Hand Lōc*** (Delicious Vinyl) is equally pedestrian, though the Los Angeles rapper's gritty voice gives his material a distinct personality. Amid sappy love ballads and regurgitations of his massive hit *Wild Thing* are a couple of entertaining moments generated by his sandpaper phrasing.

Far superior to the work of Hammer or Lōc is Digital Underground's ***Sons of the P*** (Tommy Boy). Although this Oakland aggregation is no stranger to the pop charts (remember its *Humpty Dance*), these brothers are serious about their musical mission and view themselves as inheritors of Parliament's legacy of funk collectivism. On tracks such as *Heartbeat Props* and *Kiss You Back*, they use samples to underpin supple, sexy, silly, surreal, serious observations. Using multiple voices as well as any rap band since the Furious Five, Digital Underground shows that rap-pop doesn't equal rap schlock.

FAST CUTS: Mariah Carey's ***Emotions*** (Columbia) demonstrates that this well-marketed singer has great vocal range and a tendency to show off more than sing. Her album is marred by histrionics that would make Patti LaBelle blush.

---

### DAVE MARSH

You're entitled to get pissed off at Ice Cube's ***Death Certificate*** (Priority) for yelling "Fire!" in a crowded theater. But don't you think we ought to do something about the smoke that's choking all of us before we cut off the man's voice?

Ice Cube is no arsonist. *Death Certificate* is his most ambitious work, a concept album about the extermination of black America that pins the responsibility for avoiding extinction squarely on the shoulders of black youths. This is the voice behind the impassive face of Dough Boy, Cube's role in *Boyz N the Hood*, and it's both scary and instructive.

JOE FOURNIER

Hammer's *Too Legit to Quit*.

---

Hammer hype, a blast from Ice Cube and Slayer's speed-metal mayhem.

---

Ice Cube's deadly seriousness about self-reliance is signified by the almost ponderous tempo of just about every rap here. But he travels way off track when he blasts gays, Koreans and Jews. Yet (except for the part about gays) this isn't the simple bigotry of Axl Rose. Cube isn't the only one for whom Koreans and Jews are code words for exploitation in ghetto markets, of which the rap business is simply the most lucrative. Undoubtedly this is dangerous—not least because it lets real enemies (what rhymes with capitalist?) off the hook. But it's just as dangerous to pretend that Ice Cube's bigotry equates with David Duke's. Ice Cube and his brothers need better information about why they face genocide—but the rest of us need the kind of facts about ghetto conditions that this album's *Death Side* provides. Until both arrive, that toe tag reading Uncle Sam on the album cover is no metaphor.

FAST CUTS: P.M. Dawn, ***Of the Heart, Of the Soul and Of the Cross*** (Island): Hip-hop with funk power and slide-guitar grace. Digital Underground, ***Sons of the P*** (Tommy Boy): Not just waist deep. James Taylor, ***New Moon Shine*** (Columbia): White blues for hearts in a state of collapse.

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### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

As the next big folkies, John Prine and Chris Smither released debut albums two decades ago. Smither's last major-label album came out in 1972; the more gifted Prine held on in the bigs until 1980. But by 1985, both men's time seemed past, even though they were still occasionally producing solid indie product. Which is why Prine's ***The Missing Years*** (Oh Boy, Box 36099, Los Angeles, California 90036-0099) and Smither's ***Another Way to Find You*** (Flying Fish, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, Illinois 60614) will make their old fans go hmmm.

Prine compensates for five missing years with 14 songs. Call them subtly melodic, simply produced and gently sung—only that sounds wimpy and he ain't. His philosophical wit and wacky facility set him apart from Cat Stevens 20 years ago and are proof against mainstream success today. Prine's rueful romanticism is never bitter or self-involved, and, at its artiest, his sensibility has always remained middle American. He shoulda been a contender. He wasn't. But he hasn't lost his punch.

Smither is more marginal, but he wants to find you. The album reprises his long-gone major-label repertoire before a studio audience and sounds brand-new. He's good at writing songs—his erotic manifesto *Love You Like a Man* is a Bonnie Raitt standard—and even better at finding them, partly because he's best of all at singing them. The relaxed voice is rich in blues overtones, and even unaccompanied he's got a beat—he mikes his tapping foot. Tap along.

FAST CUTS: Marty Brown, ***High and Dry*** (MCA): Nashville singer-songwriter sets his sights on Hank Williams' sound. John Lee Hooker, ***Mr. Lucky*** (Charisma/Pointblank): The old man and his young running buddies.

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### CHARLES M. YOUNG

After ten years of singing the joys of Satan worship, torture, mass murder and, of course, war, Slayer has decided to document a decade of aggression with—what else?—***Decade of Aggression*** (Def American/Warner), a double live CD that captures every last whit of Slayer's speed-metal mayhem. And we are talking massive, *massive* whit here. As a native of Wisconsin, I am especially fond of the song *Dead Skin Mask*, a paean to Ed Gein, the serial-killer cheesehead whose exploits inspired the movie *Psycho* and now are firing the imaginations of several million adolescent boys. During an election campaign dominated by Nazis, crypto-Nazis, war criminals, weenies, liars and greedheads, is it any

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Hammer** *Too Legit to Quit* | 6 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 |
| **Ice Cube** *Death Certificate* | 2 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 3 |
| **John Prine** *The Missing Years* | 9 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 9 |
| **Paul Simon** *Concert in the Park* | 4 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 7 |
| **Slayer** *Decade of Aggression* | 7 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 8 |

**FINALLY, WE'VE BEEN HUSTLED BY EXPERTS DEPARTMENT:** I opened the package. In it was a tape recorder with a cassette already in it. I punched the play button and heard the opening notes of the *Mission: Impossible* theme. My assignment, if I chose to accept it? Open the **Remingtons'** dossier. The Remingtons—**Jimmy Griffin, Richard Mainegra** and **Rick Yancey**—are a new Nashville trio made up of guys who've had previous musical success in the business. Their publicists at BNA Entertainment deserve special mention for their witty presentation. You take a listen to the LP. I get to keep the tape recorder.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** The sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, called *Revenge of the Old Queen*, is currently shooting. **Richard O'Brien,** who wrote the original, has written the screenplay, music and lyrics for the sequel. The original *Rocky Horror* was made in 1975 and grossed $150,000,000 at the box office. . . . **Ice Cube** is shooting *Looters*, an urban action film, with director **Walter Hill.** . . . Producer **Ron Samuel** liked **En Vogue's** work in his *Aces: Iron Eagle III* so much that he's developing a TV series for them. . . . Rapper **Def Jef** has a role in director **Bill Duke's** new movie, *Deep Cover*, which stars **Larry Fishburne** and **Jeff Goldblum.** . . . Music-video producers have a new professional organization and a Hall of Fame. The first five videos, all made before 1987, to be chosen for induction are **Michael Jackson's** *Thriller*, **Dire Straits'** *Money for Nothing*, **A-Ha's** *Take Me On* and **Peter Gabriel's** *Shock the Monkey* and *Sledgehammer*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** **Debbie Gibson** on Broadway? You can currently see her in *Les Miz*. . . . **Roxette's** debut North American tour will be rolling any day now. . . . A number of new LPs are on the way, from **Bruce Hornsby's** fourth (Hornsby has been busy touring with the **Dead** and co-writing with such friends as **Robbie Robertson, Bonnie Raitt** and **Bob Seger**) to the **Beastie Boys** to **Television** to the **Black Crowes'** sophomore spectacular. . . . Now here's a super group: **John Hiatt, Nick Lowe, Ry Cooder** and **Jim Keltner** have made an album together and decided to call themselves **Moula Banda.** (The name was Cooder's idea.) . . . **Little Richard's** all-star benefit concert for the Lupus Foundation of America will most likely be turned into a TV special. . . . Jazz albums to look forward to this spring include a series of best ofs from Blue Note—showcasing **Count Basie, Donald Byrd,** the **Nat King Cole Trio** and **Miles Davis**—and the Capitol Collector Series' **Stan Kenton.** . . . Rock best ofs will include **Tears for Fears, George Thorogood, Talking Heads** (finally!) and, eventually, **Bob Seger** CD reissues. . . . **Bryan Adams'** U.S. tour begins this month. . . . Don't be surprised to hear the Democrats invoking rock lyrics along the campaign trail. The relationship between former Massachusetts Senator **Paul Tsongas** and **Don Henley** is politically and personally friendly. Arkansas Governor **Bill Clinton** has used a **Fleetwood Mac** tune, California's **Jerry Brown** borrowed from **Midnight Oil's** *The Dead Heart* and Nebraska Senator **Bob Kerrey** used both **Springsteen** and **Mellencamp.** But politically incorrect types had better watch it: When **David Duke** tried to use *(Everything I Do) I Do It for You*, **Bryan Adams** made him knock it off. . . . Finally, one last word on the **Michael Jackson** *Black or White* video. We weren't offended at all. We're glad Michael knows where his crotch is located!

—BARBARA NELLIS

wonder that America's youth are discovering appropriate role models? When Slayer argues that *Hell Awaits*, that we are living *South of Heaven*, that the future looks like *Seasons in the Abyss*, who can argue? Better to bang your head and wait for the ozone layer to dissolve.

If that isn't enough, Skin Chamber's **Wound** (Road Runner) is so vile it makes Slayer sound like your mother. Anti-tunes such as *In the Sewer of Dreams* and *Swallowing Scrap Metal (Pt. 2)* are just the ticket when you want to pound nails into your head after watching *Nightline*.

FAST CUTS: **Shepherd Moons** (Reprise), by Enya. **Come Down from the Hills and Make My Baby** (Wax Trax!), by Braindead Sound Machine. **Television, the Drug of the Nation** (4th & B'way), by the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. **The Sky Is Crying** (Epic), by Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble. **Madra** (Mute), by Miranda Sex Garden.

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### VIC GARBARINI

Paul Simon is the first musically born-again pop star of our times. This dour, Woody Allen-ish, Sixties songwriter found himself again by going full circle, back to the roots of rock and roll. Simon may have thought he would manipulate Afro-Brazilian music, but over the last two albums, it has been apparent that the luminous power of that music swept him to new levels of inspiration and lyricism. That's what makes **Concert in the Park** (Warner), the double live album of last year's Central Park television special, a celebration rather than just a souvenir. Simon and his big band establish an amazing intimacy with the immense crowd—or rather the music does. Even his Seventies Tin Pan Alley fare, like *Kodachrome*, is goosed up a notch by his Cameroonian bassist's rippling, melodious riffs. But clearly the *Graceland* and the even more subtly powerful *Rhythm of the Saints* material, with their extended percussion and gorgeously oblique riffs, are the stars here.

The guys in U2 have also re-invented themselves, somewhat, on **Achtung Baby** (Island), or have they? Unfortunately, the guitars are corrosive rather than chiming. Bono's voice is processed and compressed—all very postmodern and a risky move for the Irish superstars. At best, this is their *Revolver*. At worst, it's an interesting face lift that doesn't get under your skin.

FAST CUTS: Enya's **Shepherd Moons** (Reprise): Ethereal Gaelic. Jimi Hendrix, **Stages '67–70** (Reprise): Ethereal metal.

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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

INTERRACIAL ROMANCE sets off a storm of controversy in ***Mississippi Masala*** (Goldwyn), an unassuming but exceptionally engaging story directed by Mira Nair (whose *Salaam Bombay!* won her an Oscar nomination for 1988). Denzel Washington and movie newcomer Sarita Choudhury supply potent chemistry as the star-crossed lovers. He plays an African American who has never seen Africa; she is a Uganda-born Indian beauty who has never been to India. They meet in Greenwood, Mississippi, when her car rear-ends his truck. Romance ensues but goes awry when one of her relatives discovers them together in a Biloxi motel. While their respective families glare across a cultural chasm, his carpet-cleaning business collapses and her parents start planning a return to Uganda, from which they and other Asians had been expelled by dictator Idi Amin. Moving back and forth in time, from gilded memories of Africa to the gritty facts of small-town Southern life, *Masala*—the word stands for a heady, varicolored mixture of spices—is ethnic drama with a pungent aftertaste. ¥¥¥½

●

What moviegoers might expect from writer-director Steven Soderbergh, hailed as a cinematic *Wunderkind* for *sex, lies, and videotape* when he was 26, is not at all what they get in ***Kafka*** (Miramax). Soderbergh's arduous, ambitious second feature, starring Jeremy Irons, is a mind-bending splash of science fiction only loosely based on the life and work of the celebrated author. Irons portrays a character like the real Franz Kafka, a quiet insurance clerk who writes far-out stories when he's not writing letters to his father. Both his public and private worlds are nightmarish, dominated by the dank, dreamy castle that looms over the town.

The interior of *Kafka*'s castle, seen in garish color, is the only part of the movie not filmed in shadowy black and white reminiscent of such atmospheric thrillers as *The Third Man*. Soderbergh leaves no doubt that his castle stands for totalitarian oppression—a dark tower inhabited by Big Brothers issuing orders for dissidents to be slain or brainwashed. While searching for a friend who has disappeared, Irons' Kafka encounters an officious weasel (Joel Grey), a droll chief clerk (Alec Guinness), a literate stonecutter (Jeroen Krabbé), a rebellious anarchist (Theresa Russell), a malevolent doctor (Ian Holm) and such weird creatures as a pair of entirely dissimilar "identical twin" spies (Keith Allen, Simon McBurney) sent to Kafka as assistants. The so-called twins bring a helpful scrap of black humor to a somewhat familiar theme that Soderbergh transforms into a vivid phantasmagoria. ¥¥¥

Washington, Choudhury in *Mississippi*.

A different kind of interracial romance; writers with problems.

●

A bleak old Hollywood mansion that might have served as a movie set for *Sunset Boulevard* is the main attraction of ***Where Sleeping Dogs Lie*** (Greycat). Dylan McDermott looks dead earnest as a West Coast writer who rents the place; Sharon Stone plays his literary agent who wishes he'd write something commercial. That's McDermott's cue to think about blood and guts, and he has picked the right spot, since the house was the scene of a mass murder. Tom Sizemore plays the peculiar stranger who shows up at the door with room rent and a dark secret. If you can't guess what it is, then *Sleeping Dogs* will soon start snapping at your ankles. Director Charles Finch (son of the late actor Peter) wrote the predictable, wrongheaded screenplay with his mother. Although the plot is a shambles, Finch got everything else just about right. ¥¥

●

Add director David Cronenberg's ***Naked Lunch*** (Fox) to the current logjam of films that feature writers running into unusual obstacles. *Kafka*'s angst looks relatively straightforward after this weird, well-photographed, free-form adaptation of the controversial classic by William S. Burroughs. Peter Weller, speaking in a flat monotone, plays a writer named William Lee who works as an insect exterminator while he tries to write a novel called—guess what?—*Naked Lunch*. His wife (Judy Davis) is a drug addict who gets hooked on pesticide. He kills her rather casually after catching her in bed with his best friend. Lee soon swaps his gun for a portable typewriter, which turns into a giant talking insect. He also meets an alien known as Mugwump, who enjoys oozy, sickening sex, especially with an odd woman named Joan (also played by Davis). All this occurs in a bizarre center of urban decay called Interzone, where black centipede meat is the drug of choice. There's also endless talk about homosexuality but not a hell of a lot actually happening. Considering the source, *Lunch* is obscure, tasteless and surprisingly dull. ¥

●

Sam Neill portrays yet another shackled novelist in ***Until the End of the World*** (Warner). He is merely second banana to the star, William Hurt, in this often tiresome saga that has a fine beginning but comes to a bad end more than three hours later. German director Wim Wenders may win a few converts with his woozy *World*, a sometimes eye-popping essay on our audiovisual era, yet he seems so obsessed with high-tech hardware that real human concerns are zapped. Hurt is endlessly in transit, taking pictures with a magical camera that enables the blind to see. His mother (Jeanne Moreau) is blind, his father (Max von Sydow—and if you want to believe *these* three are related, be my guest) invented the camera, which Hurt has stolen because U.S. government forces want to use it to invade men's minds. Meanwhile, a wayward nuclear satellite launched by India threatens all human life. Which doesn't stop Hurt from falling for movie newcomer Solveig Dommartin during a global trek that ends in the Australian desert. Neill shows up there as her former fiancé, who vows to write a book about everything if he can figure it out. Just try to suppress a chuckle at the handsome but swollen self-importance of it all. ¥½

●

Unsuccessfully fighting back tears at regular intervals throughout ***High Heels*** (Miramax), Victoria Abril pokes fun at the sort of heroine Susan Hayward used to play in semitrashy melodramas ages ago. Abril is a TV news anchor in writer-director Pedro Almodóvar's brash new comedy, the flip side of his *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*, which, some complained, made an abused woman seem happy with her lot. This time, Almodóvar's female characters are decidedly in control. Abril plays Rebeca, the plucky daughter

of a very sexy superstar (Marisa Paredes) who has seldom let motherhood get in the way of her career. After *mamá* resumes an old affair with Rebeca's husband, he is murdered. Meanwhile, the daughter squelches her own insecurity by having a hasty, hilarious fling with a transvestite performer (Miguel Bose) who turns out to be straighter than he seems. The point of *High Heels* appears not to be whodunit, but *how* Almodóvar does it. He does it with tongue-in-chic flair in a campy high comedy about women who are apt to be mature, more worldly than wise, quick on the trigger and at least as deadly as the male. ¥¥¥½

•

Native life and preservation of the threatened Brazilian rain forest seem to be tillable new turf for moviemakers. The overlong and somewhat pretentious ***At Play in the Fields of the Lord*** (Universal), based on the book by Peter Matthiessen and directed by Hector (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*) Babenco, has a marvelous performance by Aidan Quinn as a devout, well-meaning young missionary sent to the Amazon to make Christians of the local Indian population. Tom Berenger also stands out as a part-Cherokee American who gets naked and goes native. Kathy Bates, as Quinn's unstable wife, and John Lithgow and Daryl Hannah, as another zealous missionary couple, do their best to keep an endless saga interesting. Except for Quinn, the most interesting characters by far are the native tribespeople doing their own wild thing with utter conviction. ¥¥½

•

The more modest ***Amazon*** (Cabriolet), co-authored and directed by Finland's Mika Kaurismaki, mostly in English, stars Kari Väänänen as a Finnish widower who moves to the Brazilian jungle with his two young daughters. Intending to make his fortune mining diamonds and gold with the help of an American bush pilot (zestfully played by Robert Davi), he changes his mind after he meets a young teacher (Rae Dawn Chong) who helps him perceive the simple truth that this land needs to be protected, not plundered. *Amazon*'s performers look more like real people than actors on location, and the movie in general has a gritty, dusty authenticity that socks its message across without dawdling. ¥¥¥

•

The love affair between gangland and Hollywood comes vividly to life in ***Bugsy*** (Tri-Star), with Warren Beatty in the title role doing his best born-crook bit since *Bonnie and Clyde*. In director Barry Levinson's entertaining evocation of miscreants on a roll during World War Two, Beatty is Bugsy Siegel, the glamour-boy mobster who more or less invented Las Vegas. Siegel loved movie stars and women in general—but most especially a shrewd bimbo named Virginia Hill (played by Annette Bening at her bitchiest). Crawling with real-life associates, from George Raft, portrayed by Joe Mantegna, to Meyer Lansky (Ben Kingsley), *Bugsy* seldom digs deep but utilizes plenty of glitz and wry humor to present some bad eggs sunny-side up. ¥¥¥¥

McNaughton: team player.

## OFF CAMERA

Fasten your seat belts: **John McNaughton,** who directed *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer,* is making a mainstream movie—this time for executive producer Martin Scorsese. *Mad Dog and Glory* is the story of a Mobster (Bill Murray) and the moll (Uma Thurman) he lends to a shy police photographer (Robert De Niro). Talking on the phone with McNaughton is to share the conversation with partner Steven Jones, co-producer of *Mad Dog*. "Steve's on the line, too," McNaughton says. "He and I are creative collaborators—been together on every film." McNaughton, 43, is a Chicago-born former carpenter who had been building Burger Kings when he met Brooklynite Jones, 41, on the rock-music scene. "I played keyboards, Steve was a drummer." Both Jones and McNaughton had been doing commercials when they were approached, says McNaughton, by "a video guy I knew who said, 'Here's a hundred thousand dollars, go make a horror film.'" That film was *Henry*, which was followed by the film version of Eric Bogosian's one-man show *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll* and a mostly unseen science-fiction film, *The Borrower* ("It got caught in a movie company's bankruptcy proceedings"). Making the connection with Scorsese was the result of persistence: "I'd had my agent send him a copy of *Henry*, but I guess he never saw it." Another agency later, *Henry* was resubmitted—"and Scorsese called me the next day."

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***The Addams Family*** (Reviewed 2/92) A grand galaxy of ghouls. ¥¥¥

***Amazon*** (See review) Don't mine it, preserve the rain forest. ¥¥¥

***At Play in the Fields of the Lord*** (See review) Another Brazilian odyssey. ¥¥½

***Beauty and the Beast*** (2/92) The fable à la Disney. Fabulous. ¥¥¥¥

***Black Robe*** (2/92) Indians as they really were, in Bruce Beresford's grueling vintage spectacular. ¥¥¥

***Bugsy*** (See review) With Annette Bening as his moll, Beatty's a killer. ¥¥¥¥

***Cape Fear*** (2/92) The harrowing remake, by Martin Scorsese. ¥¥¥¥

***For the Boys*** (2/92) Midler and Caan as a showstopping team. ¥¥½

***Fried Green Tomatoes*** (Listed only) Four fine actresses in two tangy tales. ¥¥¥

***Hard Promises*** (1/92) Double man trouble for Sissy Spacek. ¥¥½

***Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse*** (2/92) Coppola at work is the guy on the griddle. ¥¥¥

***High Heels*** (See review) Almodóvar sets a woman's world spinning. ¥¥¥½

***Hook*** (Listed only) Spielberg's labored whimsy grounds Peter Pan. ¥¥

***K2*** (12/91) Climbers on a high. ¥¥¥

***Kafka*** (See review) Stylish segue from *sex, lies* to surrealism. ¥¥¥

***Madame Bovary*** (2/92) Flaubert's book beats Huppert's Emma. ¥¥

***A Midnight Clear*** (2/92) World War Two seen during Christmas week. ¥¥¥

***Mississippi Masala*** (See review) Black guy meets Indian gal in Dixie. ¥¥¥½

***Naked Lunch*** (See review) Lost in translation from page to screen. ¥

***Overseas*** (2/92) Tangy French drama of three sisters in Algeria. ¥¥¥½

***The Prince of Tides*** (2/92) Fine until Barbra gets too slushy. ¥¥¥

***Prospero's Books*** (12/91) Greenaway presents Gielgud and skin, plus a smidgen of Shakespeare. ¥¥¥

***Rhapsody in August*** (1/92) Kurosawa and Gere go to Nagasaki. ¥¥¥½

***Rush*** (2/92) On a drug bust with a pair of corruptible agents. ¥¥¥

***Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*** (Listed only) Gripping, user-friendly, maybe the last of the series. ¥¥¥½

***Until the End of the World*** (See review) The end takes hours. ¥½

***Voyager*** (2/92) Love and incest on Sam Shepard's itinerary. ¥¥½

***We're Talkin' Serious Money*** (1/92) Two con men screw things up. ¥¥¥

***Where Sleeping Dogs Lie*** (See review) A bow, if not a wow. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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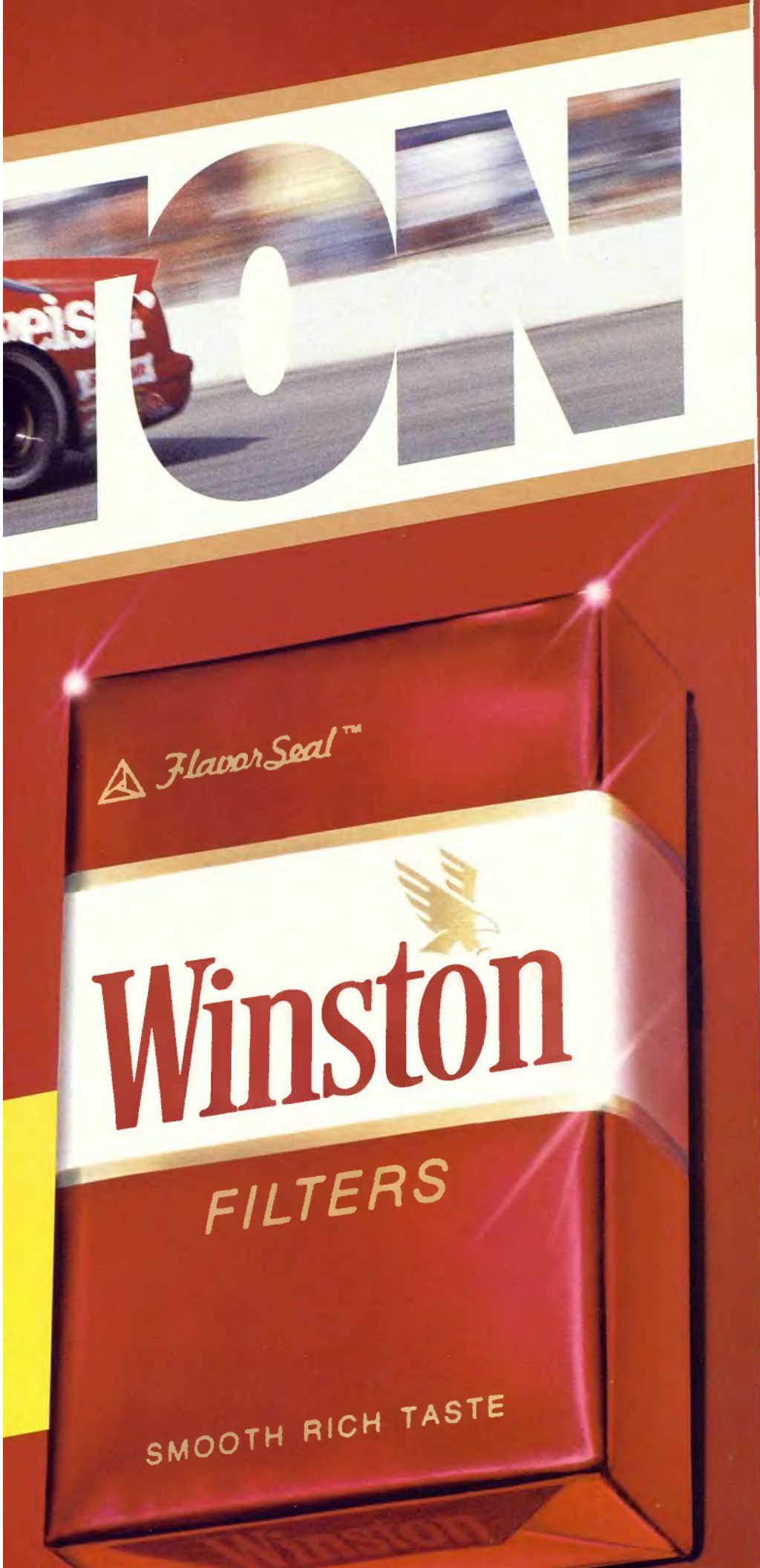


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# VIDEO

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### VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

***Being There:*** The late Jerzy Kosinski's knowing adaptation of his own short story stars Peter Sellers as a simpleton who becomes famous in media-mad America. Melvyn Douglas won a 1979 Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his role as a political kingmaker.

***Children of Paradise:*** Newly restored version of Marcel Carne's 1944 French romance, this world-class classic stars Jean-Louis Barrault as a mime in love with a great beauty (Arletty).

***Hidden Agenda:*** Dark doings in troubled Northern Ireland involve a British cover-up, a murdered American (Brad Dourif) and gritty performances by Frances McDormand and Brian Cox.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

### VIDEOLDIES

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***Cartoon Classics in Color #3:*** Eight Warner Bros. *Looney Tunes* and *Merrie Melodies* gems from the Forties, starring familiar wackos Bugs, Daffy, Porky and Elmer. Wit tempers violence here, so the upshot is more marshmallow than menace. Highlights: *Have You Got Any Castles?*, a jazzy toe-tapper in which a library comes to life, and a cartoon Cab Calloway with his All-Halo band.

***Undersea Kingdom:*** Twelve-episode serial starring all-American explorer/naval officer "Crash" Corrigan leading the fight against the evil Unga Khan, who plans to use the lost kingdom of Atlantis as a base for world conquest.

***Bill and Coo:*** Welcome to Chirpendale, population 4204—all birds. This delightful short uses avian actors (including the amazing Starling Brothers bird circus) and a pun-filled script to tell the titular love-crossed tale. Awarded an honorary Oscar.

***The Beachcomber:*** In this 1938 chestnut, Charles Laughton stars as Ginger Ted, a sodden expatriate on a South Sea island who teams up with a prissy missionary (Elsa Lanchester, a.k.a. the Bride of Frankenstein and Laughton's off-screen wife) to save a tribe of natives from a typhoid epidemic. The outcome is predictable, but swell just the same.

—DAN CURRY

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If the recession has taken a bite out of your household budget, help is as close as your VCR. From PBS Home Video (800-776-8300) comes ***Money, Money, Money,*** a five-tape finance guide compiled from the network's *The Nightly Business Report* and *Wall Street Week with Louis Rukeyser*. And Better Insights, Inc.'s ***How to Fight Higher Real Estate Taxes and Win!*** stars tax consultant James R. Siudut, who gives the skinny on how to slash property taxes and "beat County Hall." The vid costs $39.95 (plus $3.50 for shipping) and includes a workbook and checklists. Call 800-321-3439.

### VIDBITS

Video goes green? Columbia/TriStar has begun packaging its promotional videos in politically correct 100 percent recyclable boxes using nontoxic, water-based inks. The first title for the environmentally conscious? ***The Unborn.*** . . . Golfers needn't wait for good weather to get back into the swing of things. Enter ***Video Hypnosis: Golf*** (Valley of the Sun Publishing), an odd links lesson with no golf clips. Using Kubrick-like graphics, spooky voice-overs and flashing subliminal messages, the vid is designed to get the golfer to his "alpha level." Cute idea, but not an easy sell to the boys at the country club. . . . It was only a matter of time: Long Dong Silver, the jumbo-penis-packing star of the Clarence Thomas hearings, has begun popping up on video. One company called ABC Shipping is hawking three seven-minute Silver vignettes for $25, while another outfit, Bijou Video, is charging $49.95 for a Dongster feature called *Conquering Cock*. Just thought you'd like to know.

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## VIDEO MOOD METER

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| FEELING FUNNY | ***Doc Hollywood*** (M. J. Fox, an L.A.-bound M.D., gets stuck in small town—finds it's OK); ***The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear*** (not up to port one, but Bob Goulet's a great villain); ***Hercules in New York*** (Schwarzenegger's "lost" first film, with hokey plot and hilarious dubbing over Arnold's voice). |
| FEELING FIT | ***Dance It Up!*** ("hot fitness" taught by equolly sizzling Morio Conchita Alonso); ***Synergetics*** (laid-bock, no-sweat, full-body exercise plan); ***Cross-Fitness for Active Lifestyles with Wilt Chamberlain*** (diet, muscle and cardiovascular care courtesy of the Stilt; from ESPN). |
| WITH THE KIDS | ***Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey*** (the dudes go to hell and outwit Death—but the rapping Reaper steals the show); ***The Addams Family*** (the originol TV clan: creepy, spooky and absolutely classic); ***Hans Christian Andersen*** (Danny Kaye is the singing, storytelling cobbler in the 1951 jewel). |
| WITH THE GUYS | ***Out for Justice*** (misjudged yet ogoin by o psycho, Steven Seagal kicks butt big-time in Brooklyn); ***NASCAR Video Magazine*** (stock-car highlights and behind-the-wheel oction in rocy, bimonthly series from DSL); ***Bo Knows Bo*** (CBS/Fox's video profile of the never-soy-uncle Jackson). |

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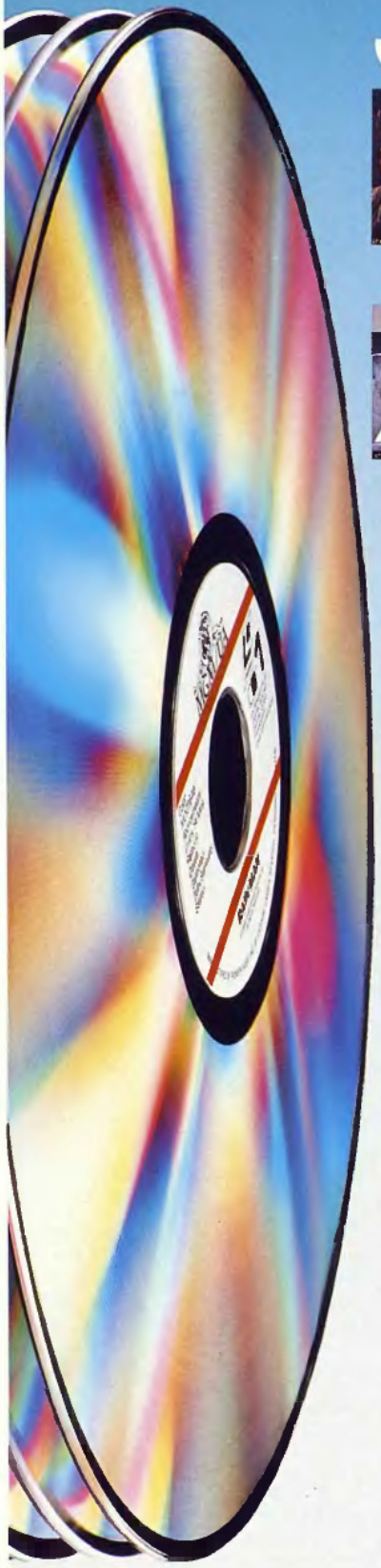

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# STYLE

## PLAY BALL

Leading fashion's all-star line-up this spring is baseball-style clothing. We're not talking about the licensed T-shirts and caps that everybody and his brother are wearing. The Mirage Cooperstown Collection line, for example, includes baseball caps ($15), jackets ($100, shown here) and jerseys ($65) that hark back to when the Dodgers were still in Brooklyn and no one dared mention the idea of lights at Wrigley Field. There are teams ranging from the 1955 Dodgers to the 1934 Cardinals to the 1919 White Sox, as well as the 1936 New York Black Yankees from the old Negro leagues. If you prefer the real thing, there's Russell Athletic's authentic Diamond Collection featuring actual jerseys of today's major-league baseball teams ($108 to $140). Or for those who don't mind a designated hitter, International News ($45) and Yes Men ($58) sell their own hip street versions. Batter up!

## WHERE THE BUYS ARE

Does it pay to buy at airport duty-free shops? Travelers often patronize these privately owned stores to pick up their favorite products tax-free and sometimes at discount prices. But not everything is a bargain. The key is to know what you'd pay for the item in the U.S. before you spend cash on it somewhere else. For example: A box of 25 Davidoff Grand Cru No. 3 cigars sells for $163 in New York and about $65 at Fornebu Airport in Oslo, Norway. . . . A liter bottle of Poland's premium Wyborowa vodka costs about $23 in the U.S. compared with about $10 for one at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris. . . . At that same airport, a 480-milliliter bottle of Paco Rabanne Pour Homme Eau de Toilette sells for about $76 versus $85 here. . . . The worst place to be when you need a shave is Dubai International Airport in the United Arab Emirates. Braun shavers there start at $130 compared with about $20 here. Ouch!

## HOT SHOPPING: ASPEN

In this star-studded ski spot, everything is Rocky Mountain high—the slopes, the celebrity quotient and (gulp!) the prices. Stefan Kaelin (447 East Cooper): The jet setter's pick for high-fashion skiwear. • Ute Mountaineer (308 South Mill): Hard-core sports buffs prefer this place for its down-to-earth attitude and price tags. • Art of Optiks (523 East Cooper): You can't ski if you can't see; the best specs for on or off the slopes. • Odier Ltd. (602 East Cooper): Menswear with an elegant European accent. • Mezzaluna (600 East Cooper): This hot spot for Italian cuisine has a smart, urban look. • China Club (replaced the Paradise Club on South Galena): A recent East Coast import known for its live music.

### VIEWPOINT

At home in Los Angeles, journalist **Ron Reagan, Jr.,** takes a minimalist's approach to clothing: "Shorts, baggy pants, T-shirts; less is better." But when he's enjoying his favorite pastime—trekking through the Sierras—it's a different story. "Fashion statements become survival statements in blizzards with forty-mile-per-hour winds." His lifesavers include a Patagonia Storm Anorak, Gortex shells over Synchilla pants and all-leather mountaineering boots from One Sport. At sea level, function is still a way of life for Reagan. He prefers loose jackets from Armani and Perry Ellis, baggy chambray shirts and turtlenecks. "I also resist neckties. They're silly and end up in my salad."

## FASHION SPEAK

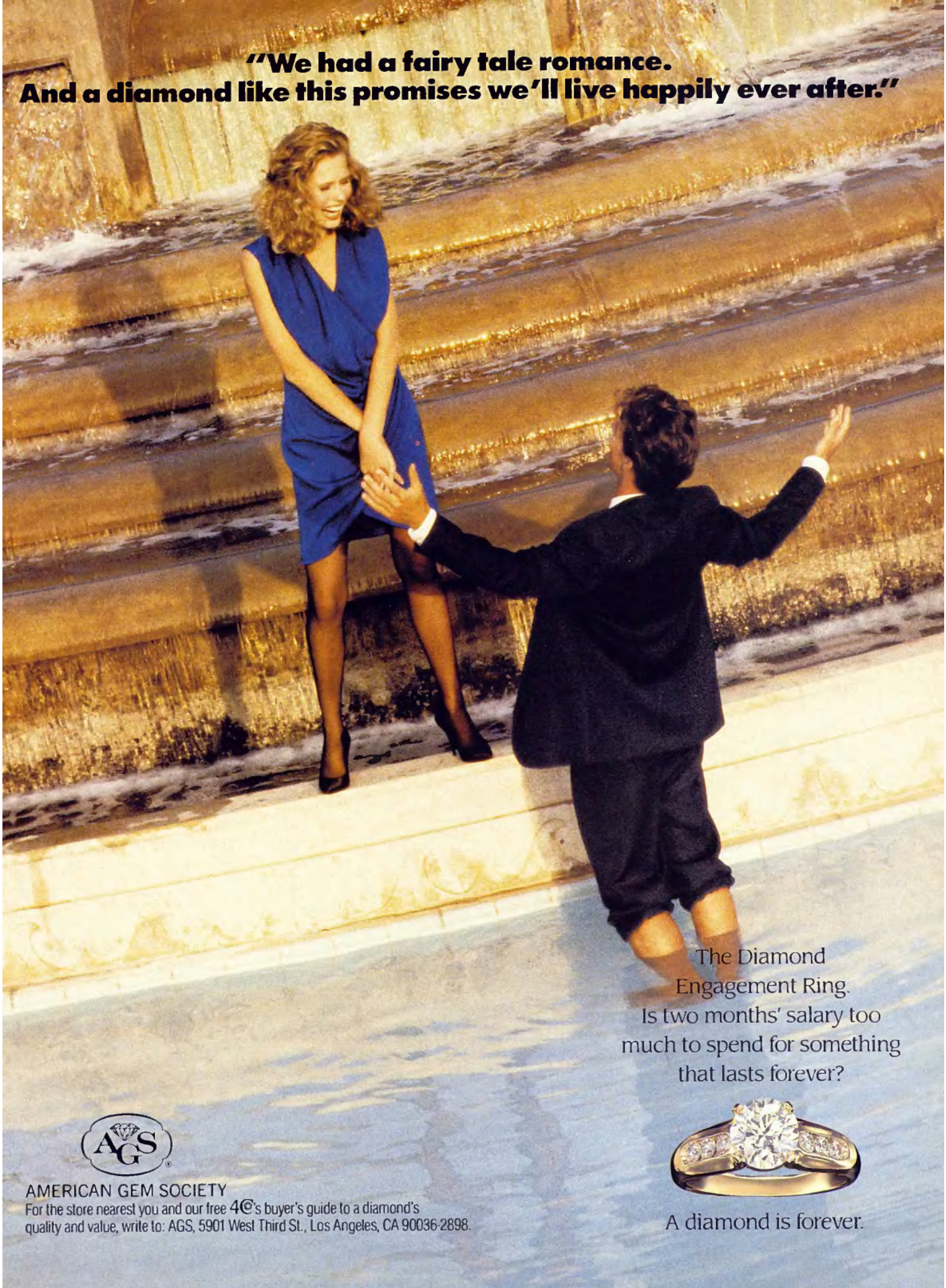
And you thought Japanese was tough? Fashion has a language all its own. We try to say things in plain English, but lest we slip, here's a quick lesson: *Color blocking:* Side-by-side blocks of colors on a single garment, such as a shirt. *Fashion forward: Avant* looks, often from Europe. Examples include eight-button double-breasted jackets and outrageous orange-, lime green– and raspberry-colored suits and sports coats. *Banded-collar shirts:* Collarless linen or cotton shirts. *Split suit:* Suit jackets and trousers sold separately, so that you can mix sizes for a better fit. You can also mix colors and fabrics, but not pinstripes. *Washed:* The finishing process that gives linen, silk, rayon and cotton shirts a soft, lived-in feel.

## STYLE METER

| TIES | IN | OUT |
|---|---|---|
| STYLE | 3½" to 4" widths, with 3¾" the most popular; soft linings; bottleneck-shaped | Widths under 3" or over 4"; thick linings; string or bolo ties; leather ties |
| COLORS | Terra cotta, copper, deep greens, cobalt and ultramarine blues | Yellow, white, peach, purple, red or black power looks; loud cartoon colors |
| PATTERN | Small geometrics and florals; conversational patterns; rep ties with muted, unusual color mixes; printed Jacquards | Thick, heavy woven ties; large geometric patterns; rep ties with predictable, conservative stripes |



Where & How to Buy on page 168.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Thelma & Louise/ Sdtrk. (MCA) 11146

Francesca Beghè (SBK) 11119

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Best Of Robert Palmer: Addictions (Island) 10819

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Take 6 (Reprise) 11051

The Police: Ghost In The Machine (A&M) 23571

Skid Row: Slave To The Grind (Atlantic) 54433

Trisha Yearwood (MCA) 64033

Jesus Jones: Doubt (SBK) 44654

Diamond Rio (Arista) 10702

ZZ Top: Recycler (Warner Bros.) 73969

Foreigner: Unusual Heat (Atlantic) 34465

Beng Tango: Dancin' On Coals (MCA/Mechanic) 14678

Dread Zeppelin: 5,000,000 (I.R.S.) 43535

Paul Simon: Negotiations And Love Songs 1971-86 (Warner Bros.) 20461

Mötley Crüe: Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 33928

Steve Winwood: Refugees Of The Heart (Virgin) 54232

Chicago : Twenty 1 (Reprise) 10533

The Best Of The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.) 43738

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: A Night On The Town (RCA) 63689

The Go-Gos : Greatest Hits (I.R.S./A&M) 50315

Van Halen (Warner Bros.) 14620

The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 14742

Paula Abdul: Shut Up And Dance (The Dance Mixes) (Virgin) 80326

Van Morrison: Astral Weeks (Warner Bros.) 53574*

Tears For Fears: The Seeds Of Love (Fontana) 33653

Badlands: Voodoo Highway (Titanium/Atlantic) 74170

America: History (Greatest Hits) (Warner Bros. ) 23757

Endless Love-Greet Motown Love Songs (Motown) 10995

Kronos Quartet: Black Angels (Elektra) 62287

Eagles: Hotel California (Asylum) 30030

Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) 01112

Kiss: Smashes Thrashes And Hits (Mercury) 00736

Allman Bros. Band: Eet A Peach (Polydor) 63353

Netalie Cole: Unforgettable (Elektra) 83452

Bell Biv DeVoe: WBBO-Boot City !-The Remix Album (MCA) 54360

Ric Ocasek: Fireball Zone (Warner Bros.) 10936

Clint Black: Put Yourself In My Shoes (RCA) 24690

AC/DC: The Razors Edge (ATCO) 33379

Wilson Phillips (SBK) 00726

Pat Benatar: True Love (Chrysalis) 44663

Slaughter: Stick It Live (Chrysalis) 20666

Linda Ronstadt: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (Asylum) 60157

Kenny G: Live (Arista) 64505

Randy Travis: Heroes And Friends (Warner Bros.) 74597

Yellowjackets: Greenhouse (GRP) 10475*

Lynyrd Skynyrd: Skynyrd's Innyrds (MCA) 01150

Supertramp: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) 04891

Van Morrison: Moondance (Warner Bros.) 64585

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) 24740

The Doors: Live At The Hollywood Bowl (Elektra) 42851

The Cole Porter Songbook: Night And Day (Verve) 10813

Madonna: I'm Breathless (Sire) 00572

Skid Row (Atlantic) 01038

Madonna: The Immaculate Collection (Sire) 54164

Squeeze: Play (Reprise) 70549

Londonbeat: In The Blood (MCA) 44569

Mr. Bungle (Warner Bros.) 11031

Ziggy Marley: Jahmekya (Virgin) 54204

Damn Yankees (Warner Bros.) 14852

Twin Peaks/TV Sdtrk. (Warner Bros.) 63640

Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) 44006

Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA ) 33911

Teddy Pendergrass: Truly Blessed (Elektra) 14879

Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 12014

Tangerine Dream: Melrose (Private Music) 10724*

The Judds: Love Can Build A Bridge (RCA) 24549

Guess Who: Greatest Hits (RCA) 34186

The Escape Club : Dollars And Sex (Atlantic) 54291

Take 6: So Much 2 Say (Reprise) 53580

Alannah Myles (Atlantic) 30045

Suzanne Vega: Days Of Open Hand (A&M) 00540

Boston: Third Stage (MCA) 73392

Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211

Buffalo Springfield: Retrospective (ATCO) 00844

Love And Rockets (RCA) 01083

Extreme: Pornograffitti (A&M) 43557

Heavy D & The Boyz: Peaceful Journey (Uptown/MCA) 10920

Lenny Kravitz: Mama Said (Virgin) 10041

The Cure: Mixed Up (Elektra) 74190

Alan Jackson: Don't Rock The Jukebox (Arista) 43877

Catching Up With Depeche Mode (Sire) 00560

Vinnie James: All American Boy (RCA) 63237

Gipsy Kings: Este Mundo (Elektra) 34546

Morrissey: Kill Uncle (Reprise/Sire) 20588

Elvis Presley: Sings Leiber And Stoller (RCA) 44359

David Lee Roth: A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) 10551

Prince: Graffiti Bridge (Paisley Park) 34107

Anita Baker: Compositions (Elektra) 00921

The Bonnie Raitt Collection (Warner Bros.) 00569

Contraband (Impact) 32031

Starship: Greatest Hits (RCA) 90270

Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) 64116

Samantha Fox: Just One Night (Jive) 74161

INXS: Kick (Atlantic ) 53606

Edie Brickell: Ghost Of A Dog (Geffen) 73923

U2: The Joshua Tree (Island) 53501

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) 00531

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

Bryan Adams: Reckless (A&M) 51540

The Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) 00544

Diane Schuur: Pure Schuur (GRP) 10824

Willie Nelson: Greatest Hits & Rare Tracks (Rhino) 63284

ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) 64042

Ali Akbar Khan: Journey (Triloka) 11987

R.E.M.: Out Of Time (Warner Bros.) 24762

Seal (Warner Bros.) 61992

D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince Base: Homebase (Jive) 21073

Elvis Costello: Mighty Like A Rose (Warner Bros.) 60280

White Lion: Mane Attraction (Atlantic) 54209

Mark O'Connor: The New Nashville Cats (Warner Bros.) 14669

Nelson: After The Rain (DGC) 74079

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-1989 (Reprise) 63363

Johnny Gill (Motown) 00738

Eagles: Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum ) 23481

Paul Simon: Graceland (Warner Bros.) 72315

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) 62264

Roger McGuinn: Back From Rio (Arista) 81997

Styx: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) 14822*

Steelheart (MCA) 44528*

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Rod Stewart: Downtown Train (Warner Bros.) 10708

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# BOOKS

## By DIGBY DIEHL

THE RECESSION is good news for somebody: publishers of personal-finance books. Bookstores are bursting with a bewildering array of volumes on how to make money, invest it and save it in these tough times. Are any of them worth the price? The answer is a qualified yes.

***Smart, Successful and Broke*** (Dell), by Tony Hom, practically jumped off the shelf at us with pointed relevance. This sensible approach to solvency summarizes the basic advice in all these books as a six-step program: create a personal financial profile; lock up the credit cards; prepare the "lump-sum, tinker-proof, get-through-the-week, don't-fool-yourself budget"; negotiate with your creditors if necessary; establish savings goals; and set priorities for the future. Hom also has suggestions for how to deal with banks, landlords and credit companies, as well as a set of simple work sheets to get you started.

More sophisticated financial strategies are offered in Michael K. Evans' ***How to Make Your Shrinking Salary Support You in Style for the Rest of Your Life*** (Random House). He points out that by the time most of our children retire, they will be earning an average of more than $1,000,000 a year. But because of inflation and taxes, they will be worse off than the average wage earner today, who makes $26,500. Evans explains a variety of real-estate investment techniques to stay ahead of inflation and details some intricate maneuvers to beat the taxman. His sharp presentation of cycle theory in the section "Understanding the Stock Market" and his devastating analysis of IBM's market performance alone are worth the price of the book.

If you are not prepared to struggle with the complications of tax law and market theory, Alan and Pamela Weintraub provide ***25 Things You Can Do to Beat the Recession of the 1990s*** (St. Martin's). Many of their suggestions are simplistic—"don't get scammed" and "build your cash reserves"—but others, such as specific recommendations for low-interest credit cards and smart job-protection tactics, make solid sense. In ***Make Your Paycheck Last*** (Moe), Harold Moe offers a tidy system of budgeting and one stunningly simple money saver: Ask for a discount every time that you buy anything with cash. This can save you 10 to 20 percent on every purchase.

Two promising titles turn out to be just disappointing grin-and-bear-it advice about cutting back. ***Live Debt-Free*** (Bob Adams), by Ted Carroll, tells you to make do with less, move to a town with a lower cost of living and save your money

Personal finance: a debt-free nirvana?

How to make money, invest it and save it.

until you have the cash to buy your dreams. But getting to this debt-free nirvana sounds like a dismal way to live. ***How to Get Out of Debt, Stay Out of Debt & Live Prosperously*** (Bantam), by Jerrold Mundis, treats financial troubles as though they were some kind of moral failure. This book-length pep talk, based on the principles of Debtors Anonymous, is strictly for the hard-core case who can't walk by a store without emptying his pockets.

For normal debtors, many of the high-profile financial advisors and columnists have books available for sale. ***Marshall Loeb's 1992 Money Guide*** (Little, Brown) is by the managing editor of *Fortune*; ***Making the Most of Your Money*** (Simon & Schuster) is by Jane Bryant Quinn, columnist for *Newsweek*; and ***The Business of Living*** (Fireside) is by Stephen Pollan, a Financial News Network commentator, and Mark Levine. These pundits' observations are so broad and balanced that their books are mostly reliable homilies—financial white bread.

In contrast, get-rich guru Charles (*Wealth Without Risk*) Givens begins his ***Financial Self-Defense*** (Simon & Schuster) with an eye-opening exposé of new-car dealerships coupled with specific, practical steps on how to buy a late-model used car. Any consumer who would buy a new car after reading Givens' book is either stubborn or wealthy. His figures show an average savings of 60 percent off the showroom sticker price if you can wait two years for your dream car. He also tears into the insurance business, which should bring joy to Ralph Nader, whose own book, ***Winning the Insurance Game*** (Knightsbridge), co-authored with Wesley Smith, attacks many of the same insurance rip-offs.

A new financial strategy for the smart homeowner is property tax reassessment. In certain parts of the country, the value of your recently purchased home may have dropped as much as 20 percent in the recession, but you still may be paying taxes assessed at the purchase price. If you are unfairly taxed, ***How to Lower Your Property Taxes*** (Fireside), by R. Harry Koenig, guides you through the bureaucratic mazes in order to fight city hall and to pay less.

One of the bright spots in all these bleak pages about the grim business of moneygrubbing is Ritchie P. Lowry's ***Good Money*** (Norton), which argues persuasively that ethical and social concerns should play a role in our investments. In fact, Lowry's list of 30 nonpolluting, nondiscriminating, nonmilitary, socially conscious companies has consistently outperformed the Dow Jones averages every year since he began comparing them in 1976. According to Lowry, you can put your money where your heart is and still make maximum profits.

Alas, when you have exhausted all other options, it may be time to get a copy of ***The Bankruptcy Kit*** (Dearborn Financial), by John Ventura. It's not so bad—just ask former Texas governor John Connally. And you'll have plenty of company: Approximately 800,000 Americans filed for bankruptcy protection in 1990. Read some of the books above and seize control of your finances before that unhappy day in court.

### BOOK BAG

***The Encyclopedia of Sexual Trivia*** (St. Martin's), by Dr. Robin Smith: If you've ever wondered how long most lovers spend in foreplay or what's the optimum speed for a vibrator, read this companion to the world's oldest diversion.

***Shock Rock*** (Pocket), edited by Jeff Gelb: Not for the fainthearted, these 20 original stories—including one from Stephen King—combine horror and rock and roll in a spine-tingling anthology.

***The Selling of the Green*** (HarperCollins), by Harvey Araton and Filip Bondy: Two *New York Times* sports columnists interview former members of the Boston Celtics and examine the controversies surrounding the team that pioneered the introduction of blacks into the league—and ultimately sold out.

# HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

*It all started when Emmy said she was coming over with a couple of friends*

Isn't it funny how so many of the places we find Smirnoff, feel like home.

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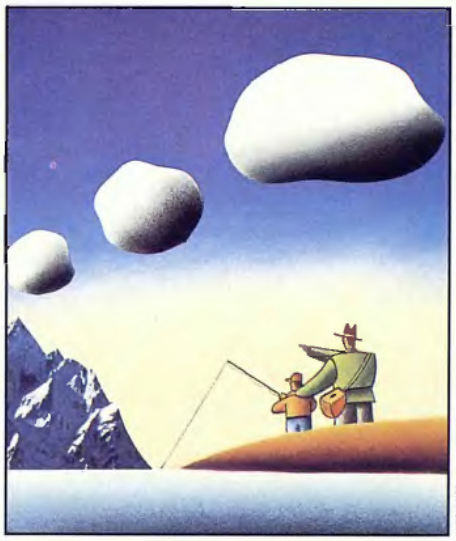
# MEN

## By ASA BABER


KURT VARGO

## CALLING ALL BLYSTERS

When Bill Moyers interviewed Robert Bly on PBS two years ago, no one expected the public reaction that followed. Bly's artful use of image and myth (as well as his perceptions about the contemporary American male and what ails him) caused his message to spread like wildfire through a segment of this culture.

It is not that Bly's words were totally original. Other people had been writing about Jungian theory and archetypes for years—specifically, Robert Moore and his colleague Douglas Gillette, who had been mapping much of the territory that Bly commandeered—but Bly got the national coverage. He had the image of the grandfather guru, as well as a certain aptitude for self-promotion. He avoided certain controversies while appearing to be controversial, and he brought a style and grace and power to his message that no one else could match.

Above all else, Bly was polite and nonconfrontational on the subject of feminism and feminists. He usually praised women, even those women who were bashing the very men he was talking to, and his language (for example, his use of the term male mother to describe the nurturing man) was conciliatory in the extreme. That approach was one of the reasons he was so marketable.

The thorny issues of sexual politics—who gets the job? Who goes to war? What happens to fathers and kids in a divorce? What is sexual harassment and who will be fired for it?—did not concern Bly. He was, as he and his loyal acolytes have always insisted, doing much more fundamental work than that. He was saving souls and psyches.

(The deadly tinge of intellectual snobbery floats like a ghost around Bly's poetic musings, and he and his mesmerized followers often seem to present themselves as an intellectually privileged elite. This elitism could be their undoing, especially in the general population of men. We are not crazy about snobs.)

*Iron John*, Bly's best-selling book, set the publishing industry on its ear. For 25 years, the publishers of America turned out books that basically praised women and bashed men. Now, suddenly, here was a book that examined men from a masculine perspective and it sold bigtime. Even the most feminist of editors and publishers took notice of that. *Iron John* broke the logjam that blocked men from being able to find male-friendly literature. That will eventually be seen as Bly's greatest contribution to our era.

But it is now time to send a challenge to the Blysters, as I call the rabid followers of Robert Bly who seem totally entranced with him and his approach to men's work. Many are steadfastly ignoring some of the tougher obligations of manhood. So to those Blysters I say: I honor your work, but let's get on with it, gentlemen. There are boys and men who could use your help but will never feel comfortable with your exotic rituals and Jungian vocabulary. Please reach out to more men and make yourselves available for a greater variety of work.

For example, here are some practical things you might consider doing:

*Join and support a father's rights/divorce-reform group.* At the present time, the father in America is an expendable item. The father is excluded on questions of abortion, ignored during a child's younger years, exiled to a noncustodial role in case of divorce and classified as either evil or clumsy in most of the media. If this treatment of fathers continues, we are doomed as a culture. The fatherless family is *not* the ideal family. It is not just economics that is destroying the family; it is politics as well. If you won't organize and vote and campaign for honorable fatherhood, what will you fight for?

*Choose to mentor one or more fatherless boys in your neighborhood.* There are organizations such as the Boy Scouts and Big Brothers that do this kind of work. Join them as a financial and spiritual supporter. Give of your time and your money. And if that kind of organized effort does not appeal to you, do your own private thing. Look around you. See all those boys without fathers in their homes? Take a kid to lunch, take him to the ball game, teach him how to hit a baseball or cast a fishing line or shoot a basketball. Remember your days of loneliness as a boy? Remember wondering why few older men seemed to take an interest in you or your growth? We can change that sense of isolation so many boys have. We can change that today.

*If you have the money and the time, allow yourself to experience the great variety of men's work that now exists in this culture, but do not stop there.* Over the past few years, and without great fanfare or public recognition, many different kinds of men's weekends and seminars and retreats have sprung up. You can learn tracking in the desert or white-water rafting in the canyons or meditation in a monastery. You can examine your relationships with women or your struggles with your father or your fears for your children. You can go through a process of male initiation that brings you some sense of what the tribal male receives from his elders. All of this work is useful and valid. But it usually costs money and it is not available to the majority of men. So please come back from those experiences with a willingness to confront the real world and its tough questions about gender and politics.

I am not suggesting that Robert Bly and the Blysters are irrelevant or unimportant. But as I've watched the Bly phenomenon develop, I have become aware that Bly's need to be liked by women, not to offend them, means that once again the American male is being led into a state of political passivity. And you know and I know that the man who is primarily passive is a dangerous man. Better that he should speak his anger when politically abused than to ignore it and suppress it while he chokes on it.

Come back, Blysters. We need you.

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# WOMEN

## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Who's this?

"Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, nice tits, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning."

Justice Clarence Thomas greeting his Supreme Court colleagues, of course. You have probably heard it already.

The most interesting part of those hearings was that the Democratic Senators believed Anita Hill and the Republicans were convinced she was lying. That means none of them gave a shit; they were simply acting out of expediency.

Actually, I couldn't stand watching it all; it made me twitch and shriek to see the incessant, self-serving dishonesty. To have it thrown in our faces that our government is composed of morally bankrupt red-faced farts whose every gesture reveals their greed and stupidity. Even the Democrats suck. With the exception of Daniel Moynihan and maybe one or two others, they're all part of the biggest and grossest of the old-boy networks, and if a woman dares show her face among them, she is treated with patronizing courtliness or snickered at and dismissed (which is the same thing).

Anita Hill was portrayed as a lying floozy, powerless over her deep need to exact revenge on the man she couldn't have. Excuse me, but this is a woman in control. A black woman who has become a law professor is not powerless over any part of her psyche. This is not a woman scorned. This is a woman pissed.

But she became a pawn and ridiculous, and now women across the country are feeling their feminism rise again like a phoenix.

Almost every woman alive has been subjected to some form of sexual harassment. Here's personal testimony:

I was very young, just married, just started writing. And I got to interview the Who. Very thrilling! I went to their hotel. Keith Moon was goofy, John Entwistle quiet, Roger Daltrey boring and self-satisfied. Peter Townshend was wonderful. We talked for hours, about everything. I was in heaven. I was the coolest girl in the world!

As I was leaving, walking to the elevator, Roger Daltrey rounded a corner, saw me and pushed me up against the wall. He smashed himself against me and whispered with his face almost touching mine, "Wanna come back after the show and give us all blow jobs?"

DAN MCCARTHY

## SHE ASKED FOR IT?

It doesn't seem like a big deal to me now, just some history without emotional resonance. But, back then! I got dizzy. I got sick to my stomach. I felt dread, shame, misery, overwhelming humiliation. There's no logic to it. I had heard the phrase blow job before. Why didn't I simply think, What an asshole?

Because at the core of my being, I thought it was my fault. I thought I had done something, who knows what, that showed I was a dirty girl who deserved it.

Sexual harassment is not about sex. Sexual harassment is a power trip. It's men taking revenge on women. Because they can. Because they're angry.

It happens all the time. The only women who don't believe that sexual harassment is a real problem in this country are women who have never been in the workplace. I'll never forget sitting in a doughnut shop once, watching the manager interview prospective waitresses. He wore his power like an obscene badge, humiliating and frightening every young girl who applied for the job. He got a real kick out of himself; he felt like a big shot.

There is the argument that sexual harassment happens primarily in blue-collar situations, where the men themselves are so powerless and frustrated that they need to find a scapegoat to make their miserable lives slightly better. But I work at a movie studio in Hollywood with a lot of educated, affluent people and, believe me, some very big-shot guys proposition, fondle and threaten young women on a daily basis. These young women have no power, they need their jobs to live, they're afraid to retaliate.

How are they powerless to retaliate? Go to court? The powerful have all the hot-shot lawyers.

But what I really need to know is, why does this happen so often? Why are so many men so angry at women? Why do they abuse women whenever they have the chance?

"Why is it?" I've asked my friends.

"I don't know," said my friend Paula, "I'm so used to male anger. It's been around all my life. The sky is blue, men are angry with women."

I asked my shrink. "They say it's a mother thing," he said. "That abusive guys are afraid of being restrained by their mothers, and this makes them hostile to all women. But who the hell knows?"

Virginia Woolf wondered the same thing. In *A Room of One's Own*, here's what she decided: "Women have served all these centuries as looking glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size. . . . [Men] say to themselves as they go into the room, I am the superior of half the people here. . . . Take [this looking-glass vision] away and man may die, like a drug fiend deprived of his cocaine."

In other words, men hate women because they need women to define their self-image.

I say that men also hate women because they desire them. This is where the sexual element comes in. A man is trained from childhood to be totally in control. His feelings are not important. His strength, his mastery over these feelings is all that matters. No crying, no neediness, or he is drummed out of the men's club. (By both men and women. Women can be more exacting about a man's behavior than men ever are.)

But a man can't control a woman he desires and he can't control his desire. Oh, he'll try. But he'll fail. And when a man is scorned, a man is pissed.

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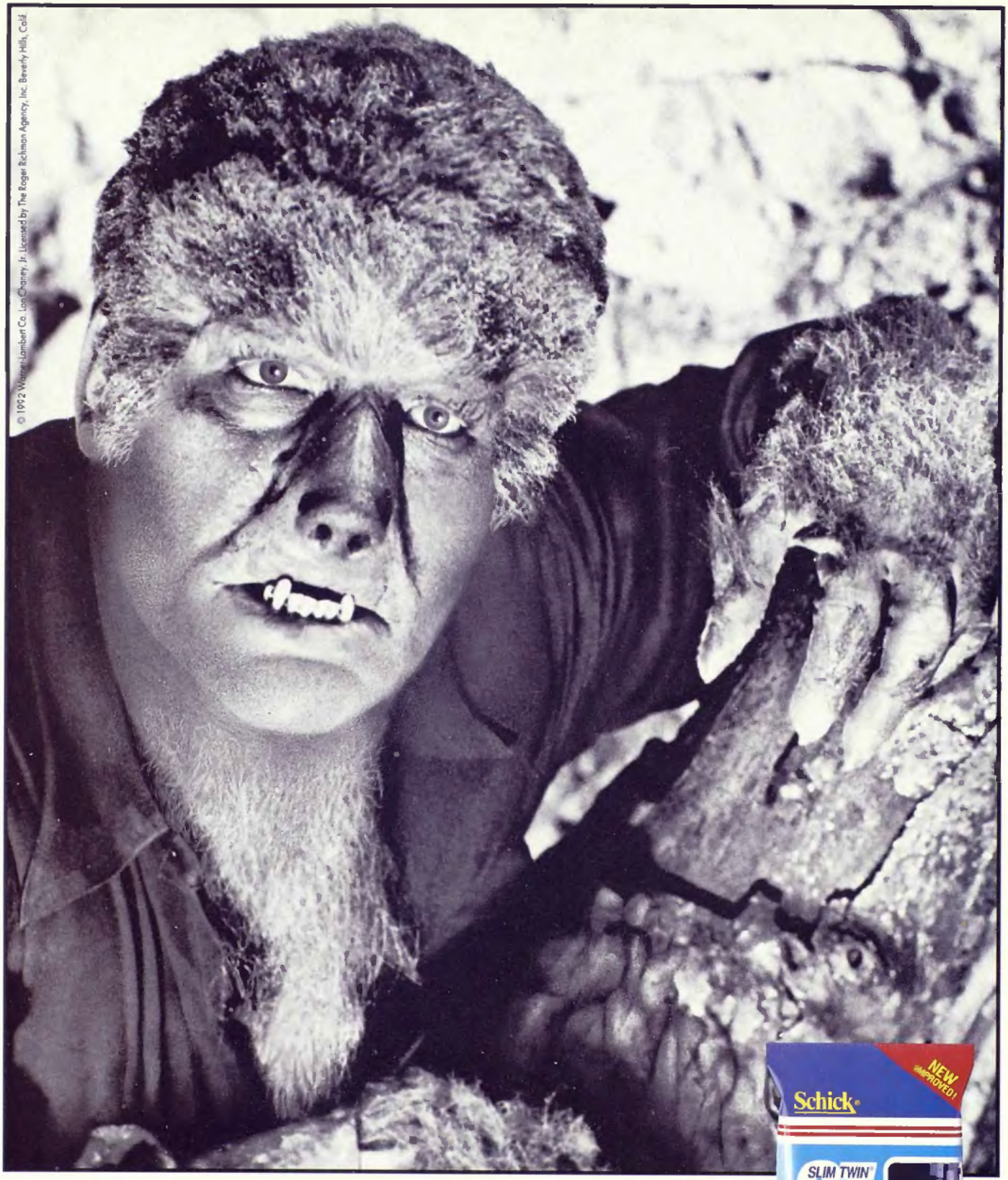

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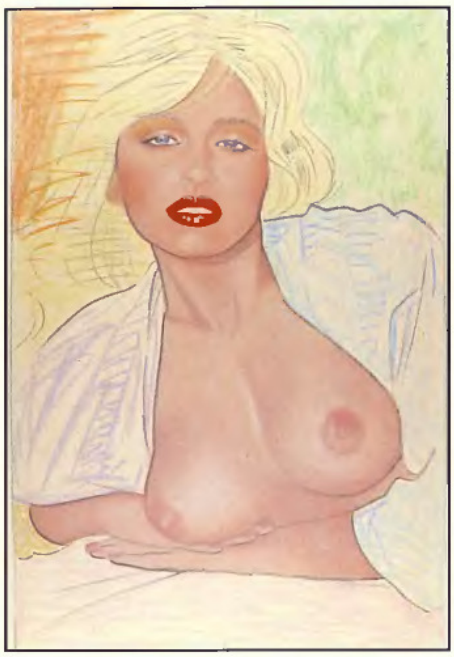
# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The summer after my freshman year in college, I worked as a waiter at a fancy resort and spent many wonderful evenings with a waitress who enjoyed playing strip poker. I'd played a few times in junior high with a girl who lived nearby, but that was more of a variation on show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine. That neighborhood girl and I didn't do much once we'd stripped. But my waitress friend showed me how much fun strip poker can be as foreplay. Recently, I've played a few times with my wife and we've enjoyed it, but we're ready for something different and perhaps a bit more elaborate. Is there anything out there?—P. L., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

*Indeed there is. We suggest you pick up a copy of An Enchanted Evening, an adult board game that truly lives up to its title. Developed by a California couple interested in adding some sensual spice to their own relationship, the game begins with both players writing down a secret wish for later that evening. Then, using a die and game pieces, the two of you work your way around the game board, picking up various cards at each turn. Some ask provocative questions: "What is it about your partner's body that is alluring?" "Your partner sighs and whispers, 'Again.' What do you think created that response?" "You're planning a romantic weekend away with your partner. What two articles of clothing do you hope your partner will bring?" Other cards suggest playful massage: "As if your hands could whisper—softly caress your partner's ears." "Even though it isn't a musical instrument, place your lips on your partner's belly button and blow a few 'notes.'" Some cards are deliciously ambiguous: "Long and shaggy, short and curly, dark or light—slowly run your fingers through some of your partner's hair." Of course, the card doesn't specify where the hair may be. The first player to the finish line gets his or her secret wish granted. Have fun. We're confident you'll have An Enchanted Evening. The game is available for $25 at most game stores, or for $28.50, postpaid, direct from Games Partnership, Ltd., 116 New Montgomery Street, Suite 500, San Francisco 94105, or call 800-776-7662 and order with a credit card.*

When I visit friends in other cities for the weekend, I often feel uncomfortable, even though I've stayed with some of them several times in the past few years. I know they don't mind my visits—we have a great time, and I've stayed in a hotel once or twice when anyone was recovering from a hectic week—but I worry about clogging their routines. What etiquette should I observe during overnight stays?—J. F., Washington, D.C.

*Friends will usually forgive you for the odd, mildly irritating habits you bring into their otherwise tranquil lives. But there's no sense risking not being invited back. When you arrive, bring along a bottle of wine or let your hosts know that you plan to cook them dinner. Don't assume you can make yourself at home: Make your bed in the morning, wash the dishes you use and don't mess around with the TV, stereo or VCR. Rise before or when your host does, no later. Keep an eye out for moments when your hosts want to be alone and oblige them. Avoid staying more than two nights, and when you leave, offer hearty thanks. Just remember: Since it's not your boat, always be prepared to go with the flow.*



I travel on business often, and while I'm away, my girlfriend enjoys the company of her multispeed vibrator, Bruce, named in honor of Springsteen. Over the phone, she'd tell me she had a "date with Bruce," and I'd get so turned on that I'd often one-hand it myself. Then we started masturbating while talking to each other on the phone. And now when we're together, we have "foursomes." I watch her and Bruce. And she watches me and my left hand, recently christened Annette, in honor of Bening. We both enjoy these solo sessions together, but recently I've grown worried that watching each other masturbate might detract from regular sex. It doesn't feel that way—at least not yet—but I'm concerned. Are we weird?—M. N., Madison, Wisconsin.

*Au contraire. What you've discovered is the joy of shared masturbation. According to Betty Dodson, author of "Sex for One," our favorite solo-sex handbook, as it were, shared masturbation is different from mutual masturbation, because the latter involves diddling each other, while the former involves watching each other. Dodson writes, "Shared masturbation can be a marvelous sexual variation because more than any other, it allows you to show your lover exactly how you like to be stroked, while you learn the same about your partner. When I've shared masturbation with a lover, we've seen not only the caresses that stimulate but also each other's total-body involvement in sexual excitement and release, a truly beautiful sight to behold. Sharing masturbation has deepened our intimacy and helped us discuss our feelings more honestly with each other." In other words, carry on. And give our best to Bruce and Annette.*

A friend of mine who moved to London mailed me a video tape of a television comedy called "The Black Adder," saying it was funnier than anything she'd seen in the States. But when I stuck the tape into my VCR, it was garbled. Is there something wrong with my machine, or is the problem in the cassette?—D. E., Chicago, Illinois.

*Blame a tangled global TV bureaucracy created by a complicated mix of politics and engineering. These days, the United States, Canada, Japan, Central America and parts of South America use the U.S. system known as NTSC (for the National Television Standards Committee, which set it up). The rest of the world adopted either the German PAL (phase alternate line) system, used mostly in western Europe and Asia, or the French SECAM (sequentiel couleurs á memoire), used in the Soviet Union, most of eastern Europe and the Middle East. For a price, some video shops will transfer foreign tapes. If you can't find a store that does, phone Media Concepts in St. Petersburg, Florida, at 800-330-3873. For $18 to $47 (and with written permission from copyright holders), they can make an NTSC copy of any tape recorded in PAL or SECAM. By the way, a collection of episodes from the BBC series titled "Black Adder the Third" was recently released in the States by CBS/Fox Video and sells for about $20.*

Since I went off the pill, my husband and I have been using condoms quite happily—except for one thing. Sometimes I perform oral sex and the taste of rubber grosses me out. Are there any good-tasting condoms?—J. G. S., Savannah, Georgia.

*Colored, ribbed, contoured—even glow-in-the-dark condoms, yes. But good-tasting? What will you have tonight, dear, something with a hint of sushi? Dynamic Concepts (Box 8069, Van Nuys, California 91409, 800-248-4811) markets a line of Yum Yum condoms with cherry, hot-fudge, lemon-lime, blueberry, passion-fruit and piña-colada flavorings. If your local pharmacy does not stock those, there are alternatives. San*

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

*Francisco sex therapist Louanne Cole suggests that to mask the latex taste while sucking your husband, try sucking something else as well—a mint Life Saver. The mint flavor makes condoms more palatable, and some men say that the combination of a soft tongue and a hard Life Saver provides some extra sensuous zing. Sources very close to us recommend wintergreen, but experiment for yourself. But, we have to ask, why use condoms during oral sex? Unless you or your husband suffers from a sexually transmitted disease, why not save the condoms for intercourse?*

I was buying a car stereo recently and the salesman was pushing the systems with a feature called DSP. He said it recreates a variety of listening environments, but to me, it seemed like just another high-priced gimmick. What's the story?—D. F., Detroit, Michigan.

*This is one time you should have listened to the guy. Digital signal processing (DSP) is no gimmick. True, it's a bit pricey. But that's because it's a fairly new feature for audio systems. Aside from simulating the acoustics of various listening environments, such as concert hall, jazz club, church and living room, DSP lets you create your own menu of acoustical spaces and, in certain cases, rebalance any of the preset ones to suit your individual taste. You can use the standard settings, but if you really want to crank the sound, switch to the Arena mode. You can also make adjustments in sound to compensate for wind and road noise and even tailor the frequencies for front- and back-seat passengers. The equipment is simple to operate, too. So think about it next time you're in the market for a new stereo. By then, the prices should be down.*

For years, I came too soon. Now, with my new girlfriend, I'm having trouble coming at all. I never thought that lasting too long could be a problem, but it has become one for me. My girlfriend reads all this psychology into it. She says I'm withholding my love from her. I don't think I am, but who knows? The only way I can come now is in the doggie position with her reaching back to fondle my balls. That's fun, but I'd like to come in all the other positions, like before. My girlfriend assures me that I will, once I truly love her. I think I already do. This situation is starting to drive me nuts. What can I do?—G. A., Lexington, Kentucky.

*As surprising as this may sound to men who have ever been bothered by coming too soon (and who hasn't?), difficulty in ejaculating is a common male sex problem. The cause is usually stress. See if you can pinpoint your stress factors and minimize their impact. With everyday stresses minimized, it's time to work specifically on your ejaculation problem. To cure it, sex therapists recommend borrowing from what already works. You say you can come in the doggie position with your girlfriend reaching between her legs to fondle your balls. Keep doing it that way and, over a month or so, apply elements of that approach to other intercourse positions. Have your girlfriend stroke your balls when she's on top or during fellatio. From there, have her stroke near your balls, around your thighs and buttocks. Also, try the doggie position with progressively less fondling until you're able to ejaculate in that position simply from intercourse. If you experience any setbacks along the way, simply return to what works and improvise from there.*

Recently, a bartender told me that a drink a day keeps the doctor away. I'm skeptical. Any truth to his claim, or was he just trying to sell me another beer?—H. S., Great Neck, New York.

*There have been more than 30 studies since the turn of the century showing the health benefits of moderate alcohol consumption. The key word here is moderate, which equals one or two drinks a day, depending on which scientist you ask. A long-term study by the Harvard School of Public Health found that men from 40 to 75 who drank from five to 30 grams of alcohol (equivalent to one or two cans of beer) each day had about a 25 percent less chance of heart attacks, clogged arteries and other coronary troubles than men who abstained. Alcohol produces benefits, scientists believe, by raising the level of proteins in the bloodstream*

*that help cleanse arteries of fatty deposits and prevent excessive clotting, which can cause heart attacks. Wine, particularly red wine, significantly increased the level of these proteins. Naturally, such findings aren't a license for drivers, pregnant women or people with health conditions aggravated by booze to down a few stiff ones for the old heart. But they do bring to mind the advice of Herman "Jack Rabbit" Smith Johanson, who was cross-country skiing at the age of 103: "The secret to a long life is to stay busy . . . and don't drink too much. Then again, don't drink too little."*

Last year, I redecorated my house and racked up a few thousand dollars on my credit card. I've had some trouble paying it off, and at 19 percent interest, it's aggravating to watch the finance charges put me deeper in the hole. I've heard of some cards available at less than 15 percent. How can I find banks that offer them?—M. H., Alexandria, Virginia.

*For some odd reason, millions of indebted Americans are content to pay nearly 20 percent interest to huge banks for credit when hundreds of smaller banks offer cards with rates closer to prime. Banks with low-rate cards aren't hard to find. For starters, the nonprofit Bankcard Holders of America offers a list of 65 banks with low-rate (10 to 15 percent) or no-fee VISAs and MasterCards. (Send four dollars to 560 Herndon Parkway, Suite 120, Herndon, Virginia 22070.) Don't blanket banks offering low-rate cards with applications—every attempt goes on your credit record, and three or four in a short period of time will raise lenders' suspicions. Generally, look for a card with a variable rate rather than a fixed rate, which can skyrocket on a whim (variables are tied to the prime rate). Then use your new card to pay off the old debt.*

When I was in nursing school, we had some lectures on sexual injuries, and I remember the professor saying that cock rings could damage the penis. Now I'm in a relationship with a guy who uses one. He says the ring makes his erections larger and firmer. Personally, I don't notice any difference, but I worry that he might be hurting himself.—S. O., Framingham, Massachusetts.

*Real enlargement? That's a matter of opinion. Injury? Not if your boyfriend is careful. Cock rings, which come in rubber and leather models, purportedly produce larger, firmer erections by reducing blood outflow from the penis, thus increasing the amount held in the organ's spongy erectile tissues. But an erection doesn't quite work that way. It depends more on increased inflow than decreased outflow. Erection occurs when the arteries that feed the penis relax and expand, allowing additional blood into the organ's spongy central tissues. As these tissues fill, the veins that carry blood out of the penis become somewhat compressed, restricting outflow but not eliminating it. The arteries that feed the penis run through the center of the organ, so a cock ring doesn't keep blood out. The veins that carry blood out of the penis run closer to the organ's surface, so a cock ring might restrict outflow a little more and give the wearer a fuller, firmer look. But as we said, it's a matter of opinion. Erection itself automatically restricts blood outflow, so rings don't necessarily add much to nature's efforts. As for injury, it's possible if an adjustable ring is pulled too tight or if one is left on for hours on end. If your boyfriend feels any discomfort, he should loosen his ring or remove it. And if it leaves any marks, he should stop wearing it. But if he wears his cock ring briefly during lovemaking and doesn't tighten it into a tourniquet, he shouldn't have any problems.*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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# MAGIC

## has magic johnson changed what we know about the transmission of h.i.v.? actually, no

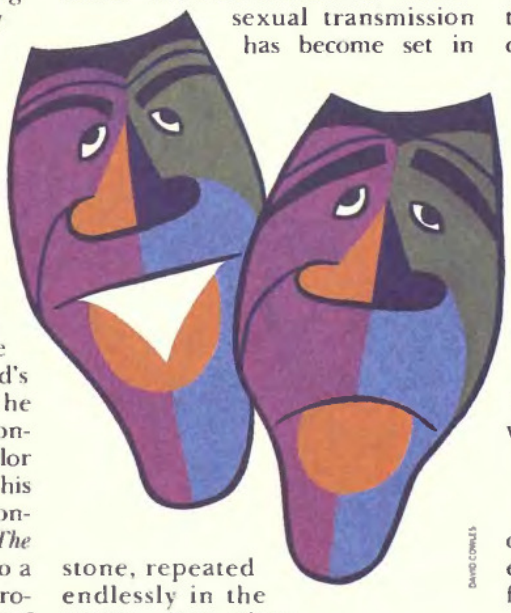
commentary By JAMES R. PETERSEN

The media would have us believe that Magic Johnson's affliction with human immunodeficiency virus will forever change the way we have sex, that he will be an effective spokesman for abstinence. But there is a basic absurdity to the proposition "If it can happen to Magic, it can happen to anybody."

Magic is an exceptional man. He is graceful, charismatic and brilliantly successful, and as a result, he has had more sexual opportunities and liaisons than most men can even imagine. He loved women and they loved him. He could accomplish more with a smile than you or I could in a year of sophisticated courtship. We can't hit the open man on the court, or the open woman off, with anything approaching his success. And yet we have been asked to take him as a representative of heterosexual risk—of *our* risk. He says he lived "the bachelor's life," but that is like saying he could play a little ball. Just as he redefined the guard's position on the basketball court, he redefined the number of sexual conquests that it is possible for a bachelor to achieve off the court. All of his passes were caught. In his press conference and in his appearance on *The Arsenio Hall Show*, Magic alluded to a personal history that is less heterosexual than hypersexual. It is a tale of thousands of sexual partners, of innumerable instances of risk.

The press conference cleansed the story of detail and doubt, left us with the heroic image of Magic bravely facing the challenge of living with HIV. We don't question the heroism; we applaud it. Still, Magic provided no useful information for sexually active heterosexuals. Assuming that he did not contract the virus from his dentist (no one checked), another male (he denies the rumors) or intravenous-drug use (steroids?), Magic is simply the newest member of a very small group of men who have contracted the AIDS virus through heterosexual contact. How small? You be the judge.

The Centers for Disease Control claims that 4300 men in the U.S. have contracted AIDS after having sex with a woman, as opposed to 152,000 who have contracted it in other ways. And the difference between those numbers is even greater than it seems. The CDC number for heterosexual transmission has become set in stone, repeated endlessly in the press. But that doesn't mean it is accurate. The number is grossly inflated by victims who misrepresent their behavior, by sloppy investigation and by including foreign nationals who may have contracted the disease in their home country. The latter group alone may constitute half of CDC's heterosexual cohort.



DAVID CONLEY

Dr. Elizabeth Whelan, president of the American Council on Science and Health, challenges the CDC number on those grounds and others. She writes, "New York City accounts for approximately 20 percent of all U.S. AIDS cases. It is logical then to expect that the number of heterosexually transmitted AIDS cases in men reported in New York City would account for approximately 20 percent of all [such cases] reported in the U.S. That is, 520 cases. However, New York City has reported only 12 such cases in 11 years."

Why the discrepancy? The overwhelming majority of men who claim they got AIDS through heterosexual contact eventually admit to a history of intravenous-drug use or sexual contact with men. Whelan writes, "It is quite possible that if every local and state health department investigated AIDS cases as aggressively as New York City, there would be fewer than 100 men over 11 years who acquired AIDS the way Magic Johnson said he did."

We checked figures from the San Francisco Department of Public Health: Since 1981, it has found 25 men who contracted AIDS the way Magic did.

Los Angeles had 87. Now it's 88.

•

Magic is indeed an exceptional case. When you investigate other cases of heterosexual transmission, you find equally exceptional behavior.

We don't deny that heterosexual transmission exists. It accounts for 75 percent of all AIDS cases in the world. But when you scrutinize the studies and statistics, you get a different picture; when you look behind the headlines, a more detailed, human story emerges.

Almost all the stories on Magic cited a California study on heterosexual transmission. Dr. Nancy Padian found 72 women who were infected with the AIDS virus. At regular

intervals, she tested their male partners. In the six years of the study, only one man out of 72 contracted the virus. That individual had sex with his wife 15 times a month for seven years without condoms, persisting even during episodes of vaginal and penile bleeding. They also engaged in a threesome, raising the possibility that he contracted it from the other man's sperm.

How did the woman contract HIV in the first place? In the five years before she enrolled in the study, she had more than 600 partners. (In the same period, her husband had only three.) She had more than 2000 contacts with a bisexual, an unknown number of contacts with an intravenous-drug user and more than 1000 contacts with a man she knew to be HIV-infected.

Exceptional man, exceptional woman, exceptional behavior, exceptional result.

Michael Fumento, author of *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, examined another AIDS study done in New York City by Dr. Joyce Wallace, who recruited 340 men who were regular clients of prostitutes and who denied both homosexual activity and drug abuse. "Of these," Fumento writes, "the average number of sexual exposures to prostitutes over the last ten years was 94, and the most common act was fellatio. They averaged one sexually transmitted disease a year; and while a third of them occasionally used condoms, one half never did. Of these 340 men, six tested positive [for HIV]. Three of these, upon requestioning, admitted to either drug use or homosexuality. Of the three remaining, they averaged 575 sexual exposures to prostitutes (six times the average number in the study group) and none had used condoms. In other words, assuming these men had no other risk factors and were infected by prostitutes, they were exceptions because of exceptional behavior. They played the odds and lost."

It is possible to find some comfort in these numbers, especially if you fall outside the groups being counted. But numbers are not the point. We're not dealing with a roll of the dice, we're dealing with lifestyles. Sex is actual, not actuarial. It is sweat and semen, the sound of zippers, the collision of flesh. There are statisticians who calculate that your odds of becoming infected with the AIDS virus are one in five billion if your partner has no history of high-risk behavior and you use condoms—and still only one in 500 if you have unprotected sex with someone

who does have the virus. But what do those numbers mean to each of us? To Magic Johnson? Not much. We have lives to lead, and that includes sex lives.

If you reduce AIDS awareness to playing the odds, you depersonalize sex. Instead of taking responsibility for your actions, you are as passive as gamblers around a roulette wheel. Some might say Magic gambled and lost; we say he had a delirious sex life but that somewhere in his personal history a deadly detail brought him down.

**FACT:**

**"We should remember that Magic Johnson took enormous risks, and he was also extremely unlucky."**

*Playboy* has maintained that heterosexual transmission is a rarity, that if you are a healthy, heterosexual male and you don't use intravenous drugs or have sex with someone who did, you could spend the rest of your life trying to catch the AIDS virus and fail. The odds are overwhelmingly against infection. We meant this not as a challenge or as permission but as a means of establishing perspective, of reducing panic. In the face of the recurrent hysteria, we should all remember that Magic Johnson took enormous risks, and that he was also extremely unlucky.

This magazine has also been quick to repudiate those who prey on the disease and its victims. This affliction is not an excuse for a sermon; it is a tragedy that happens to be associated with sex. A useful comparison to AIDS statistics can be drawn from the number of traffic fatalities. Even though 44,000 people die on our highways each year, the government doesn't advise, "Just say no to driving." We do not believe that urging abstinence is anything other than the abdication of responsibility to educate. We need to address reality: Sex happens, so how can we make it safer?

### THE GREAT DILEMMA

There are two things to consider when evaluating your risk of contracting AIDS: your peer group and your behavior. When scientists identified the disease that was devastating San Francisco and New York in the early Eighties, they considered calling it by the acronym CAIDS—community acquired immune deficiency syndrome. What was obvious to observers was that the disease struck subcultures: gays, people who injected drugs, immigrants from Africa and the Caribbean, hemophiliacs. The prevalence of the virus in your community is the single greatest indicator of risk.

But the doctors naming the new disease faced a moral and political dilemma: A community can quickly become a leper colony and compassion can give way to quarantine. To focus national resources on the problem, researchers had to eliminate community and risk group as a consideration, to tell us that this is not just the gay plague or an addict's disease but a problem for everybody. Activists expanded the boundaries of our concern to make AIDS a problem of the world community. They accomplished that mission, heroically. They loosened government purse strings, put pressure on drug companies to speed AIDS research and began a formidable public information program.

Education focused on behavior. You can change behavior more easily than you can change community. The risky behavior also seemed clear-cut: You can contract the virus through contact with infected blood, through needle sharing and through unprotected vaginal or anal intercourse. Promiscuous sex and other behaviors within certain communities turned it into a localized epidemic: In New York shooting galleries, a single needle might be shared by 50 addicts in one night. In the bathhouses of San Francisco, gay men could engage in anonymous anal sex with thousands of partners a year. In both groups, the infection rate has reached

as high as 50 percent. Stop the behavior and you stop the epidemic.

The gay community got the message; the intravenous-drug users did not. The CDC reports that 43,964 I.V.-drug users contracted the disease from shared needles. They have passed it on to 4255 women and 1772 men through heterosexual contact (this assumes that their partners would admit to drug use). It is not surprising that a community that did not toe the party line on the dangers of drugs would also ignore the party line on safe sex.

Having unprotected sex in the gay community or the I.V.-drug community is akin to playing Russian roulette with a double-barreled shotgun. But how safe is sex outside of those communities? Here we must assess the interaction between behavior and prevalence. As one public health official told us, "What will kill you in the South Bronx will make you a living legend in your home town of East Podunk."

Magic is a living legend. He belonged to the subculture of superstar athlete/celebrity. After his announcement, the press regaled us with stories of jock groupies and party girls. The *Los Angeles Times* reported on one woman who bedded more than 100 NBA stars and had the autographed sneakers to prove it. The NBA is a subculture that shares partners. By the time we go to press, most of the worried jocks will have been tested. You can judge for yourself how dangerous heterosexual transmission of AIDS is by how many players have called press conferences.

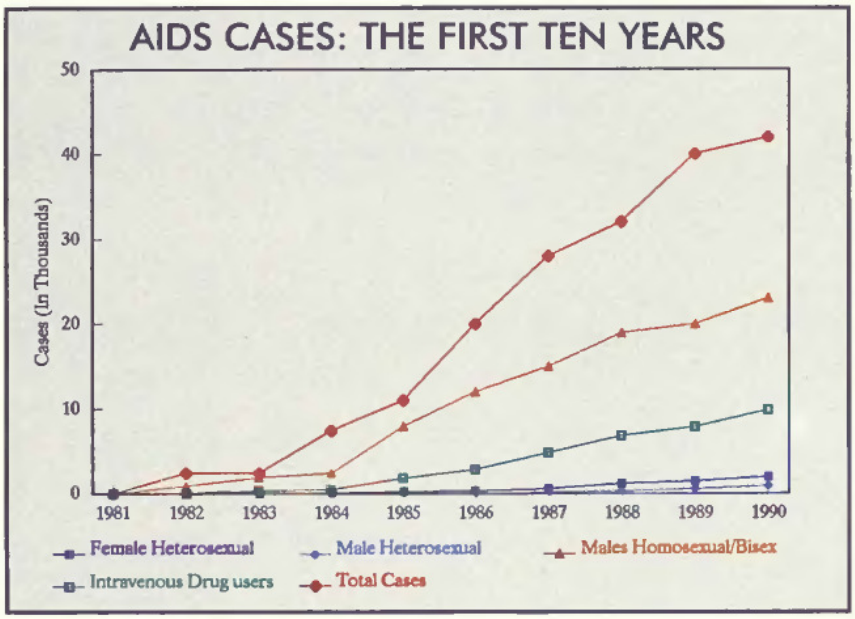
Here's how we might judge the likelihood of that happening. In large-scale testing of blood donors and military recruits, researchers have found antibodies to the AIDS virus in about four out of 10,000 people. (The good news is that the rate has dropped over the past few years.) This means that in a crowded stadium of 20,000 people, eight might have the virus. Six would be gay, one or two would be I.V.-drug users and maybe one would be a heterosexual. From the sound of it, that one was lined up, every night in every NBA-franchise city, waiting for Magic.

The truth remains simple: If you don't have the virus and your partner doesn't have the virus, then you can do everything your heart desires for the rest of your long and lusty life.

If you live outside the safe group, you must take precautions.

### HETEROSEXUAL TRANSMISSION

All of the focus on gay men, bisexuals and drug users seems to offer a free ride to heterosexuals. But heterosexual transmission does, of course, exist. The means of transmission remain mysterious, however. Why does one person get the virus after one encounter, while others can have unprotected sex a hundred times a year for five years with a partner who has HIV and never contract it themselves? And why are African men and women so vulnerable to the virus, while their American counterparts seem relatively impervious?




Government figures track the AIDS epidemic over the post ten years. While heterosexual transmission exists, it is rare—and some believe those numbers are inflated.

### THE S.T.D. FACTOR

During the most contagious outbreaks of AIDS hysteria, the media often seem to suggest that anyone who has had an erection in the past decade is at risk and should be tested. Women's writers suggest that anyone who ever thought her boyfriend was a jerk should rush out for an ELISA or Western Blot (the standard tests that detect antibodies to HIV). But by far the clearest sign of vulnerability to HIV is a personal history of sexually transmitted diseases (S.T.D.s). If you've had an S.T.D., you should probably be tested for HIV. There are all sorts of reasons.

S.T.D.s break the skin. They tear the body's first, and most powerful, line of defense. When epidemiologists contemplate HIV-transmission routes, they look for blood-to-blood or semen-to-blood contact, the kind that is achieved through tears in skin or through the particularly absorbent and fragile cells that line the rectum. Vaginas and penises are built to sustain the rigors of sex, and as long as they remain uninfected by S.T.D.s, they are relatively tough and HIV-resistant. But when the skin is harmed by infection, the genitals can become a primary pathway for HIV transmission.

S.T.D.s are implicated in other ways. They weaken the immune system. If another virus invades, the body can't fight it off as effectively as it could have done before infection. And since the virus lives in white cells, and white cells congregate at the site of infections, if your partner has an S.T.D., you may receive a higher concentration of virus. Moreover, if both partners have S.T.D.s, HIV-infected cells from one partner have the opportunity to invade HIV-free cells of the other, vastly increasing the chance of infection. The uninfected white blood cells represent a kind of open-door invitation to HIV.

The evidence backing up these assertions is convincing. In the first wave of homosexual infections, 95 percent of the victims had some other S.T.D. The gay communities in San Francisco and New York had already endured epidemics of hepatitis B, syphilis, gonorrhea, Epstein-Barr virus, herpes and cytomegalovirus.

Those who had S.T.D.s before or after contracting HIV developed AIDS

much more quickly than those who did not.

In Africa, where heterosexual transmission is considered the norm, the disease is associated with other S.T.D.s. In a study of U.S. and African cases, it was determined that most AIDS victims have had herpes (90 to 100 percent), cytomegalovirus (90 to 100 percent), hepatitis B (78 to 82 percent), as well as nonvenereal bouts of malaria and other parasitic infection.

The difference between America and Africa is that we have a sophisticated health-care system and a wide array of pharmaceuticals to treat S.T.D.s. The Africans do not. *Time* magazine notes that "most Americans do not have the venereal diseases that make it so much easier for the virus to be transmitted through heterosexual intercourse." True enough, but enough do for us to express concern.

Among teenagers alone, there are 3,000,000 S.T.D.s a year. For many Americans, their first round of sex education comes from the clinic that diagnoses their S.T.D. This is a classic case of too little too late. Since HIV can remain undetected for years, many people find out they have it when they visit an S.T.D. clinic for other treatments. The only sites with a higher percentage of HIV-positive patients are drug-abuse clinics. Clearly, if we want to stop AIDS, we should stop S.T.D.s. It would be a lot cheaper, both in insurance dollars and, obviously, in lives.

The head of the American Social Health Association says that regular tests for sexually transmitted disease should be part of the standard health-maintenance plan for Americans. Every two years, or two partners, go in for lab work.

Another expert suggested a national "wide-spectrum antibiotic day." If everyone attended to their health at the same time, the chain of infection might be broken. During World War Two, we almost succeeded in wiping out V.D. Why not finish the job now, when the stakes are much greater?

### PROMISCUITY

The media moralists have used AIDS to attack nonmonogamous lifestyles, but so far as heterosexual transmission goes, promiscuity per se is not the most significant risk factor. As the CDC pointed out in a recent newsletter, study after study shows that the "number of partners did not vary between cases [those who caught AIDS] and controls [those who did not]."

The overwhelming evidence is that heterosexual AIDS does not come from promiscuity but from repeated sexual intercourse with the wrong person. Who stands a greater chance of getting AIDS: a teenager going out with his second or third girlfriend or Cookie Johnson, Magic's wife? The answer is clear.

Getting back to the issue of promiscuity, the evidence is compelling. Studies of prostitutes—who certainly fit everyone's definition of promiscuous—show that it is shared needles, not shared customers, that spread the disease. Prostitutes who work in the 32 legal brothels in Nevada, where sex is not typically associated with I.V.-drug use, do not have a single case of AIDS. Condom use among these prostitutes also helps keep the rate of infection down, but the lesson still holds.

**QUESTION:**

**"Did Magic play hurt? That is, did he have sex while he was fighting off another sexually transmitted disease?"**

In communities where the virus is present, sleeping around typically increases your chance of running into someone with HIV; for the rest of us, sleeping around increases our chances of running into someone with an S.T.D., creating a climate in which we are more vulnerable. But it does not seem to be the single important factor. If anything, the statistics demonstrate that it is monogamy with the wrong person that kills.

The study by Dr. Padian cited earlier showed only one male out of 72 living with infected women coming down with HIV; the same study showed only 61 women out of 307 living with infected men coming down with the virus. Why? Padian says that failure to use condoms accounted for most of the cases of male-to-female heterosexual transmission. An Italian study by Dr. Massimo Musicco followed 171 women with HIV-infected partners. If the partner used condoms, the women did not contract the virus. Male-to-female transmission is much easier than female-to-male; any woman uncertain of her partner's sexual history should insist on his using a condom. Still, you cannot use a condom to shield bad judgment, or to eliminate the consequences of high-risk behavior.

### SAFE SEX, SCARED SEX

The notion behind safe sex is that unless you know otherwise, you should act as if you or your partner were infected. This is fine in theory, but most of us find love and suspicion to be incompatible. The studies bear this out. Most of what we know about heterosexual transmission comes from couples who have continued to make love in the most intimate, risky ways even when they knew that their partner was infected. Love conquers all, even fear of death.

Scientists have isolated some factors that seem to increase the risk of male-to-female transmission. Their findings are useful only if you refuse to find out your own HIV status, yet want to behave in a responsible fashion toward your partners. They are crucial to Magic and Cookie now but are a footnote to partners who take the trouble to learn that they are HIV-free.

Still, the guidelines are there for those who need them:

*Anal sex:* Dumb. A health column in *The Advocate* counsels gay men: "Being the passive partner carries an almost certain risk of becoming infected. Statistically, the rate of seroconversion [when the immune system responds to contact with HIV by producing antibodies] is between one in ten and one in 100. Being the active partner carries a lower risk of becoming infected." In studies of heterosexual activity, anal intercourse has been found to triple the risk of infection for women.

*Vaginal intercourse:* Less dumb. More threatening to the woman than the

man, by a factor of ten in one study, 17 in another. Avoid sex during menstruation, unless your partner is virus-free.

*Oral sex:* It depends. Your mouth and digestive tract are equipped with defensive mechanisms not shared by other orifices. Saliva and stomach acid kill the virus. In this case, the active partner runs the greater risk, especially if there are cuts or sores in the mouth or if the gums are inflamed.

Harold Jaffe at the CDC says, "If you get blood in your mouth, I'd be worried. If you get semen in your mouth, there's some risk. Saliva in your mouth has to be a very low risk."

The most convincing and most troubling evidence on oral sex comes from studies of gay men. Researchers estimate chances are one in 10,000 that a gay man will contract HIV from a single episode of active oral sex. Another study increases the likelihood to one in 1000. In any case, these odds are based on communities with a 50 percent prevalence rate. For male heterosexuals, the equivalent would be practicing insertive oral sex with a steady supply of HIV-positive prostitutes. Indeed, Fumento calculated that the three infected men cited in Dr. Wallace's study fell prey to one-in-1000 odds. For the rest of us, just add zeros until your calculator breaks. The Padian study of heterosexuals found that oral sex posed no real risk.

*Mutual masturbation:* This used to be on everyone's safe-sex list. Now comes word of a nurse afflicted with eczema (a condition that caused her skin to crack) who contracted the virus by handling the bleeding wound of an AIDS patient. This resembles no sex act that we know of.

*Miscellaneous risks:* The Italian study found that if the woman used an I.U.D., it tripled the chance of contracting HIV. Another study found that birth-control pills seem to make women more vulnerable, doubling their chance of infection. Contrary to the Padian study, having sex during menstruation, or other bleeding during sex, increased the risk by 13 percent. An African study found that uncircumcised men who had genital lesions stood a 50-50 chance of infection from a single act of intercourse.

### THIS MAGIC MOMENT

Has Magic changed the way we think of AIDS? No. AIDS remains a disaster. It has taken the most intimate form of human contact and turned it into a lethal means of transmitting disease.

We are moved by Magic's courage, by his refusal to blame his plight on his partners, by his unwillingness to accept shame as the penalty for leading the life he chose to live. We will watch with interest to see how he chooses to describe that life.

We would speculate on three things:

1. The amount of sex he participated in created the opportunity for novel routes of transmission. Were there *ménages à trois* with a woman and another man? The Padian study suggests that proximity to other men's sperm can be deadly.

2. Did Magic play hurt? That is, did he have sex while he was fighting off another sexually transmitted disease?

3. Among all those partners, he may have accommodated an intravenous-drug user or two. Or four. Or 50. Even if Magic never used drugs himself, they were almost certainly present in his circle of sexual partners.

It is easy to understand how any of these conditions might have slipped past even a vigilant man. The celebrity sex that Magic enjoyed was the enemy of candor in his partners. Who can imagine a woman pausing during a moment of passion and saying, "Hey, Magic. My boyfriend just went into a drug-rehab program, I'm having my period and, by the way, isn't that a sore on your genitals? Let's do this some other time. When's the next time you'll be in town?"

It wouldn't happen.

But that scenario doesn't have anything to do with the way most of us live our lives. Magic is, indeed, an anomaly. If the rest of us act sensibly, we can avoid becoming anomalies, too. Our knowledge can help all of us beat back the fear, the overreaction, and preserve the joy of sex. It is our most loving form of communication, the deepest, most intimate expression of our humanity, and we must defend it from all attackers, be they viral or just plain hysterical.

Magic has indicated that he won't answer questions about his bachelor past. He told Connie Chung that he has always kept his home life private. "Yes," he said, "it was my fault. Yes, unprotected sex. Yes, morally I was wrong in sleeping with a lot of women. But after that?" He simply faces the challenge of living with an uninvited guest.

Chung asked if he tried to find out when or from whom he caught the virus. He said that wasn't the purpose of the phone calls he was making. "I'm a *man*," he said. "I have a responsibility to everyone that I had sex with. And to the people they had sex with."

He said that he would devote his time to education. Anger and blame have no place in his life. Neither does abstinence. He told Chung that the stories in the tabloids were false: Cookie is not sleeping in the basement. "We can have protected sex," he said.

His words carry an enormous emotional weight. Slogans have no place in this discussion. If Magic can articulate the role of intimacy in his own life—the commitment that supersedes fear of infection—then we all stand to learn something. This is the real meaning of the marriage vow "till death do us part." This is the real face of love.

If he can articulate that for two people within a marriage, then he can articulate it for those who are reaching for intimacy outside of marriage or for anyone at risk of contracting HIV. He can protect sex for us all.

# FORUM READER

### TRIBE

As a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U., I found the interview with Laurence H. Tribe ("Beyond Privacy," *The Playboy Forum*, December) intriguing. But I disagree with his assessment of the *Roe vs. Wade* decision. Much as I appreciate the fact that the Supreme Court went out on a limb to diminish the intrusion of the states into an area of personal privacy, *Roe vs. Wade* was bad constitutional law. The decision rested on the technological inability to support life outside the womb, which has nothing to do with the Constitution and everything to do with advances in medical science. Practical considerations demand that we recognize the ramifications of outlawing abortion not only in terms of the health and financial consequences for the poor but also in terms of the effects that the retraction of privacy doctrines would have. Perhaps the technology will one day solve what is currently a moral issue by allowing the fetus to be transferred to someone who wants to be a mother to that child.

James Finkelstein
Albany, Georgia

It seems that in deciding how the Constitution is to be interpreted, we have the choice of living in a society with limited freedom or living under a government of limited tyranny. I propose a new amendment to the Constitution that reads: "The powers granted to the government are limited entirely to those enumerated in the Constitution. The powers of the government are further limited by all rights reserved to the people as enumerated in the Constitution and all rights reserved to the people by reason of their personhood. It is not possible to enumerate all rights retained by the people; and it is not possible to define a person. The Constitution is to be interpreted broadly with respect to the rights of the people; it is to be interpreted narrowly as it pertains to the powers of the government."

Millard H. Perstein
Sedona, Arizona

*We already have such a clause—it's called the Ninth Amendment. Even though you spell it out, the current Court shows no sign of being able to read it.*

FOR THE RECORD

## PROMO INTERRUPTUS

Since 1981, about 200,000 Americans have contracted AIDS. Condoms would slow the spread of the disease and condom commercials aired on network television would reach millions, yet the Big Three refuse to accept ads for national broadcast for fear of offending viewers. Here's how they explain it:

"In programs, you can deal with these issues [of sex and birth control] in a context which allows for responsible discussions of varying points of view." —RICHARD CUTTING, NBC

"CBS continues to review its policy on paid commercials for condoms. It should be understood that commercials are designed to sell an individual product. Our news and public affairs coverage and the public service announcements are designed to inform." —MICHAEL SILVER, CBS

"Birth control is a very controversial issue and we do not allow controversial issues to be raised in our advertising. We cover in news and other programing information reflecting what is taking place in America." —JANICE GRETEMEYER, ABC

### ANATOMY 101

Bill Andriette's "Are You a Child Pornographer?" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) brings to mind the recent case of *U.S. vs. Stephen A. Knox*. In *Knox*, a Pennsylvania man was convicted of child pornography for receiving and possessing videos featuring females aged 11 to 17 at modeling sessions. How pornographic were the tapes? As the girls would strike a pose, the cameraman would occasionally zoom in on underwear inadvertently showing beneath a short skirt or on a clinging bathing suit. Federal judge James F. McClure, Jr., citing *Webster's New International Dictionary, Unabridged* (1976) definitions of exhibition and pubic, ruled that "the pubic area would appear to be the region of the human anatomy in close proximity to the genitals. . . . Specifically, the uppermost portion of the inner-thigh area closest to the girls' genitals was clearly exposed." The ruling is a bizarre but not unexpected venture by the government into new applications of the federal child-pornography laws. And the decision should give pause to parents who, by virtue of their children's dress, may become accessories to the crime.

Lawrence A. Stanley
New York, New York

*Even if the target of this case is a pedophile or kiddie pornographer, we are troubled by the government's tactics. That it was necessary to redefine human anatomy to get a conviction indicates there probably wasn't a case to begin with. When the government looks at innocent material with a pedophile's eyes, justice suffers.*

### PORNOGRAPHY

The debate about pornography founders on one point. As long as no one puts forth a definition, anything can be labeled pornography from a personal standpoint. If pornography is not legally defined, words can play on

and accusations can ring out for years, and censors can cry pornography under nebulous terms. Define pornography, yes, perhaps even regulate it, but never allow censorship of any material.

J. V. Presogna
Portland, New York

### ABSOLUTES

We cede a certain amount of moral high ground by allowing people who think in absolutes to define the terms used in public debate. Pro-lifers don't want to discuss an issue, they want to overwhelm you with what they're convinced is the absolute truth. Being on the right is not a political position but a moral certainty. I suggest a concerted effort to have the media refer to them as "pro-birth," which is accurate, inoffensive and turns the focus from women's sexual and reproductive freedom toward the end product—unwanted children.

Harry Dawson
Woodbridge, Virginia

### LINE ITEM

After reading the "Reader Response" section and the accompanying article by Marjorie Heins ("The War on Nudity Continued," *The Playboy Forum*, November), I felt compelled to write. The A.C.L.U. is the only national organization fighting against censorship and other violations of our constitutional rights. Membership should be considered a necessary budget item for all who seek to preserve their freedom to read and watch what they please.

W. Andrew McCullough
Orem, Utah

*Great idea. Send $35 to the American Civil Liberties Union, 132 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036. However, the A.C.L.U. isn't the only national group fighting censorship. You might want to support People for the American Way, the National Coalition Against Censorship or Americans for Constitutional Freedom.*

### BEATING THE BUSHES

In the article by James R. Petersen ("The New Supreme Court's War on Freedom," *The Playboy Forum*, November), the author compares America's current approach to stopping crime with that of communist China or Nazi Germany, and our police force to the Gestapo. Give me a break! His imagination soars way beyond Donald Wildmon's perceived fear of what *Playboy* does to one's morals. Petersen worries that the new Court has allowed random stop-and-frisk programs, but unless you're a paranoid drug addict, who has anything to hide? A couple of mildly annoying searches over a lifetime are nothing to me, since it's proven they help catch thugs. I say, "Right on, Supreme Court!" Remove the idiotic technicalities that free criminals and ignore the drivel of Wildmons on the left like Petersen.

Dale Carter
Orlando, Florida

*When top cops like Chicago's LeRoy Martin start admiring the law enforcement strategies of Hitler and the Chinese, we start to worry. Our right to be free of unwarranted search and seizure is far from an idiotic technicality—it is the basis of dignity and freedom. A quick frisk may be your idea of foreplay—it seems to arouse our Supreme Court—but we are unwilling to trade an essential liberty for an improved arrest record.*

### FORFEITURE

The press has finally started to notice the great American rip-off of the federal seizure of assets. Using the current drug forfeiture statutes, the government has seized the property of thousands of citizens without charging them with a single crime. Among the horror stories is one about a woman on her way to buy a house in Houston when the DEA stopped her at the airport and seized her cash down payment, claiming it was drug money. The war on drugs has created a legal system in which jury trials can be denied, questionable searches condoned and the rules of evidence ignored. If the criminal, the insane, the poor, the immoral, the outrageous, the dissenters and the minorities are not protected by the Bill of Rights, then no one is protected. It's too late to exercise your rights once the police are knocking down your door.

Donald M. Heavrin
Louisville, Kentucky

### REAL LOVE

Last fall, a teenaged girl in Dallas wrote a letter (signed C.J.) to a magazine, claiming to be an AIDS carrier whose goal was to infect as many men as possible. It turns out the C.J. stood for cruel joke. Seeing firsthand a close friend suffering from the effects of the virus prompted the teenager to write the letter in order to raise public awareness of the disease. The letter resulted in a flood of calls to the county health department for more information on HIV. The teenager finally confessed, showing no remorse for the furor that followed her fictitious account. Do we still think America's youth isn't ready for sexual reality?

Lorraine Townes
Amarillo, Texas

*Reliable information about sex is appropriate at any age, but scare tactics only create panic, which serves no useful purpose.*

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# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## ABSTINENCE KILLS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Sex therapists warn that celibacy can be hazardous to your health. An article in* The Washington Times *found psychiatrists and clini-*

*cians agreeing that while abstinence may prevent sexually transmitted diseases, it can also lead to irritability, insomnia, psychosomatic disorders, depression and infidelity. The worst cases occur when one's partner decides to suspend sexual relations, for physical or emotional reasons.*

## POSTPARTUM PLAINTIFF

SAN FRANCISCO—*Police shot and killed a man during a bank robbery. The suspect's wife was two months' pregnant. Does the fetus have the right to sue? "Yes," says a federal appeals court—but not until it's born. The landmark decision could open the delivery-room door to new realms of litigation. The court held unanimously that the now eight-year-old boy can sue police on a claim that excessive force deprived him of a parent.*

## SEXUAL HARASSMENT UPDATE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Judge Clarence Thomas won appointment to the Supreme Court with votes to spare, but right-wingers are posting reward money to learn the identity of the whistle-blower on the Senate Judiciary Committee who leaked Professor Anita Hill's sexual harassment statement. At last report, radio host Rush Limbaugh and the Reverend Donald Wildmon had contributed $5000 each, pushing the pot to more than $43,000.*

*Meanwhile, back at the office:*

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—*Conservatives and feminists are displeased that the American Civil Liberties Union has sided with shipyard workers in appealing a U.S. district court ruling that banned posters of nude women in work areas. A spokeswoman for the antiporn group Morality in Media, no champion of civil liberties, called it "a complete denial of a woman's human dignity to walk past such pictures." The A.C.L.U. will argue that sexually suggestive calendars and the like are materials protected by the First Amendment.*

DETROIT—*A female worker at a steel company sought damages, charging that her employer's tolerance of everything from male profanity to* Playboy *calendars created a sexually hostile workplace. An eight-woman jury rejected her $750,000 claim. A female attorney for the defendants said the jury's message was "If you can't stand the heat, then get out of the mill."*

## THE FEW, THE HOMOPHOBIC

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A Pentagon study has found that gays are as loyal as straight personnel, but that won't affect the ban against homosexuals in the Armed Forces. A spokeswoman for the Defense Department said the report by the personnel security branch focused on civilian employees and contractors with access to military secrets and has no bearing on the issue of homosexuality among men and women in uniform. Addressing that subject at the U.S. Naval Academy, Defense Secretary Richard Cheney received an ovation from 4000 midshipmen when he defended the policy of discharging homosexuals from the military on the grounds of maintaining fighting effectiveness.*

## ANTICRACK SHOTS

LAWRENCEVILLE, GEORGIA—*Narcs are less than thrilled that a drug-treatment center in this Atlanta suburb raised $7000 in cash and services by staging a mock drug war. Using a hide-and-seek game that has become trendy on corporate outings, 24 five-member teams of "hit men" working for "drug lords" battled one another with guns that fired paint pellets. A local police chief grumped, "They're making light of a serious situation."*

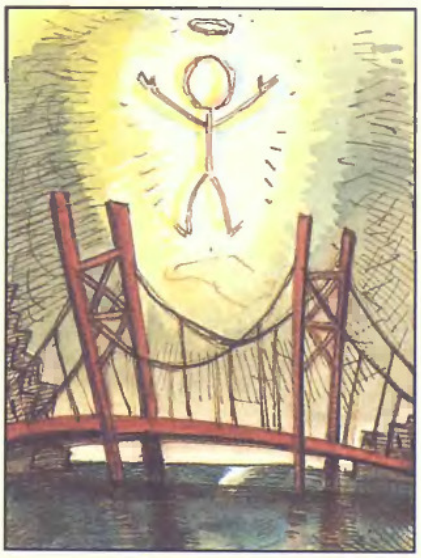
## TO ERR IS AMERICAN

AUSTIN—*The Texas Education Commissioner found that new U.S. history books submitted to the Board of Education contained more than 200 errors. One stated that the United States settled the Korean War by "using the bomb." Adoption of the texts has been delayed until . . . we use the bomb in Korea?*

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Food and Drug Administration may clamp down on buyers' clubs that supply experimental or unapproved drugs to AIDS patients. The underground pharmacies sprang up to circumvent the delays created by the FDA's lengthy drug-testing and approval process. The proliferation of such businesses has disturbed drug companies and some researchers who see them as a threat to rigorous approval tests.*

## ST. GONZAGA OF THE BAY AREA

ROME—*The Jesuit order has asked Pope John Paul II to approve a patron saint for AIDS sufferers. They nominated Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, a Jesuit who died at the*



*age of 23 after ministering to victims of the 1591 plague in Rome. Four hundred years and many plagues later, it's sobering to think that religion has as much hope to offer as science.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

# Is this a great country or what?

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LORNE MICHAELS

## *a candid conversation with the ringmaster of "saturday night live" about gilda, chevy, dan, john, dana, eddie, jan and the show that made them stars*

*Lorne Michaels, the executive producer and creator of "Saturday Night Live," sits in his cubbyhole command center beneath the balcony seats in NBC's studio 8H and waits patiently for dress rehearsal to begin. He puts on his headphones and sips from a tall glass of cold beer.*

*For Michaels, dress rehearsal is more important than the actual show. It's his last chance to correct flaws, punch up weak lines and fix recalcitrant props before the show is broadcast live later that night to 20,000,000 viewers. Even though the show has been on the air for 17 years and has become a pop-culture phenomenon, Michaels can't fully relax. He studies and analyzes every scene, dictating notes to an assistant who sits by his side.*

*This show's opening skit re-creates the Senate Judiciary Committee's recent hearing. Anita Hill has been excused and Judge Clarence Thomas returns to the witness table. Michaels leans forward and stares at the TV monitor sitting on a shelf two feet away.*

*"Can anyone tell me why that pretty girl behind Phil [Hartman, playing Ted Kennedy] keeps leaning into the frame?" he asks. "Get her out of there." A split second and another camera angle later: "And get rid of the Coke can, please." After a series of close-ups of Dana Carvey (playing an ancient Strom Thurmond), Al Franken (a bow-tied Paul Simon) and Kevin Nealon (a wispy-haired Joe Biden), Michaels throws up his hands in despair. "Why the fuck doesn't anyone know where their camera is?"*

*As Chris Rock (playing Long Dong Silver) shouts the familiar refrain—"Live, from New York, it's 'Saturday Night'!"—Michaels enters into a tense confab with his staff, one of many that will occur during and after dress rehearsal. Show time is only three hours away.*

*The scene in the command center is probably not very different from what it was on October 11, 1975, when Michaels produced the very first "S.N.L.," a bold experiment on the part of NBC to replace the usual Johnny Carson reruns with what Michaels characterized as "a comedy show, frank and intelligent, for young urban adults." It would be a departure from regular network fare—with guest hosts, a low-profile repertory cast and music that young people actually listened to. Michaels achieved much of his goal: The humor was hip, the music contemporary, and young urban adults responded enthusiastically. He was wrong, however, about his repertory cast remaining low-profile. That first night introduced Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Jane Curtin, Laraine Newman and Garrett Morris. And that was only the beginning.*

*For the next five years, Michaels won Emmys, launched careers—including that of Bill Murray, who joined the cast during the second season—and made TV history. Finally, burned out, tired and abandoned by many of those stars he had created, Michaels called it quits.*

*The show went on. At first, it seemed that, without Michaels, "Saturday Night Live" would be "Saturday Night Dead." First-time producer Jean Doumanian ran the show for one extremely shaky season—remember Charles Rocket, Denny Dillon, Ann Risley or some of the other cast members from that year?—before she was fired. But the next season, with Dick Ebersol, an experienced TV executive, in charge, the show seemed to regain its footing—if not its ratings—giving sizable career boosts to Eddie Murphy, Billy Crystal, Martin Short, Joe Piscopo, Jim Belushi and Christopher Guest.*

*Michaels, meanwhile, puttered in his garden, failed in his first weekly prime-time outing, "The New Show," and collaborated with Steve Martin and Randy Newman on the movie "Three Amigos." He then stunned the TV world by deciding—five years after he had quit—to rejoin and rebuild his brain child and try to take it into the Nineties.*

*Was it a step forward or a step backward in his career? And could he do in the late Eighties what he had done so successfully in the late Seventies? At first, it looked as if Michaels had made a big mistake by going home again. NBC decided to cancel the sputtering show in 1986, but Michaels pleaded for one more*

*"Drugs were not the dominant thing. Success was. It was the most destructive drug. Everyone got to play out fantasies. John Belushi would rather have been a rock star. That lifestyle killed him, because he couldn't handle it."*

*"'Saturday Night Live' looked more menacing than it was, but I think that had more to do with fashion than with content. We were always a comedy show. I think the show is better written now than it was in the beginning."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'RDURKE

*"I was probably the most thrown by Danny Aykroyd leaving. I wasn't prepared for it. Now, I would hate it if Phil Hartman left. Phil has done more work that's touched greatness than probably anybody else."*

*chance. He got it, pulled the show back from the brink and led it this past season to its greatest popularity ever.*

*It was an amazing achievement in a business in which most new shows disappear after a few weeks and virtually none live longer than it takes to earn a college degree. It was even more impressive given the fact that the man who accomplished it was never supposed to be in show business at all.*

*Michaels was born Lorne David Lipowitz on November 17, 1944, in Forest Hill, a ritzy Toronto suburb. His father, a successful furrier, died when Michaels was 14. Michaels and his brother and sister were raised with high parental expectations. For Michaels, who majored in English literature, that meant law school or teaching.*

*But while at the University of Toronto, Michaels co-wrote and directed a satirical revue, piquing his interest in show business. Shortly before graduation, he approached the comedian Frank Shuster, father of his soon-to-be first wife, Rosie, seeking advice. "I said, 'I'm seriously thinking of going into show business full time. What do you think?' He said, 'If I were you, I'd go to law school.'"*

*Michaels ignored the advice and soon teamed up with his friend and partner, Hart Pomerantz, to write and perform for Canadian TV. The duo moved to New York in 1968 and landed a job writing jokes for Woody Allen. "But I don't think we added anything to his career," Michaels is fond of saying.*

*Next came Los Angeles and a stint with "The Beautiful Phyllis Diller Show," then a year penning opening monologs for Dan Rowan and Dick Martin on "Laugh-In." In 1969 Michaels and Pomerantz returned to Canada to produce comedy specials for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Once back home, he got the chance to ask Shuster why he told him to go to law school. "He said, 'When you're in show business for a long time, you realize how few people succeed. So who wants the responsibility for giving that kind of advice? Besides, if you're really going to do it, nothing is going to stop you.'" After splitting from Pomerantz, who wanted to perform while Michaels wanted to produce, he made a comedy pilot for the CBC and was told it was "too serious, too clever, too avant-garde." Later, Lily Tomlin asked him to be a writer on her comedy special "Lily" in 1973. He won an Emmy for that work and co-produced, with Jane Wagner, two other Tomlin specials.*

*But it was with "Saturday Night Live" that Michaels found himself. He did more than create and produce one of the most successful shows in TV history and launch dozens of careers (many of his behind-the-scenes colleagues have been successful as well). Michaels also showed stodgy TV executives that hip comedy could work; he made the airwaves safe for David Letterman, "In Living Color" and Arsenio Hall. His comedic world view, which seemed unique in 1975, permeated TV, movies and comedy clubs. He is the unofficial godfather of modern comedy.*

*We sent Contributing Editor* **David Rensin** *to meet with Michaels over a six-month period in New York and in Los Angeles, where he was producing the "Wayne's World" movie, to plumb the secrets of his longevity. Michaels gives few interviews, and a look back at "S.N.L." history through the creator's eyes promised to be a rarity. Says Rensin:*

*"For a man who has done so much for comedy, Michaels is surprisingly low-key. He's a droll, charming man who takes most things very seriously and often travels a roundabout route to making his point.*

*"Michaels has always preferred to let 'Saturday Night Live' be his public face, keeping the rest to himself. Attempts to get him to open up on personal matters are met with self-effacing resistance and explanations that a good producer is an invisible one.*

*"But when the subject is 'Saturday Night Live' itself or any of the people who have passed through it, Michaels loves to talk. It's clearly the great love of his life. And while he frequently gives credit to others, he is justifiably proud of his creation. Among entertainment programs, only 'The Tonight Show' has been on the air longer than 'S.N.L.' We started there."*

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**PLAYBOY:** Considering the life span of most television shows, *Saturday Night Live* should have died years ago, and its audience is now larger than ever before. Why has *S.N.L.* lasted this long?

*"There's a phosphorescent glow to people who are self-destructive. People pick up on that."*

**MICHAELS:** Because it's about writing, and it has attracted writers forever. So writers write about it, and other writers read about what they write. At first, we didn't know that the show had any value; we thought it was biodegradable. It probably still is biodegradable. But it's important to me. I love doing it. People always ask me about *Saturday Night*'s role in the history of television——

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds like a good question to us.

**MICHAELS:** There's a joke I told when the show received a Peabody Award. You know that saying that if you put a bunch of monkeys in a room with typewriters, sooner or later they'll write *Hamlet*? In the Sixties, Dick Cavett used that in a joke. He said he had left the monkeys in the room; none of them had written *Hamlet*, but three of them had written *Valley of the Dolls*. Funny. But Stanley Myron Handelman's version was the most brilliant. He said he left the monkeys in the room, and a couple of weeks later, he looked in on them, and he said, "You know something? They were just fooling around." I always loved the joke because for me it represented what we were doing at the show: We were just fooling around.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't the public and the critics think that you were doing something important?

**MICHAELS:** Maybe it is bigger than we knew, but there was a period, a state of grace, for the first few years when all we were doing was fooling around, making one another laugh. We had more in common with early Warner Bros. cartoonists. Disney was taken seriously, they weren't. They just made one another laugh and they did great comedy. But to answer the historical question, our contribution was we were making other people out there—people just like us—laugh. We knew they were out there because we had just sprung from the audience. We *were* the people watching.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why you thought *Saturday Night Live* could succeed?

**MICHAELS:** Yes. The head of NBC then, Herb Schlosser, said, "We're looking for a show for young urban adults." Yuppies weren't invented yet. I was a young urban adult. I knew that television had changed everything. There was no difference in what people knew whether they lived in New York, Los Angeles or the heartland. So if I could bring what was already popular in records and movies to television—if I just did a show that I would watch—well, there were lots of people like me. There was nothing cynical about it; no clever scheme of outsmarting anyone.

**PLAYBOY:** Today, *S.N.L.* is part of the establishment. One writer even suggested that the current cast is "perfectly ready for prime time. No one is dangerous." Do you agree?

**MICHAELS:** Nobody's self-destructive, if that's what you mean. There's a phosphorescent glow to people who are self-destructive. People pick up on that. There was certainly a much harder edge to the original cast. Most of them came with little professional experience and almost no idea of compromise. It looked like you did *Saturday Night* for a while, got some features and then became a big deal.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that a reasonable expectation today?

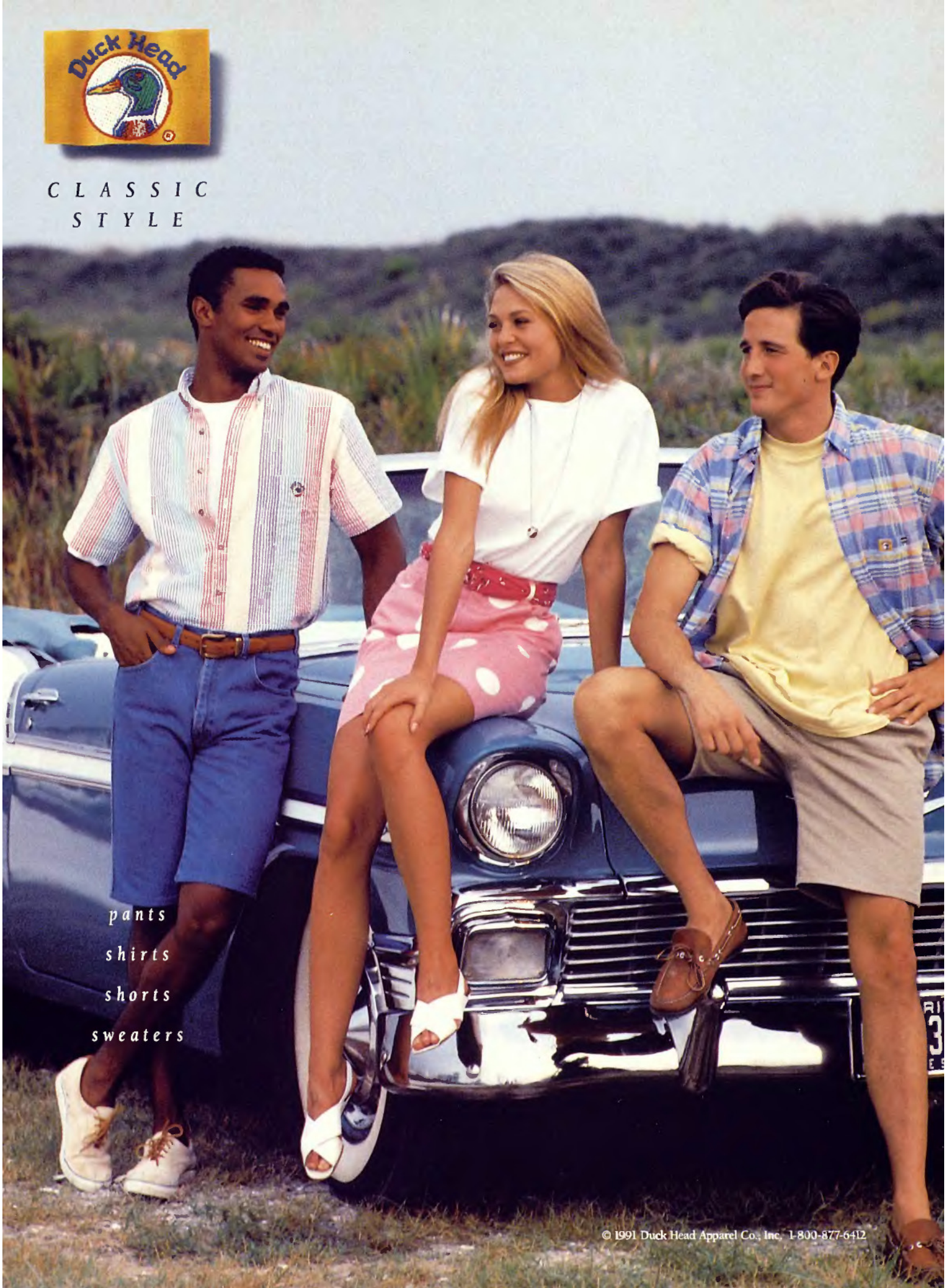
**MICHAELS:** Everyone comes in thinking that, but I don't think it happens for many people.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe that's because *Saturday Night Live* was once on the cutting edge of comedy——

**MICHAELS:** That's not my terminology.

**PLAYBOY:** What's yours?

**MICHAELS:** I never bought "the cutting edge." Maybe it seemed more passionate then. And honest. I think it's still that way. I honestly think the show is better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written now than it was in the beginning. [Producer] Jim Downey wrote a political piece early in the season that was as smart as anything we have ever done. And probably a little sharper in its edge.

**PLAYBOY:** Even so, hasn't the audience changed? Aren't your viewers now in the mainstream?

**MICHAELS:** Many people tell me that they watch it with their kids. So it's the mainstream baby boomers *and* their kids. Last year we did a show hosted by Christian Slater, with Bonnie Raitt as the musical guest. I'd watch it for Bonnie. The next week we did Kiefer Sutherland and Skid Row—not so much a baby-boomer show. Last year Susan Lucci hosted. Why? Because there are a bunch of people at our office now who grew up on Susan Lucci and love her. As always, the show reflects the culture and the people writing it. This period of *Saturday Night Live* is much more Jim Downey's, from a writing perspective. He dominates in much the same way that I dominated in the early years.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet, he's nearly forty.

**MICHAELS:** It isn't so much about chronological age. Jim doesn't have a political agenda in the sense that the show once seemed to symbolize—or at least its media image did—the disenfranchised. That's what gave it the ragged and raw feel. It looked more menacing than it was, but I think that had more to do with fashion than with content. We were always a comedy show.

**PLAYBOY:** And now the show plays to the franchised?

**MICHAELS:** No, *Saturday Night Live*'s core audience is still the disenfranchised, which is the youth of America. People between the ages of twelve and seventeen are probably at their peak of feeling disenfranchised.

**PLAYBOY:** That's the audience?

**MICHAELS:** An enormous part. We take them very seriously. And they take Skid Row seriously. Wouldn't you have a hard time taking Skid Row seriously? They don't. Or they're at least intrigued by it, or they think that it's honestly rebellious.

**PLAYBOY:** What lessons from the first five years have helped you in this second run?

**MICHAELS:** I'm much faster to confront things, like the fraternal stuff, which got us into trouble with drugs. I used to think it was none of my business what somebody did in his off hours. I don't buy into any of that shit anymore. If somebody has fucked up, I deal with it immediately.

The other important thing is this: Before, I never left the studio satisfied. I saw only the mistakes and it took me two days to shake off the show. I'm still the same pain in the ass regarding attention to detail, but I'm also more forgiving. *Saturday Night Live* has always been

called uneven. I think "uneven" should be on my tombstone.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you more open?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah. Once, I was incredibly judgmental about who I would let on the show. I stopped Steve Martin from being on the show during the first year because I didn't take his act seriously. Here was this guy with an arrow on his head and doing balloon animals. It wasn't my definition of the show. I wanted to distance us from that—for fear of not being taken seriously.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet he became one of the most successful hosts.

**MICHAELS:** The most successful, without question. Actually, there were a lot of comedians, without mentioning names, whom I was rejecting on the basis that they were wearing shirts with enormously large collars—which was nothing but snobbery, I suppose. We were all of a generation that, at that time, was tremendously unforgiving, just as political correctness is now. There was a kind of social correctness then. I resented it when Bob Hope made jokes about hippies. We were incredibly serious about what was ours.

**PLAYBOY:** Now it's seventeen years later. *Saturday Night Live* hasn't been your only work, but is it your life's work?

**MICHAELS:** To a large extent. Being with the show has been like meeting somebody and falling in love when you're young, and it ends up that it's the person you're with for your entire life—and you think you must have made some mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**MICHAELS:** I was so young. I was emotionally immature. I was completely unprepared for what happened, except professionally. It took a long time to gain equilibrium, though I was very good at *acting* balanced, as if everything were all right. On the other hand, I wanted this kind of life; to be in charge and at the creative center of my work. I had to apprentice a lot and I learned an enormous amount from many people. I got a lot of breaks.

**PLAYBOY:** For instance?

**MICHAELS:** The first was just getting on the air. *Saturday Night Live* was the first show—not the first attempt, certainly—to break through in the protected late-night time period without being stepped on, with its exuberance intact. I got lucky. Just because the clouds parted, just because NBC was number three, because we were in New York, because it was late night, because all of these things came together at that moment in October 1975. The odds of it ever happening again are, well, there hasn't been another. I didn't take it for granted.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the show deviate much from your orginal vision?

**MICHAELS:** The original concept was to be more of a special each week. I figured the attraction would be a different host every show: from show business, from music, from politics, from sports.

**PLAYBOY:** But the real stars turned out to be the regular players, such as Chevy and Gilda. Why did you pick them?

**MICHAELS:** At the time, they were the funniest people I could find. I wanted not so much physical types as types in range. For instance, Dan Aykroyd was brilliant at playing authority figures. Bill Murray could hold a room spellbound, if he chose to. Of all the people who did the show, I admired him the most, in terms of his believing in what he did. I think he was touched by genius.

**PLAYBOY:** What else did you look for?

**MICHAELS:** I had to like them. They had to be smart, make me laugh, have a gift. I went through a giant upheaval in adolescence when my father died. Gilda Radner's father died when she was young and Bill's did, too. So a part of me got stuck in adolescence for a long time: the rebelliousness, the resentment of authority, the questioning of the official version. I chose people who also had that "bad attitude." I had to know I could spend a year in a room with them without being driven crazy. Most of us had moved to New York City. We had no other entanglements, so we were mostly at the office. Our closest relationships were on the seventeenth floor. It was our first opportunity to prove ourselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Which you did, winning a slew of Emmys after the first year. And then Chevy left. Were you surprised?

**MICHAELS:** Chevy and I sensed it was over by the end of the first season, when he and the press had separated him from the Not Ready for Prime Time Players. He was never an official cast member anyway, so he had the freedom to leave; the others didn't. We knew that the show would either become the Chevy Chase Show or——

**PLAYBOY:** Did he want that?

**MICHAELS:** Not really. And I wouldn't allow it. The tug of opportunity and career made his life difficult. He was flooded with offers. And in the end, the separation took months and months.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your parting words to him?

**MICHAELS:** I used the only metaphor that worked for me: "We're a championship team. Next season, with you gone, we won't win as many games, but I still think we'll be a championship team," I told him. "Don't leave. You think you're going to get to go from championship team to championship team, but it doesn't happen that way."

**PLAYBOY:** And you were right.

**MICHAELS:** It's all water under the bridge now. If Chevy hadn't left, John [Belushi]


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and Gilda wouldn't have emerged. Suddenly, a very tall tree was gone and there was more sunshine and lots of other things sprouted.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that you were forced to take those guys seriously because Chevy left?

**MICHAELS:** Not exactly forced. I was always a big fan of the other work. There's just as much John and Danny in the first few shows as there is of Chevy. Actually, more.

**PLAYBOY:** After Chevy left, didn't your friendship deteriorate?

**MICHAELS:** We stayed friends. The only time that it was awkward, and just tore me apart, was when Chevy came back to host, and he and Billy Murray got into the legendary fistfight backstage. It was like old show versus new show. I remember Chevy was just absolutely devastated by it. And then he had to go on and be funny. It was pretty ugly.

**PLAYBOY:** Backstage controversy still occurs. What happened when Andrew Dice Clay hosted the show and cast member Nora Dunn refused to appear?

**MICHAELS:** The true story is told from many perspectives. Clay had just sold out Madison Square Garden, which, for a one-man show, seemed to me like something was happening there. I knew that his act was coarse. I'd encountered a diversity of opinion on him: from funny to offensive. I had no problem with people's not liking Clay's comedy, but what I was so astonished by—particularly in the press—was that we were criticized for putting him on television in the first place. There was a long-winded piece in *The Boston Globe* that compared Clay's appearance to the Holocaust, which, to me, trivialized an important metaphor.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds as if you were accused of letting Nazis march in Skokie, Illinois.

**MICHAELS:** Worse. And the criticism tended to be directed at me. If he were making fun of Jews, would I allow him to do the show? And of course the answer is, "Watch the show." The only other time that happened was in the mid-Eighties, when we were told we couldn't do anything that had to do with drugs, period. They saw any discussion of drugs as prodrug. Ridiculous. We're a comedy show, not a civil-liberties forum. Our job is to be funny and bright.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't your comedy perceived as liberal, and therefore in these conservative times, dangerous?

**MICHAELS:** We make fun of liberal *and* conservative politicians. We just get in and go, "That guy's a dick" or "Did you see that? Do you believe they did that?" Sometimes we do it with wit and intelligence and sometimes we do it stupidly and ham-fistedly. Come on, we did the "MTV Spring Break from the Kennedy Compound."

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to Clay?

**MICHAELS:** He got blind-sided. Please understand, Nora Dunn had every right not to do the show that week.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you upset by the way she handled it?

**MICHAELS:** If she had let the other women on the show know, or if she had talked to me or anyone else and said, "I have a problem with this," that would have been fine. But before Clay arrived at the office, it was on the wire services. None of us had even met him yet, so it was awkward, to say the least.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't know about it?

**MICHAELS:** No. For reasons that were best known to her, she had gone to the press first. I was responding to the A.P. and U.P.I. before I'd met the host or talked to Nora.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the reaction of the other women?

**MICHAELS:** I don't think it's unfair to say that Jan Hooks was upset, as were Bonnie Turner and Christine Zander. I think that Nora felt that by taking the stance she did, others would join her. It's like declaring war and then looking behind you to see if you have amassed an army. They were in such an awkward position because it meant that by going on with the show, they tacitly agreed with Clay. We never suggested that putting someone on the show is endorsing what he believes in. I've had Ralph Nader on the show a couple times; I'm not sure I endorse everything he's ever done. Or Ron Nessen, who was President Ford's press secretary. Or George Steinbrenner, for that matter.

Clay didn't deserve the treatment he got, even though there was some validity to Nora's position. I also think that she was coming to the end of her time on the show and was going through a big emotional upheaval about deciding to leave or not.

**PLAYBOY:** She hadn't decided to leave?

**MICHAELS:** No, she was going back and forth about it. There are certain people who have to break things off and make it so they can't go back, for fear that they will go back. Lots of people break off relationships that way.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you handle these problems, especially back in the early days when you were young and dealing with being an overnight success?

**MICHAELS:** I never had that kind of success. And because of the way I was brought up, I was worried about being vulgar, success going to my head, being thought of as an asshole.

**PLAYBOY:** You wanted to be liked?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah. Being liked is just congenital with me. I would take things away from Gilda or Danny and give them to Laraine or Billy if they were light in the show. I guess I picked up my value system at summer camp. I wanted to make fair what is never a fair thing: show business. My ex-partner in Canada, Hart Pomerantz, used to say that in a Canadian beauty contest, they don't give the award to the most beautiful girl, because she's already beautiful; they give it to the girl who's going to be hurt the most by not getting the award. I did some of that. But the audience also had clear favorites.

**PLAYBOY:** According to the book *Saturday Night: A Backstage History of Saturday Night Live*, around the third season you became less accessible. Did you start closing your office door more?

**MICHAELS:** I don't know if the office door was closed more. I do know that there had always been, fairly or unfairly, a hierarchy to the show. Chevy and I were the same age. Danny and John never had the same vote in that way. Gilda, in a certain way, always had my ear. Laraine was always very perceptive about what was really going on. Jane always held herself aloof because she was married and had a life outside the show. John had enormous influence over Danny. Danny worshiped John for his talent and style.

**PLAYBOY:** Here's a quote from the book: "He [Lorne] became a different man: imperious, even regal. . . . No longer a slightly scruffy, ambitious, romantic Young Turk. . . . He would withdraw into his own center. He created an enormous black hole, an impermeable mirror." That's flowery, but is it accurate?

**MICHAELS:** No, it's incredibly fanciful. I didn't read the book. There was a pecking order. Talent selects itself. People knew who was funnier. Some were never certain of what they were going to write. Also, people were trying to find a way to get on the show, but they weren't confident in their own voice. They'd come to me and say, "Tell me what to write; guide me." At a certain point, I probably was less likely to listen to that. But the more insecure they got, the more they pressed.

**PLAYBOY:** And the more you resisted?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah, because it wasn't about the work anymore, it was about Lorne's time. Also, there was now money in it. People always wanted to get something on the air. The outside world was saying to them, "You're on *Saturday Night Live*? You know Gilda Radner and Bill Murray?" So they were now important, by definition. They were all attracting entourages and fans. And suddenly Chevy was making a couple million dollars in the movies. John Belushi was offered a couple million dollars. There was a lot of "How am I gonna get in on it?"

**PLAYBOY:** And your time and approval would make it happen?

**MICHAELS:** Sometimes. But mostly I was the one who had to pull it back into reality and get a show on that week. I was the guy going, "What the fuck are you

doing?" One of the show's writers came to me in the middle of the second season and said that he wasn't sure that he wanted to write for the show anymore. Instead, he suggested we hire some new writers, and he could just tell them his ideas and they would write them up. I tried to explain that writing is about writing. It's about the million little decisions you make. That's why you get a writing credit. In other words, despite any success, it was hard to do the show. It's still hard. But as you get more rewards and more fame, you somehow think it should be easier. You have money, you can go to restaurants. Famous people seek out your company. And that was happening to everyone.

**PLAYBOY:** Including you. The book implies that your perks grew: Now you had the apartment, the limo, the famous friends such as Paul Simon, Mick Jagger, Steve Martin, Jann Wenner——

**MICHAELS:** Please understand, I bought my Amagansett house in 1977, but it was a little cottage. Until 1979 I lived in the same one-bedroom sublet that I lived in when I came to New York to do the show. My lifestyle wasn't about having material things. Success allowed me to travel a little more, but I had traveled a lot before. Also, I had basically the same friends I had for a decade—names not on your list—and I didn't drop them. I *am* friends with Paul Simon. I can't deny it. I've worked with Mick Jagger. You're just saying that I know a lot of people who are powerful. For some of those on your list, work is at the center of their lives. So they're more apt to be friends with other professional people who live the same sort of life. I certainly didn't come to New York to hang out with people, I came to New York to do a show.

**PLAYBOY:** But the show was an immediate hit. How did all that attention make you feel?

**MICHAELS:** It seemed to us that we were at the center of the universe. We were in Rockefeller Center, we didn't go out of the building much. We relied on one another. But that inevitably began to fall apart. Some people were more talented than others; some people were more in demand than others. And that began to lead to a panic, an absolute psychic panic, on the part of the people who were terrified that the train was leaving and they weren't going to be on it. The more desperate they became, the harder they were for me to be around. Somebody might have been a splendid joke writer—that was his gift; now he wanted to write longer pieces. We would read them at read-through and they wouldn't work. Well, do I always have to give the bad news? So people began to leave the show. People became producers, did TV pilots, did sitcoms, did movies. Everybody got an opportunity. Everybody got to be who they thought they wanted to be. And the person in the way was me, who actually knew who had done what.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**MICHAELS:** As a producer, one thing I most object to is minor characters building their parts—someone in the background coughing loudly during a scene, the equivalent of a little hand on their head waving at the audience, saying "Look at me!" Of course, everybody does it, but people normally have the decency to do it only on résumés. But the specifics of that information goes to the grave with me. If I'd wanted to spill it, I would have long ago. *That*'s the nature of being a producer.

**PLAYBOY:** The book is full of people taking credit for *S.N.L.*'s success, isn't it?

**MICHAELS:** The book was all about paternity. People were setting the record straight and taking credit for things. That's why I try so hard to be scrupulous about "Jim Downey wrote that, Robert Smigel wrote this." If Arabs evidently remember things for ten or fifteen generations, so do writers. I *know* that Don Novello wrote "The Greek Restaurant"—the "cheeseburger, cheeseburger" thing. But if somebody else says he did and he gets away with it, it doesn't bother me much anymore. The secret of a happy life is to keep moving. Personally, I'm easily bruised. I'm not when it's about the work. With criticism of the


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show, I get pissed off and I just drop it.

**PLAYBOY:** Not to piss you off, but a former cast member, Harry Shearer, continues to criticize both you and the show.

**MICHAELS:** I was wary of hiring Harry. I didn't have a good experience with him. He did the fifth season. He was, for me, a sour presence. He was highly critical. Most people never talk about that period, particularly the people who were part of it. Harry was there for a little while and has done an enormous amount of talking about it. I'm sure that everything he's said has been well documented, but I don't want to respond to it. I'm not really interested in him.

**PLAYBOY:** If you disliked him so, why did you put him in the cast?

**MICHAELS:** Before the fifth season, Dan Aykroyd told me he intended to come back to the show. Not many people know this. When Belushi wanted to leave, I agreed it was time. Although his contract had another year to run, I thought by his coming back after the summer of *Animal House* and putting in the fourth season, that he had lived up to his obligations. Danny said he wouldn't be able to write as much, but that he would be performing. So I had Danny and Billy and Garrett and Laraine and Gilda and Jane. And I thought I needed one more male, possibly. But there were enough people around—Al Franken, Tom Davis and others—who were solid players. I thought we'd get by. In the beginning of July, Danny flew out to see me in Amagansett. He said he didn't want to come back. The *Blues Brothers* movie was going to start in November and he didn't feel he could handle both. It wasn't a confrontation, it was a gentle talk. We went for a walk. I don't think I would have come back for the fifth season if I had known that John and Danny were both going to leave. It knocked the wind out of me. And now I needed another man. Al Franken said, "What about Harry Shearer from the Credibility Gap?" I'd seen his work and I thought he also had some of Danny's traits.

**PLAYBOY:** Shearer says, "On *Saturday Night Live*, you don't think about comedy, you think about how you can please Lorne."

**MICHAELS:** Certainly he didn't. There's a guy on the *L.A. Times* who Harry works with, [comedy critic] Lawrence Christon. They're incredibly religious about comedy, almost like monks. There's something severe in their judgments. They're always disappointed at the lack of precision in others. Harry can be brilliant, but it's cold brilliant, precise, exact. We were lighter. Goofier. When we did the joke with William Shatner and the Trekkies, where he said, "Get a life!"—that's what you wanted to say to Harry. Harry does deep character stuff. He tended to get heavily into drag, having to look like the characters he played. Chevy never tried to look like Gerald Ford, or Danny like Nixon or Carter.

**PLAYBOY:** But doesn't the current cast rely heavily on make-up and wigs and total immersion in character?

**MICHAELS:** Dana Carvey and Mike Myers do remarkable character work. But they're not as strict as Harry. Listen, I did not fire Harry. He stayed the entire year. He was the only person from that group who offered to come back the following year, and even Jean Doumanian [the producer at the beginning of the sixth season] told him she did not want him back.

**PLAYBOY:** *Saturday Night Live* has had its imitators, especially during the early days. Today there's *In Living Color*. Is it the black *Saturday Night Live*?

**MICHAELS:** God, they must hate being called the black *Saturday Night Live*. I think they're *In Living Color*. It's very much Keenan Wayans' show. He knows what he's doing with it, what he wants to do with it. It's a big hit.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you wish you'd had the idea for *In Living Color*?

**MICHAELS:** No. I don't think there is an idea to *In Living Color*. Keenan and his brother Damon just came up with stuff that made them laugh.

**PLAYBOY:** Damon Wayans was once an *S.N.L.* performer. Didn't he break your cardinal rule and ad-lib on the air?

**MICHAELS:** I fired Damon after that—a mistake on my part, but a bigger mistake on his part. At dress rehearsal, he did one thing and then on the air he did something else. He did a sort of caricature gay voice. It was a funny voice, but it was completely inappropriate for the scene. More importantly, it threw the other two actors in the scene, who had no idea what he was doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Nobody had ever done that?

**MICHAELS:** No, nobody ever had. Everybody has to play by the rules, so I hit the roof.

**PLAYBOY:** Immediately?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah, immediately.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened when he came off the stage? *Adios*, Damon?

**MICHAELS:** We had words, as they say. But he came back later in the season and did a stand-up routine that was brilliant. It was a period where we were both having a rough time in our personal lives. I always thought he was great. It always makes me crazy when there are people who I can't figure out how to use well, because I know the talent is there.

**PLAYBOY:** We mentioned rebellion earlier. We've all heard about some of the cast's drug use. Did you indulge?

**MICHAELS:** How easy it would be to say I didn't. When I used to smoke pot, which I did with great dedication for a number of years, I found its associative power was thrilling. It amused me. I haven't smoked pot in four or five years now. In the Seventies, I could come home at night—I was living alone—and smoke a joint. I used it to go to sleep and obliterate the recent past, as a friend of mine used to say. And I also smoked it in order not to obsess about how bad that particular week's show was. I was never confident that it came off well.

Let me put it this way: Most of the drug use you've heard about happened *after* people left the show. *Saturday Night Live* was such an incredible task that it was a governor on people's self-destructiveness. You couldn't get stoned and do the show. And people didn't have that kind of money.

**PLAYBOY:** They couldn't afford drugs?

**MICHAELS:** The top amount for a writer then was seven hundred and seventy dollars a week. Top of the show. Franken and Davis were splitting four hundred. Now people make fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for doing the same task.

**PLAYBOY:** But by the third and fourth years, wasn't the money keeping pace with the show's success?

**MICHAELS:** Look, drugs were not the dominant thing. Success was. It was the most destructive drug. Suddenly, everyone got to play out fantasies. For instance, John would much rather have been a rock-and-roll star than a movie star. And that lifestyle, which at that time seemed more attractive than any other, killed him, because he couldn't handle it.

**PLAYBOY:** Where were you when you heard Belushi was dead?

**MICHAELS:** I was in my office at my production company, Broadway Video, and the first thing I did was start to make arrangements. There was all this stuff to do. [*Pauses*] I felt anger. Anger because John always left a mess and this was just what he'd done again. The circumstances of his death were just . . . just the worst. It couldn't have been more low. I knew how much he loved Judy. I knew how proud he was—too proud to die that way. This wasn't the John that his brother knew, or that his wife knew, or that I had known. John Belushi was a kid who always overpromised his tickets for the show. People were given only two tickets and John would have promised probably thirty or forty people they could come. He would never say he couldn't get or do something.

**PLAYBOY:** He couldn't say no.

**MICHAELS:** Yeah. Occasionally, he would take the tickets from my desk, but quite often he would come in and try to get them from me. I would be talking on the phone, and one of his tactics would be to start massaging my shoulders in a way that he used to do for his grandmother. Now, somebody who gives a neck rub to his grandmother—it's kind of hard to see that same kid in a body bag. There's something that was so humiliating about

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his death. But, initially, I focused more on how hurt and how devastated everybody else was going to be. The next morning, I got on my exercise bicycle, which I'd never used, and was only to use one other time when somebody else died. I put on the Stones tape that has *Start Me Up*. About thirty minutes into it, I started to cry. And it was only then that it hit me that he was dead. It was so much easier to be mad at him than it was to be moved, because it was impossible to comprehend.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Belushi really as brilliant as the media has made him made out to be? Or did dying young make him larger than life?

**MICHAELS:** He was just funny doing certain things. He didn't always have the best judgment about his work. Is anybody *that* good? He made me and a lot of other people laugh. In those early years, a new generation was beginning to emerge on television. There was so much optimism about what we were going to do as a generation that it had a dreamlike quality. Dreams are about potential. So did we live up to the potential? Well, John certainly didn't because he fucked up his life.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel responsible for not trying to stop him earlier?

**MICHAELS:** No, I don't. John lived his day in three eight-hour shifts. If you spent eight hours with him, you were exhausted at the end of it and you thought he went to bed because you went to bed. But he didn't. He was very star-struck and he got consumed by it, ultimately, when there wasn't anything that could stop it. John Belushi got killed trying to be John Belushi in life.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Gilda Radner's death affect you?

**MICHAELS:** I suppose I had intimations of it. I was awakened at a quarter to nine on a show day, which is not my style, and it was CBS News, saying "Gilda Radner's dead, do you have any comment?" My first thought was, How'd you get my number? Of course, it's stupid to ask that. The big secret of life is that they have *everybody*'s number. That night, Steve Martin hosted the show. We showed the piece that he and Gilda had done to *Dancing in the Dark*. I worked with him on a line to say after the tape. I don't think I've ever seen him that shaken, that moved. And we were pros. We were in the middle of doing a comedy show. I knew Gilda was sick, but when I talked to her she didn't give me that impression. She was fighting it. I tended to buy into the hope she talked about. People older than I, to whom I talked, were more pessimistic. We were closer to brother and sister than any other relationship on the show.

**PLAYBOY:** You left *Saturday Night Live* after the fifth season. Why?

**MICHAELS:** Fellini said that when you're making a picture, the director is like a father. Everybody—the actors, the actresses, the designers—eat at one big table every day. They're like the children. "But the moment the picture is over," he said, "you must leave the picture. Or the children, they will eat you." I kept from being eaten by leaving. Also, where we were once earning our laughs from the audience, by the fourth season, John Belushi or Gilda Radner entering a scene got laughs or applause on its own. Everything we did was now popular. If we could do an old thing, we did. Worse, *Saturday Night Live* began to be perceived as a step, not an end. It changed the attitude of the people who worked there. I was trying to hold the show together. It was all I cared about. It gave me all I needed, used all my talent, all my energy. But for others, it was time to move on.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you getting offers, too?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah, to do all the things I'd always wanted. Studios were offering me five or six firm pictures. I was the flavor of the month. I was hot. And as Paul Simon once wisely said, "In California, people don't get happy, they get hot." The sad thing about being hot is, the moment you're hot, you just sense yourself getting less hot. It's confusing. And you can't even complain about it. You have what everybody in the world wants and you can't say, "I'm miserable now" or "I'm confused and I don't know what I'm doing," because everybody's going, "Congratulations!"

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that as part of your exit deal after the fifth season, you received a substantial portion—perhaps fifty percent—of the video rights to *Saturday Night Live* and used it to build your production company, Broadway Video?

**MICHAELS:** In our first year, the network thought that live shows could not be repeated. So I said that I would not be very happy if my grandchildren ended up watching *Saturday Night Live* reruns and I had no [profit] participation in my work. I made that my point. I thought it was fair—the show was my idea and my work. But when I left, I left clean. I took no participation in the show that was ongoing. Years later, when we were doing *The New Show*, Buck Henry said, "But you've still got all that money coming in from *Saturday Night Live*." And I said, "No, I don't. When I left, I left clean. I didn't want any connection to it whatsoever." And he said, "You're a bigger fool than I thought you were."

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do during the off years?

**MICHAELS:** I am by nature restless. I'm a compulsive improver. I built a house in the country, I got married and I went to an enormous number of baseball games. I worked on a pond at my Amagansett house. I moved trees around. I used to say that a garden is like a show that doesn't talk back to you.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sorry you quit?

**MICHAELS:** No. I couldn't see any way to come back. My friends with whom I'd started the show were gone. Being away from *Saturday Night Live* allowed me to do a lot of thinking, and also a lot of healing. I would have just repeated myself if I had gone back for a sixth season. You could say I was running away from stuff; my mother *did* say that, at the time. But for me it was mostly about digestion and distance.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you watch the show?

**MICHAELS:** No, I didn't. Nobody, of course, believes it. I took no pride in those years; it wasn't mine. Eddie Murphy, who may well be the biggest star who ever came out of the show, had nothing to do with me. I didn't discover him, I didn't nurture him, I didn't encourage him. I laughed at him occasionally, but I had nothing to do with that.

**PLAYBOY:** Before signing on again at *Saturday Night Live* in 1985, you did *The New Show* and it bombed. Why?

**MICHAELS:** There were troubles at the network. Everything they were trying wasn't working. They had fallen into third place. They were doing shows like *Manimal*. Brandon Tartikoff asked me if I would be interested in doing a new series. I thought, Well, yeah, I'd like to try a new show.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you happy with the show?

**MICHAELS:** The first show got nice reviews and a sixteen share. Brandon told me that wasn't a passing grade. And it was our best shot. Since my company, Broadway Video, was producing the show for more than NBC was paying us, I was losing two hundred thousand dollars an episode. That was in addition to not making money. And I couldn't say to the people I worked with, "Listen, can you guys work for half of what I agreed to pay you?" I took my lumps; I took it right on the jaw. And at the end of it, I'd lost a couple million dollars.

**PLAYBOY:** Of your own money?

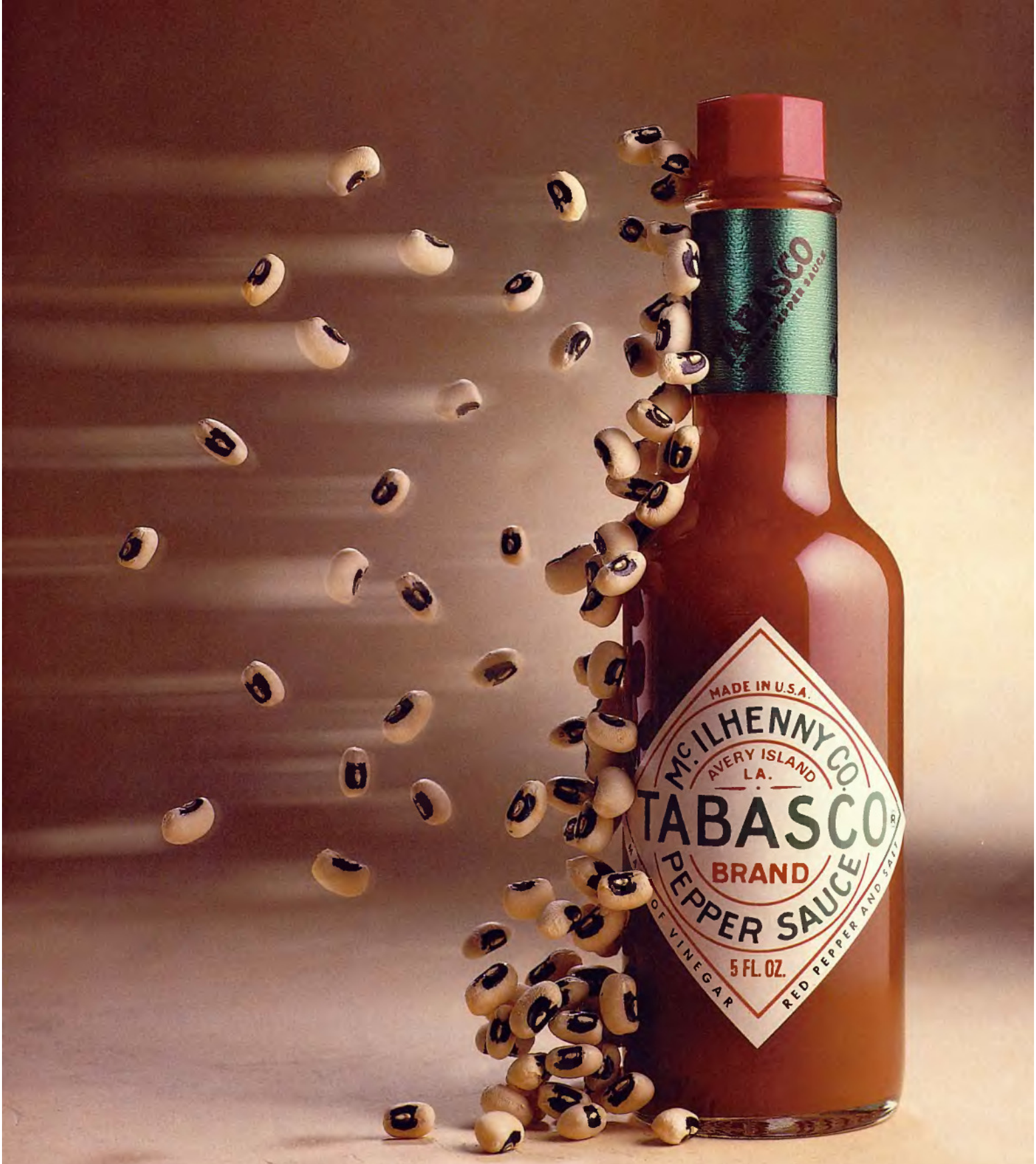
**MICHAELS:** Of my own money. Because I agreed to pay the difference. Paying it back took me up until the 1988 season of *Saturday Night Live*. It wasn't the reason I went back there, though. I was paid very well for doing *Three Amigos*. But I then had to take jobs, which was a position I hadn't been in since I'd left *Saturday Night Live*.

**PLAYBOY:** In hindsight, should you have tried a regular TV series?

**MICHAELS:** What series was I going to do, *Maverick*?

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get involved in *Three Amigos*?

**MICHAELS:** Steve Martin asked me if I would like to come and write *Three Amigos*, which was an idea he had. We spent a year doing it [with Randy Newman]. During that time, my personal life began to fall apart. When you're taking blows repeatedly, you're probably not as much fun to be around. Susan [Forristal, his

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second wife] and I got divorced. I needed the job. And when I was in the room with the two of them writing all the time, that became important to me again. I thought, This is what I do. This is the thing that makes me happy.

**PLAYBOY:** Writing?

**MICHAELS:** Well, *being there*. In that case, it was writing.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your return, in 1985, to *Saturday Night Live*, the show that you had created?

**MICHAELS:** When I was thinking about coming back to the show, a very powerful guy in the industry said, "*You* don't do *Saturday Night Live*, somebody who *wants* to be you does it."

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you take his advice?

**MICHAELS:** I didn't mind being me. I liked doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your first season back was very rocky. What did you have to do to turn things around?

**MICHAELS:** I made some whopper mistakes. But having been through the pounding and the body blows of *The New Show*, and then the stuff that I had gone through in my personal life, my instinct was to hang on. I thought, It gets very bad, and then it has to get better. I had to rebuild the writing staff, which was very difficult to do. I had to lure back the designers. The band, for fuck's sake, which had been the heart of the show, wasn't even on camera anymore. I decided I couldn't do it all in one season, but since I still believed as I did in 1975—that this thing has value and is important—then it was worth doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel as if *S.N.L.* was getting back on track?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah, but Brandon still canceled the show at the end of that 1985 season. That's seldom written about, but it's true.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you change his mind?

**MICHAELS:** I flew to California and I said, "I know I can turn this thing around. I know how to do it. I know what needs to be done."

**PLAYBOY:** During the bad times, did you want to tell everyone to fuck off?

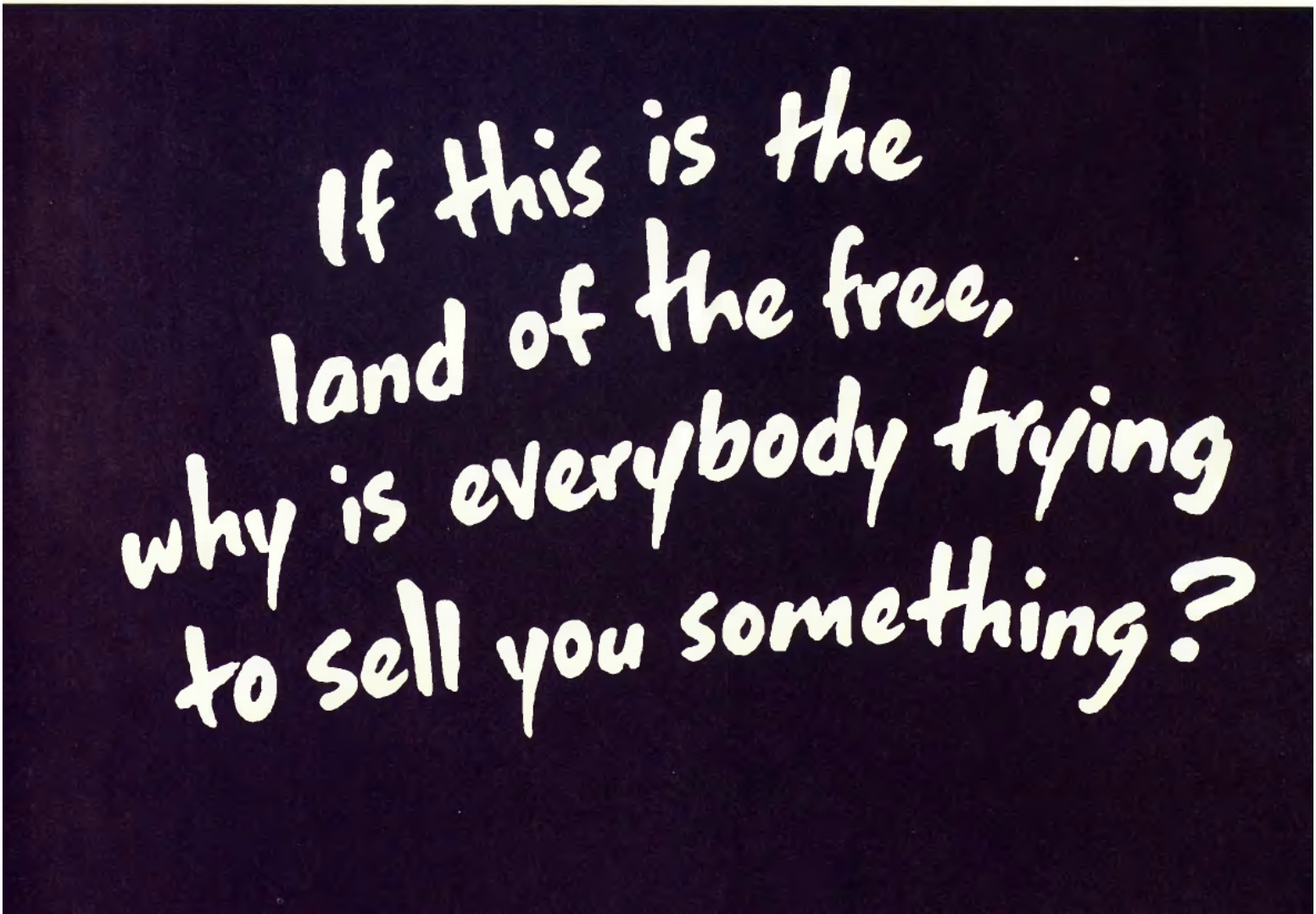
**MICHAELS:** If you enjoy the good times, then you have to be there when there are less-than-good times. I had approximately seven years of very good times, in which the sun had shone and the crops were bountiful. I don't mean to sound like a gambler, but I suppose my luck had just turned. And the times had changed. Reagan was a completely different kind of President than Ford or Carter had been. Based on the values in their ascendancy in the early Eighties, I couldn't have been further out of style. What *Saturday Night Live* represented in the Seventies was now being bashed. We were in a time of acquisitiveness—all the stuff that the Nineties is now trashing. The ugly part of the drug culture was now so apparent. When I was growing up, *Time* magazine had a section that was called "People," and you had to fly the Atlantic to be mentioned in it. Celebrity came from achievement. Now there was an industry: People who were on talk shows were celebrities. And it wasn't tied to achievement anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it tied to?

**MICHAELS:** A value system based on what the Reagan years represented to me, winners and losers. Never before had *The New York Times*, for example, begun printing the top-ten TV shows in the Nielsens. People were making decisions on what movie to see based on how it had done on the weekend, whether it had ranked one, two, three or four. The criterion was not "Is the work good?" but "Is it a hit?" All the things the hippie generation—for which I had great affection—had utterly rejected were back in. As Lenny Bruce said years ago, "There's nothing sadder than an aging hipster."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you an aging hipster?

**MICHAELS:** No, but happiness, in my conception of happiness, is finding the appropriate style for each age. Boyish isn't a look you take into your fifties. If you're still doing what you were doing and in the exact same way, then it may be time to take stock. So I wasn't going to do *Saturday Night Live* the same way. People criticized us this season for the "Pentagon Press Conference" sketch—I



mean idiots criticized us—by saying, "In the Vietnam war you wouldn't have taken the side of the military." We were on the side of where we thought the hysteria was. The piece was the funniest take on that situation.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't there talk at one time of you being handed responsibility for all of NBC late night, excluding *The Tonight Show*?

**MICHAELS:** I've never been approached to be an executive. I wouldn't be very good at breakfast meetings. I wouldn't know how to make a good version of *Full House*. I know my strengths.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your relationship with Johnny Carson like?

**MICHAELS:** Nonexistent. There was about a five- or six-year period when every year I called him to be on *Saturday Night Live*—to do the prestigious first show. And he would unfailingly and politely take the call. And then say that this just wasn't the year for him to do it. One of these years I'll get him to do it.

**PLAYBOY:** This is the guy who once said that *Saturday Night Live* couldn't ad-lib a fart at a bean-eating contest.

**MICHAELS:** He wasn't particularly kind to us at the beginning, but that had to do with a *New York* magazine cover on Chevy in December of the first season that called him the next Johnny Carson. It was written by Jeff Greenfield, who now works on *Nightline*—which shows you that growth is possible. Anyway, Chevy now plays cards with Johnny, so that's long been forgotten. However, there was a period, after that cover story, when no one from *Saturday Night Live* was allowed on *The Tonight Show*, period.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that Jay Leno will be running *The Tonight Show*, it seems he'll be getting guests that could be on your show. Does that bother you?

**MICHAELS:** No. *Saturday Night Live* is, with all due respect to the other late-night shows, the highest-rated late-night show. It is pre-eminent. We spend a week on it. They do one a day. We deliver a younger audience than *The Tonight Show*.

**PLAYBOY:** Will Leno do well?

**MICHAELS:** I wish him well. I also think it's almost impossible to imagine that time of night without Johnny Carson.

**PLAYBOY:** At the beginning of this season, there was an *S.N.L.* sketch that was particularly hard on Leno. He was called a brown-noser. He shrunk on screen. Fun was made of his voice and his jaw. Are you putting him in his place?

**MICHAELS:** Yeah, it was tough. You just sense that's in the air.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it unfair?

**MICHAELS:** Unfair? Probably. Was it funny? Yeah. It was a hard shot.

**PLAYBOY:** Should David Letterman have gotten the *Tonight Show* job?

**MICHAELS:** [*Chuckles*] Only because I'm going to bump into everybody we're talking about around the time this comes out, I'll just say that the transition will be made. And that David Letterman will be around for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** Dennis Miller, who used to do "Weekend Update," now has his own talk show. He's one of many who have moved on over the years. Who hurt you the most by leaving?

**MICHAELS:** I was probably the most thrown by Danny's leaving. As I said, I wasn't prepared for it. Now, I would hate it if Phil Hartman left. Phil has done more work that's touched greatness than probably anybody else who's ever been there. Would he be paid more if he were Jay Leno's sidekick? Of course. There are probably thirty or forty other jobs that would pay him more. There are probably thirty or forty other jobs that would pay *me* more. I'm not trying to make us sound heroic, I'm merely trying to say that I think we both know this is what we do best.

**PLAYBOY:** Apparently, Jan Hooks didn't agree.

**MICHAELS:** I hadn't expected Jan to leave. I thought she was coming back, but then she got the opportunity to do *Designing Women*. It left a big hole. Now, whether or not *Designing Women* shows her off in the same way that we showed her off, who knows?

**PLAYBOY:** What about some of the

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other notable defections—Jon Lovitz, for instance?

**MICHAELS:** Jon left because, in many ways, he was unhappy.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was he unhappy?

**MICHAELS:** Because he didn't feel he was being treated with respect.

**PLAYBOY:** By whom?

**MICHAELS:** By the writers. You have to understand that every piece is somebody's. By the time it gets presented to the public, it's "That cast member was really funny." When I was a kid and I saw Bob Hope do his monolog, I didn't think that there were twelve writers going, "That was my joke." And so for writers, particularly comedy writers of the *Saturday Night Live* style, they have just as big a say—and most of the cast would call it a much greater say—in the determination of a piece as a cast member does. So it's always a power struggle.

**PLAYBOY:** Lovitz came back a few times—and you made jokes at his expense. Early in the season, you did that to Dennis Miller.

**MICHAELS:** Right, in the same way he made jokes about Chevy. That's been a long tradition. I don't like it when people leave.

**PLAYBOY:** So when are you planning to leave?

**MICHAELS:** Never. I signed a four-year contract last year, which was a way of my reassuring the network of my commitment to the series. The show was at a ratings peak; it was an excellent time to leave and I was going through a rebuilding period again.

**PLAYBOY:** We shouldn't look for you to make some grand move?

**MICHAELS:** Well, I'd like to be surprising. But as long as there's an NBC, I expect to be there.

**PLAYBOY:** You've just produced a movie for Paramount, *Wayne's World*, starring Mike Myers and Dana Carvey. How did that happen?

**MICHAELS:** I had been asked to come to Paramount to do movies. I was actually going to do something else first. But I like what Mike does on the show. He has great talent.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it his idea to do this movie or yours?

**MICHAELS:** His. We said we wanted to do movies together, and *Wayne's World* was the first suggestion.

**PLAYBOY:** How will *Wayne's World* transcend the *Saturday Night Live*–alumni movies that have come before?

**MICHAELS:** The writing style is different. If it works, and God willing it will, it's because I think its approach is original. It's referential, it's about movies. It isn't parody in any sense.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you liked much of the work *S.N.L.* cast members have done in movies?

**MICHAELS:** I liked Billy very much in *Stripes*. John was very funny in *Animal House*; *Blues Brothers* had some nice stuff in it. I didn't actually see *Ghostbusters II*, but when Danny and Billy at the end of the days look back at what their finest hours were, I don't think they'll think that was one of them. They have too much quality in them and too much integrity to look in the mirror and go, "I'm doing this, not because I have this incredibly great idea that I'm excited about, but because it's there and I would be a fool not to do it." I think that when you do that, the part of you that gets along with yourself wilts. Clearly, I think *Saturday Night Live*'s important. I'm still doing it. What am I gonna say?

**PLAYBOY:** What do you still have left to prove?

**MICHAELS:** I love David Lean. But his career contained an element of tragedy: He was a master at a kind of picture, *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and *Lawrence of Arabia*, that they don't make anymore. Imagine him saying, "Well, fuck, I just got good at this and now they don't make it anymore." *I'm* doing a kind of show that they don't make anymore, either. *In Living Color* does thirty-six episodes and they go on to their movies. They're doing so many episodes a year, they don't even tape them as particular shows. They're banking material and sketches. But *Saturday Night Live* is the old-fashioned way to do a television show. You broadcast live. Unfortunately, it's *way* more expensive. It's the David Lean thing again. In *Lawrence of Arabia* you *need* the desert. You can't use the back lot.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're the last ship in the fleet.

**MICHAELS:** I believe *The Tonight Show* lost its soul when it moved out of New York and stopped being live. I liked it, when I was a kid, that they *were up* at eleven-thirty. People are different when they're up at eleven-thirty. I don't blame David Letterman for taping his show, but I like hearing people on the radio, at one in the morning, who are *there*. Gilda used to say that she didn't like cable because if World War Three happened, there would be no one to come on and tell you that World War Three had happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Would Lorne at twenty-five admire Lorne at forty-seven?

**MICHAELS:** I always thought you could learn a lot more from older people than you could from your peers. When Paul Simon finished his last album, we were talking about this. There's this look you get when you show up with a piece of work when you're over forty. People say, "You still around?" It's not resentment, it's curiosity. Like, "Why would you still want to be doing it?" The fact that it's what you chose to do with your life, the fact that it's important to you, is shocking to people who are young. They can't think past forty.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe they haven't realized that life is about making choices—often imperfect ones.

**MICHAELS:** And also just how long it takes to get good at something. I'm the best I've been at my game these last two or three years. And one of the comforting parts of my forties has been that the early returns are in. All this stuff that I was so anxious about in my twenties—about the way I'd be judged—all that doesn't matter anymore. The early returns are in and I know what I'm good at and not good at. I'll never be a lumberjack, but I take comfort in the things I have done, and I'm much more forgiving. Now.

**PLAYBOY:** We asked earlier if *Saturday Night Live* would be your life's work. As we wind down, tell us if it will be enough for you to be known for having accomplished what you did.

**MICHAELS:** Somewhere around the time of the fifteenth-anniversary show I thought, Hey, maybe I *did* do something—and even that sounds glib. All I want is to do the show as long as I can, where the curve is still going up, where it's getting better. I love working and I love keeping busy. Clearly, that puts off the pain of introspection. And if I keep busy enough, I might actually get to the end of my life, when I'll take just the last few minutes to think it through. I admire people who can take the time to think about things; who don't answer quickly. I answer quickly and then think about it as I'm talking. And quite often as I'm doing something, I'm thinking. I'm very often the last to know what it is—so for the purposes of an interview, I don't know why you should know any more than I do about what I think.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything you would like to say to the various members of the *Saturday Night Live* family?

**MICHAELS:** *They*'ll be saying, "Why the fuck didn't he mention me, after all we've been through?" My apologies. Inadvertent, I assure you. I don't know what to say. This is all an ongoing process with me. I love stimulation. I have an invented life and it's uncharted. I'm the first person in my family to be doing this. And I'm making it up as I go along. [*Pauses*] I will say that while I'm flattered that you've kept calling *Saturday Night Live* my show, it's as much others' as it is mine. I'm the Pooh-Bah, there's no question about it. And deservedly so. But on any given week, there's somebody else whose effort was the greatest or whose idea saved the day.

For the last while, things have been going my way. I'm married to somebody who I'm in love with [third wife Alice Barry], we're having a baby, the show is going well, I'm working on a movie that I've had a lot of fun doing. Broadway Video is doing pretty well. So it's a nice time, but I don't count on present trends continuing. I just figure that life will be what it is.

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# the creep, the cop, his wife & her lovers

FORT LAUDERDALE, THE SWINGING CITY OF THE DISPOSSESSED, HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THE ANTIPORN CRUSADER WHO WAS CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN. NEITHER HAD THE COP IN THE CLOSET

*article* By PAT JORDAN

THE WHITE SPIRE and cross of the Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church in Fort Lauderdale ascends more than 300 feet toward heaven as if to make it more visible to God. Whether or not God can see it, no one knows. It can be seen, however, from across the street at the insurance office of Doug Danziger, a deacon at C.R.P.C. and former vice-mayor of Fort Lauderdale. It is also visible from farther south on Federal Highway at Pure Platinum—a night club that features nude female dancers and oiled wrestlers—and from even farther south down Federal at another night club, Solid Gold, where, one night on stage under a bright light, a naked blonde tried to swallow a seven-foot python, head first. The python bit her on the tongue.

"Poetic justice, eh?" says the Reverend D. James Kennedy with a thin-lipped smile. "We should be truly ashamed. We've reached the unthinkable, all under the guise of freedom. Every major civilization has been destroyed by rampant—ahem—*pandemic*



ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

*"It was God's plan, says Danziger, for him to clean up Fort Lauderdale."*

Strutting her stuff: The Willetses' personal ad—"frosted blonde . . . seeking executive mole"—drew so many gentlemen callers that there was often a two-week wait. After Kathy's bust, many wish they had waited.

immorality. The Bible says, 'Use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh.'"

Kennedy, dressed impeccably in a navy double-breasted blazer and yellow silk tie, is the pastor of the Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church. His church is one of the largest (10,000 members), wealthiest (its members once raised $8,000,000 on a single Sunday), most powerful (Kennedy is a friend of Senators and Congressmen) and most influential churches in this country. Its evangelical TV program, *The Coral Ridge Hour*, reaches more than 250 major cities in the U.S. and foreign countries.

Kennedy himself is a fastidiously puritanical man and the only evangelical minister on TV with a legitimate Ph.D. He does not beg, weep, cajole or sweat like evangelists of the Jimmy Swaggart ilk. "I don't hear voices," Kennedy says with obvious distaste. His erudite style and almost secular message (once a man is born again through Christ, Kennedy preaches, he can turn his attention to earthly success) appeal to an affluent and educated, though not necessarily intelligent, audience. Men like Doug Danziger.

Danziger, at 50, is a big, gruff man with short, neatly parted hair. He wears the kind of gray, preppie clothes one would expect of a conservative politician or retired Marine drill instructor. He has an air of authority about him, according to his friends. "He was a class leader in the fourth grade," said one, "but arrogant even then." According to his enemies—and there's no shortage of them in Fort Lauderdale—he has an air of insufferable self-righteousness. He was always a driven man, and when he moved to Fort Lauderdale in 1970, he immediately joined the C.R.P.C.—which was the right kind of church for a man on the move. As one local stockbroker put it, "When I drove past C.R.P.C. the first Sunday I was in Fort Lauderdale, I saw all those Cadillacs and Jaguars in the parking lot and had only one thought. Clients!"

Doug Donziger, vice-moyor of Fort Louderdole, woged a holy wor on immorality. He shut topless bars, banned sleaze but got nabbed—on video tape—in Kathy's bedroom.

Danziger owned a hotel, marina and bar for a while. In 1979 he opened his State Farm Insurance Agency. He found selling insurance "exciting," he said, "because I have a sales personality. This is God's plan for me." It was also God's plan, he says, for him to clean up Fort Lauderdale.

A lot of people at C.R.P.C. thought Fort Lauderdale needed cleaning up, though their sentiments weren't shared by a majority of citizens. Those folks liked their city just fine the way it was, even if they did refer to it, almost affectionately, as Fort Liquordale, Fort Lollipop or the Land of Sleaze and Sun, or simply by the name on its T-shirt of choice, which pictures three women in G strings above the word PARADISE. Danziger went with the C.R.P.C. crowd and instituted a campaign as vice-mayor to rid Paradise of its sleazy reputation and transform it into a city of "wholesome family values." He helped banish nude night clubs, adult bookstores, massage parlors and even spring break. "It's exciting to decide the destiny of our city," he said. "If certain people don't like the fact that we're gonna legislate morality, they can go someplace else."

Actually, it was Kennedy who first decided to clean up Paradise and he saw as the perfect instrument of his design the dogmatic pugnaciousness of Doug Danziger. "I'm not Rasputin," said Kennedy. "I don't tell Doug how to vote on a moral

Catching the rays in Jamaica: Husband Jeffrey sold the tape of this Caribbean jaunt to the TV tabloid show A Current Affair for $30,000. (The unedited tape included some steamy sex with fellow vacationers.) When a judge set bail and restricted their travels to the U.S., Jeff's only comment was: "It's a shame we won't be able to go back to Hedonism II."

issue. But Doug's a Christian, so that determines how he acts on issues." Then he added, "You know, Doug Danziger may very well become the next mayor of Fort Lauderdale."

That possibility sent chills down the spines of many people in Paradise who hadn't moved to this honky-tonk city in the sun to be told how to live their lives by men like Doug Danziger. In fact, people don't really *move* to Fort Lauderdale. They *flee* to it when things go bad. It's a city of the dispossessed, of people outside the bounds of conventional society, people on the run from a bad marriage, a bad check, a bad rap, a bad life that offers no hope.

In the 19th and early 20th Centuries, Fort Lauderdale was the home of pirates, bootleggers and smugglers. In the Sixties and Seventies, college students migrated there for their bacchanalian spring breaks. In the Seventies and Eighties, Fort Lauderdale became home to drug smugglers because of its proximity to the marijuana and cocaine fields of South America—and because its vast number of labyrinthine waterways (one of its nicknames is The Venice of America) made it almost impossible for the Drug Enforcement Agency to capture smugglers in their sleek, powerful speedboats called go-fasters. With the arrival of easy drug money came the white-collar criminals—the boiler-room operators who sold nonexistent gold bars and worthless oil and gas leases in Alaska. The city had a laissez-faire attitude toward such businesses because it had always been a pioneer city, in constant flux, with a pioneer city's mentality toward laws. People came to Fort Lauderdale to flee constraints; it was a "catholic"

The hottest ticket in Paradise: Outside, the vendors did bang-up business while in court not a few of Fort Lauderdale's finest prayed Kathy's Rolodex—with her johns' sexual whims—wouldn't make a T-shirt.

The happy couple outside court. Their spirits undampened by a 35-count indictment that included pimping, prostitution and wire-tap violations, Kathy and Jeffrey seemed to thrive on what one local paper termed a three-ring circus. Kathy hawked a "novelty" Christmas poster—checking her "list" in a red teddy—and tried to have her 900 number plastered on buses. Broward County bluenoses thought she'd gone far enough.

city in the true sense of that word. It was a city where, on any given night, a resident could go to a bar on the intracoastal or the beach and drink Cuba libres with strippers and gays and smugglers and con men and personal-injury lawyers and cosmetic plastic surgeons and even a Presbyterian minister if that minister were so inclined. It was a city where people went to be left alone.

Kennedy was smart enough to know that, though most people in Paradise were indifferent to his message, there was a fearful minority, like Danziger, who had come to Paradise not for freedom but for certitude. They wanted someone to give them life's answer, while the majority around them did not even know life's question. So Kennedy anointed Danziger to lead this civic-minded minority over the apathetic majority. And Danziger cooperated; he changed laws, chipped away at freedoms, made it a crime not only to drink a beer in one's car, but even to drink a beer on the beach. The majority reacted the way that they always did in Paradise when confronted with the ludicrous. They shrugged, laughed and belittled Danziger and his followers who protested outside convenience stores that sold *Playboy* or theaters showing *The Last Temptation of Christ* and who successfully killed a human rights bill by labeling it a gay rights bill. Then they did . . . nothing. They had not come to Paradise to be a part of conventional society but to be outside it. They hadn't come to unite, campaign or even vote. (A smaller percentage of people in Paradise responded to the national census than anywhere else in the country.) They came to be left alone. But they weren't. Their lives were changed by men like Doug Danziger, whose life would be irrevocably changed on a hot summer's day in 1991.

The Willetses claim Kathy was not a hooker but a nymphomoniac, a victim of Prozoc. "Every lawyer," said her lawyer, "dreams of creating a new defense."

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The neat, gray house on Northwest 79th Court was like every other in that middle-class neighborhood, except that it had a fireplace. Smoke billowed from its chimney night and day. Neighbors were understandably suspicious. It was midsummer in Tamarac, Florida. The temperature had hovered at 92 degrees Fahrenheit for weeks. A pitiless sun bleached the sky. Asphalt melted. Leather car seats caused third-degree burns. Old people suffered strokes. Children were kept in the house. The men in Lincoln Town Cars, which often

circled the house on Northwest 79th Court before stopping in its driveway, kept their air conditioners on high so that their gray suits and monogrammed shirts wouldn't be wrinkled when they knocked on the front door and slipped inside.

"We thought she was cheating on her husband," said one of the neighbors. It titillated them at first. A middle-class sin. It was almost respectable in Tamarac, which, after all, is a suburb of Fort Lauderdale, which dominates Broward County. In fact, a lot of people who lived in Tamarac had lived in Fort Lauderdale when they were single and thus had more than a passing acquaintance with the pleasures of Paradise. Then they got married, had children and bought a little house with a yard in Tamarac. They went to little-league games, had back-yard barbecues, tried to develop a sense of community that did not exist in Paradise. But they could no more put Paradise behind them than they could refuse to acknowledge a deranged aunt at a wedding. Paradise always claims its own. Which was why they were amused, not shocked, by the goings on at the house on Northwest 79th Court. Their perceptions, however, had been dulled by their suburban life in Tamarac. That is the only explanation for an entire neighborhood believing that one of its wives was cheating on her husband, day and night, for more than six months, with as many as eight men each day.

When the ten officers from the Broward Sheriff's Office raided the house on Northwest 79th Court last July, they arrested the husband, Jeffrey Willets, 41, a Broward Sheriff's Office deputy, as her pimp, and subsequently arrested his wife, Kathy Willets, 33, on prostitution charges. The john they found in her bedroom they let go. "The poor gentleman was caught with his pants down," said Lieutenant Dave Green. The crime scene itself, the Willetses' bedroom, had a romantic ambience to it. The wife in a negligee. Incense candles. Champagne on ice in a silver bucket. A king-sized waterbed with an overhead mirror. The fireplace burning. "She made it like a therapy session," said Green.

The Willetses had been selling sex as therapy to more than 50 Broward lawyers, doctors, cops, politicians and businessmen for longer than six months at the rate of $150 a "session." They had placed a personal ad in the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel* that advertised, "Frosted blonde, great tan, hot body, very sexual . . . seeking generous, affluent, executive male, for day/evening interludes." When those affluent executives called a 900 number, a sultry voice belonging to "Julie" told them she was a "very nice person . . . and very hot." She asked her gentlemen callers to send her their business cards before they arranged a "date." So many sent in their cards that Kathy had to pull her ad from the paper. She was booked weeks in advance. There were stacks of unanswered letters and cards in her bedroom.

What those men got for their $150 was the illusion of romance. Kathy met them at the door in a smart turquoise suit and pumps. She led them to a sofa in her immaculate living room with its Colonial furniture. She offered them tea from a silver service. She served cheese and crackers. She introduced them to her seven-year-old stepdaughter, if she was home, and then sent her to play outside or to her room. She excused herself, went into her bedroom, stripped down to her panties and a flimsy top and returned. She liked to talk a lot about her life, as if to reinforce the illusion that this was a romantic date, both for her gentleman and for herself. She talked about her first husband, her children, the jobs she'd had and lost, especially the one at the stockbrokerage firm. After an hour of chitchat, she ushered her dates into her bedroom, where she told them matter-of-factly that she liked anal intercourse and that she liked to be on top. After some champagne and sex, her dates showered, dressed, left a present of $150 on the dresser and departed through the front door with a little peck on the cheek from Kathy.

"She wasn't a banshee," said one john. "But it was nice."

At first, the Willetses' story was only vaguely amusing to the knowing residents of Paradise. The cop, the pimp; the wife, the hooker; the executives, the johns. Then it veered toward farce—a farce that terrified Kathy Willets' johns. The Broward Sheriff's Office announced that its officers had confiscated a Rolodex in the Willetses' kitchen with the names, addresses, telephone numbers and sexual preferences of her customers. They also found a tape recording of phone conversations between Kathy and her johns in her husband's shaving kit. They found eight more tape recordings in Jeffrey Willets' police car, along with a yellow legal pad filled with such notations as: "Mon 5/27 Gary $150 2 times Good 8:30–12:30 Watched BIG. Fri 5/31 Mark $150 5 times, 1 cum, 1 BJ 9:30–11:30 Weird Watched. Wed 6/5 Paul $150 2 times 10–12, Big OK Watched tried ass all most [*sic*] caught."

What most intrigued the Broward Sheriff's Office was not the detailed notes of the sexual tastes of Kathy's johns but rather the repetition of the word watched.

Jeffrey Willets is six feet, six inches tall. Still, while his wife was entertaining her johns, he managed to squeeze into their narrow bedroom closet where he watched through a slatted door and took notes. One afternoon, while a john worked over his wife, Willets fell asleep and began to snore. The terrified john fled the house without putting his gift on the dresser. A man called the john at work and threatened to tell the john's wife of the interlude if he didn't return with the money. The john drove back to Northwest 79th Court, threw some bills onto the front lawn while Kathy stood in the doorway brandishing a baseball bat, and fled.

The Willetses' mom-and-pop business finally unraveled when Kathy became too convincing in spinning her illusion of romance. Foster McAllester, 54, forgot it was an illusion. He began to feel for Kathy when she told him her husband had forced her into prostitution, that he took the $2000 a week she made and that she was virtually a prisoner in her own home. When Jeffrey Willets found out what she'd said, he telephoned McAllester at three A.M. at his home and threatened his life. McAllester responded by calling the sheriff's office, which raided the house.

A few days after the Willetses' arrest, Doug Danziger, the vice-mayor, resigned for "personal reasons." Danziger, the married father of four daughters, said cryptically that his family was "the most important thing to me." Probably not so important to have confided in them that he was one of Kathy Willets' special clients. So special, in fact, that not only were his business card and sexual preferences found in her bedroom, but it was also rumored that Jeffrey, hiding in the closet, had video-taped Doug *flagrante delicto* with Kathy. The mental image of Danziger's stern Christian face buried between Kathy Willets' thighs entertained a lot of people in Paradise for weeks.

"I don't know what everyone's saying and I don't care," said Danziger. Then he hired a lawyer. Over 20 of Kathy Willets' other johns hired lawyers, too, with instructions to keep their names from being made public. Newspapers and radio and television stations responded by hiring their own lawyers to compel the court to release the names on what had come to be known as Kathy Willets' List. So many prominent names were rumored to be on that list that male Broward residents began sporting lapel buttons that read I'M NOT ON THE LIST, or more brazenly, I'M ON THE LIST AND PROUD OF IT. One local bar offered free drinks to

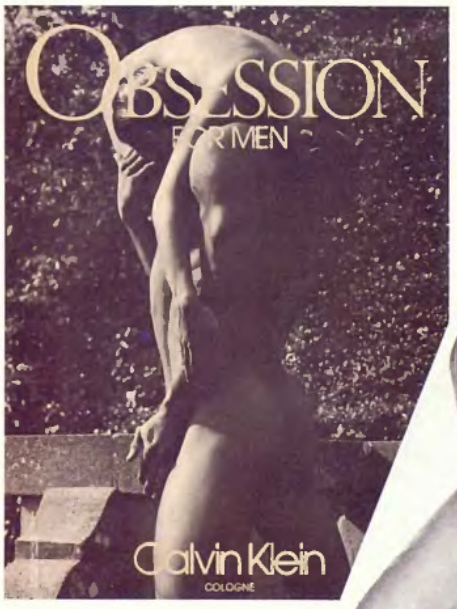
*(continued on page 80)*

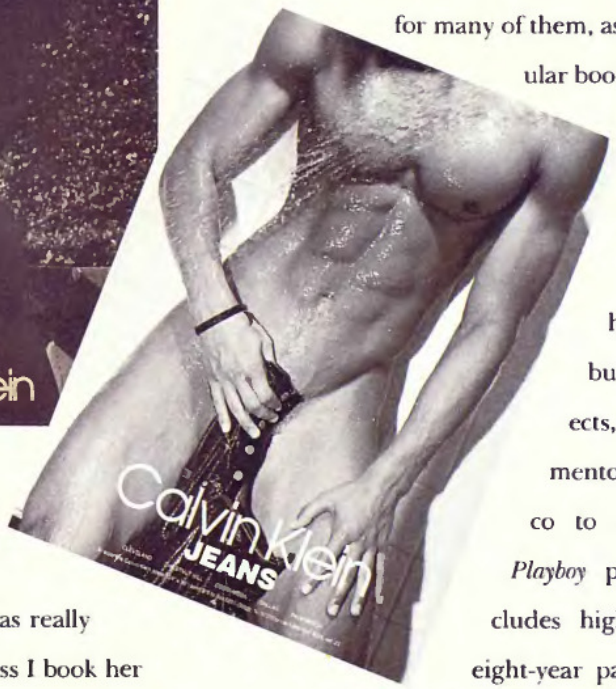
*"Well, I'll leave you two alone. You probably have lots to talk about."*

THE OBSESSIVE EYE OF

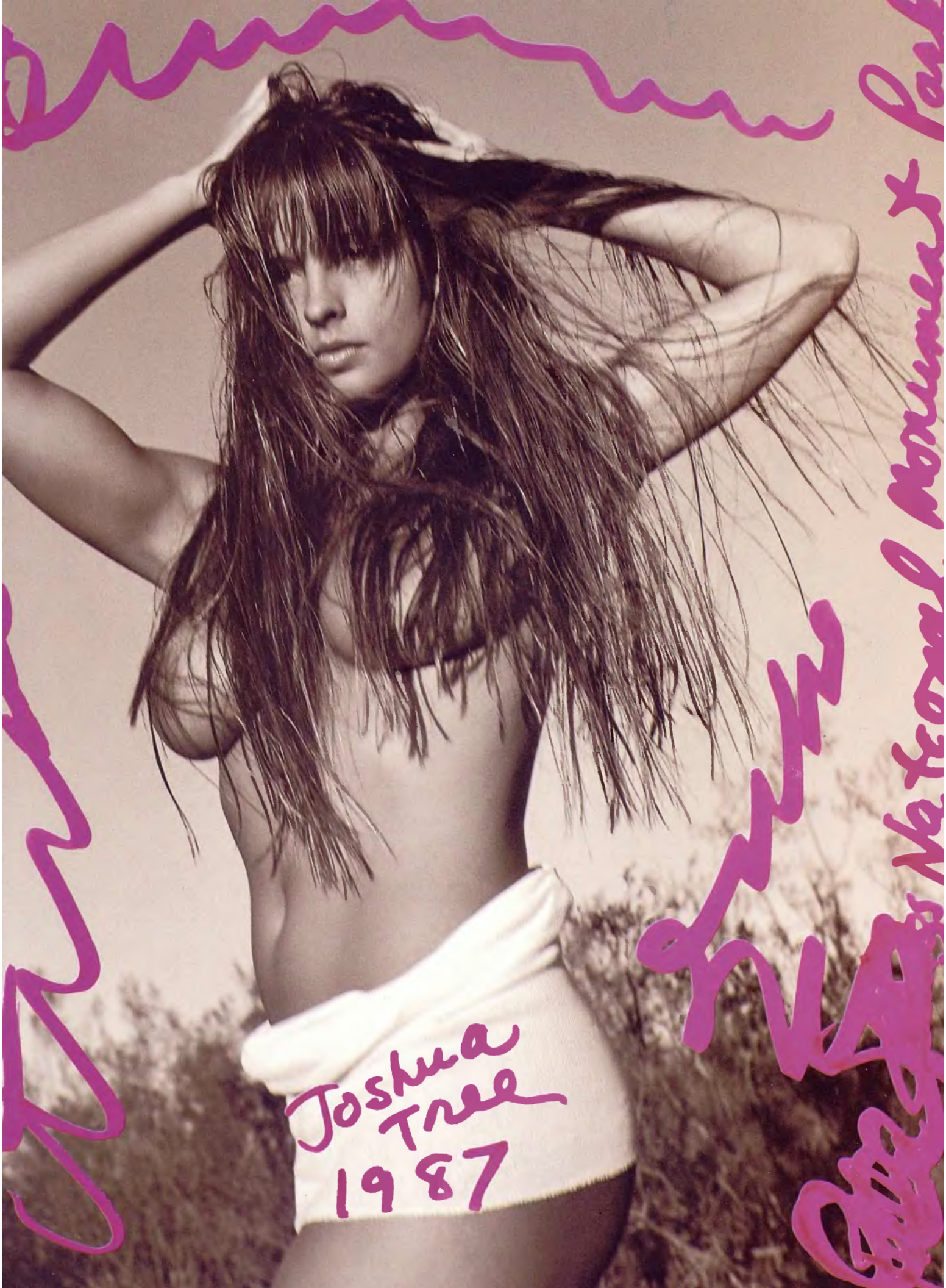
# *Bruce Weber*

## the photographer who shot those sexy calvin klein ads focuses on luscious lisa marie

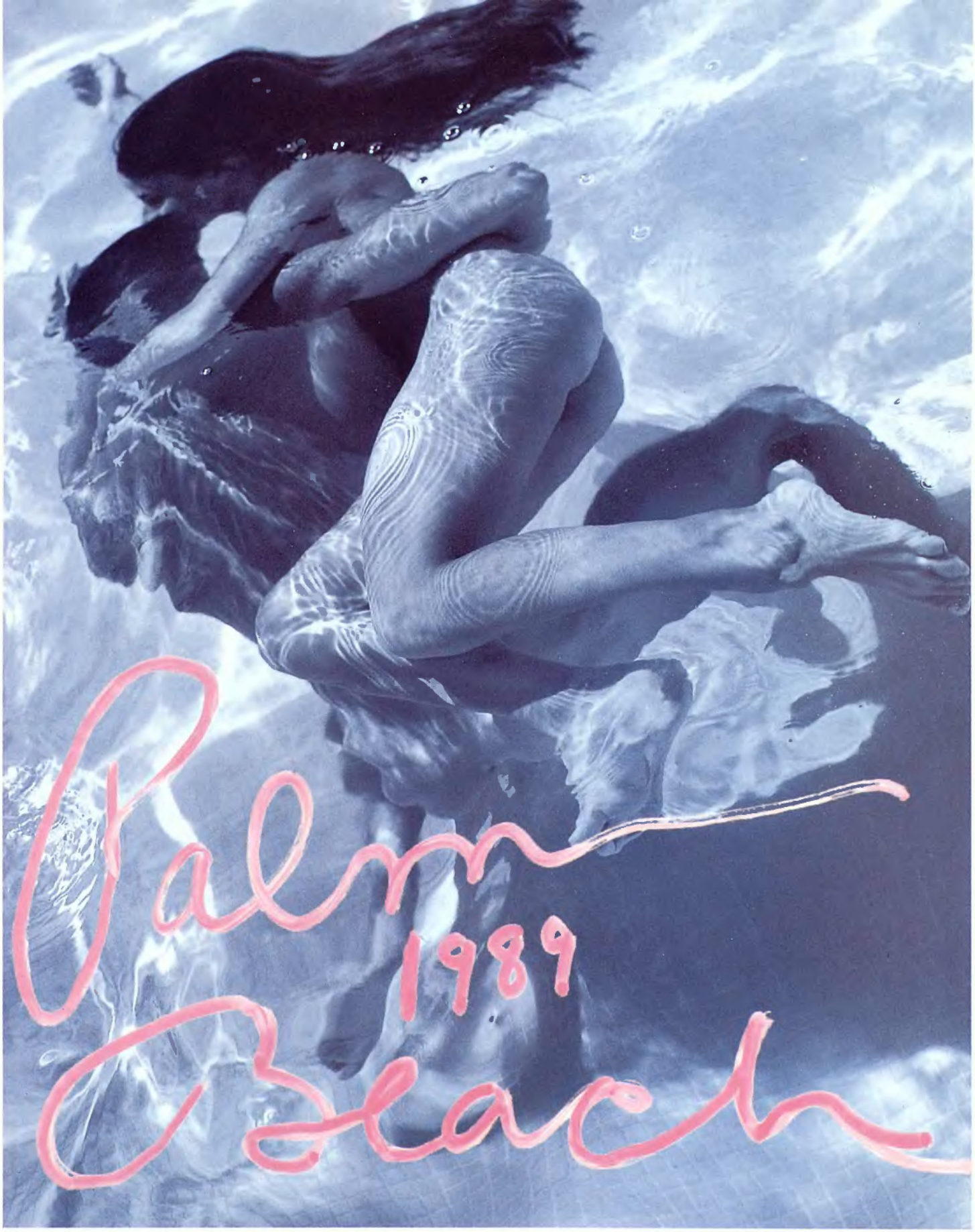



IT'S easy to fall in love with a budding star. Take it from us—we are wild about Lisa Marie. If you don't believe us, take it from the man who photographed her for us, the internationally lauded lensman Bruce Weber. "When Lisa Marie came to my studio," says Weber, recalling his initial encounter with the model, "her hair was falling in her face and she was really shy. I thought, I'm never going to see her unless I book her on a shoot." Which is exactly what he did, asking her to join an in-progress session with Tim Dillon, William Baldwin and Uma Thurman. "I asked her, 'Lisa Marie, what would you like to wear?' There was a rack of Armani dresses, Versace evening clothes and some lingerie. She picked the lingerie—a slip—slid it on and pushed her hair back. That's the first moment I really saw her. And I fell in love." And who wouldn't? Weber is best known for his daring ads for Calvin Klein fragrances and jeans, two of the more controversial of which are shown at left and below. Lisa has posed for many of them, as well as for his popular books, videos and films, in which she's at her most evocative. And even though Lisa Marie has recently been busy with film projects, the model and the mentor reunited in Mexico to shoot this unique *Playboy* pictorial, which includes highlights from their eight-year partnership. The result is the perfect paradox: stunning still photos of a woman on the move. We caught up with Lisa just after she finished filming a scene with John Turturro for his upcoming flick *Mac*. "I've always identified with movie actresses of the Fifties and Sixties," Lisa says, peeking through her shiny tresses with the same look, we assume, that so enamored Weber. "Audrey Hepburn, Gena Rowlands, Marilyn Monroe. I *(text concluded on page 146)*


Joshua Tree
1987

makina


Palm
1989
Beach

*"The B.S.O. said if she didn't claim her nipple ring soon, it would auction it off."*

anyone whose name was on the list. The local newspaper carried a cartoon that showed a housewife who reached for her grocery list in a supermarket. Eleven frenzied men in business suits grabbed for the paper amid shouts of "Shred it!" Even Paradise's T-shirt of choice was revamped to show a drawing of Kathy's face above the words KATHY DID FORT LAUDERDALE OR I MADE KATHY WILLETS BEG FOR MERCY. Both were hawked outside the Broward County Courthouse to the throng of TV cameramen, photographers, reporters and spectators who showed up on days the Willetses were to appear in court.

Kathy and her husband, of course, had their own battery of lawyers, led by Miami attorney Ellis Rubin. Rubin is known for his brilliant, flamboyant and imaginative defenses; he once defended a murderer by claiming he was the "victim" of television violence. For the Willetses, he called a press conference to announce that Kathy was not a prostitute. She was, in fact, a nymphomaniac; her husband was impotent and, therefore, her sexual encounters were merely "therapy." Jeffrey was the victim of an oversexed wife, said Rubin, and Kathy was the victim of an undersexed husband. And then Rubin added, "If you have Jack Sprat who could eat no fat and his wife who could eat no lean. . . . Well, no greater love hath any man than to watch his wife have intercourse with another man." When reporters stopped laughing, they asked Rubin why Kathy charged money for sex if she was a nymphomaniac. Rubin said he guessed she needed the money to pay for her therapy. Then reporters turned to the Willetses and asked if it was true that they still loved each other. "Very much so," Kathy said. "Absolutely," Jeffrey said. Shortly afterward, the lovebirds cemented their undying devotion with a vacation at Hedonism II in Jamaica, where Jeffrey video-taped his wife frolicking naked on a white sand beach and having sex with three men.

Returning to Paradise for the beginning of a round of court appearances that would last for months, the Willetses were greeted by a frenzied mob outside the courthouse. Spectators and media alike trampled one another to get close to the now-famous couple starring in what one local newspaper columnist called *Last Tango in Tamarac*. Another columnist, who referred to Kathy as "the trollop of Tamarac," claimed her husband was booked on a home-remodeling TV show where he would reveal his plans for building "a really big, comfortable closet." The Willetses' case was the hottest ticket in Paradise; it even eclipsed the drug-trafficking trial in Miami of Panama's Manuel Noriega, which was playing to empty seats. Everyone, it seemed, was either reporting the Willetses' trial, making money off it or being entertained by it. The prevailing joke in Paradise went like this: "How is Kathy Willets different from the Titanic?" Answer: "Only fifteen hundred people went down on the Titanic."

In court, the Willetses sat at a table with their battery of lawyers: Jeffrey in his natty three-piece charcoal suit, Kathy in one of her pastel suits with a matching bow in her hair and a demure ankle bracelet. They held hands under the table, cooed in each other's ears, giggled like children in a classroom, looked around and smiled at their fans and kissed each other repeatedly during the proceedings. Around them sat more than 30 lawyers—for the state, for the John Does, for the media—lawyers of every shape and size, lawyers of both sexes, lawyers who were fat and rumpled and grumpy like Joel Lazarus, the prosecuting D.A., or lean and dapper and tanned like Rubin, or even dressed in wrinkled khaki pants, with long hair, like Norman Kent, a lawyer who was also a local radio talk-show host. It was Kent who put this farce in perspective: "The plot keeps changing and thickening and nobody knows the truth but the Shadow."

The Willetses lost their own civil attorney when he was subpoenaed to answer allegations of trying to sell evidence to the tabloid press, and hired another. Even Rubin had to hire a lawyer to defend himself against accusations of unethical conduct. Rubin vehemently denied such allegations and pleaded with the court "to consider my past." The courtroom rocked with laughter. Then Rubin hired another lawyer to defend him. By that time, his son, Guy, a lawyer in Rubin's firm, hired his own lawyer to defend *him* against the same accusations being leveled against his father. In fact, so many lawyers were coming and going, whispering and fidgeting, shuffling papers and standing to be heard, filing motions and beseeching the court, that not a few forgot what had started all the fuss, namely the woman from Northwest 79th Court who had put an ad in the personals.

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Kathy Willets is a Fort Lauderdale blonde. Fake hair, fake tan, fake tits. She has bleached hair and a fall, a painted-on tan and huge breast implants, like light bulbs. She is savvy, but not smart, in the way of Fort Lauderdale blondes who know that an offer to take a pleasure cruise on a "gentleman's" boat always comes down to two choices. Suck or swim, spread or tread. She likes to describe herself as just "a typical, average American housewife." She keeps a spotless house, almost neurotically so. She also wears a nipple ring to keep her sexually aroused. It was confiscated by the B.S.O. when she was booked and strip-searched. She was in such a hurry to meet the press when she was released that she forgot to claim it. The B.S.O. said if she didn't claim her nipple ring soon, it would auction it off.

Kathy is the mother of two sons and the stepmother of a daughter. She describes herself as just "a homebody, a mother." When she was divorced from her first husband in 1983, her sons continued to live with her until 1990, when they pleaded with the court to let them live with their father. Her stepdaughter was taken away from her after she told the court that "people came to the house and gave mommy money." The stepdaughter was turned over to her maternal grandparents, who are suing for permanent custody.

She was born Katherine Anne Morris on April 24, 1958, in New York City, but she grew up in Fort Lauderdale where she attended Saint Thomas Aquinas High School. The photograph in her yearbook shows a flat-chested, drab-looking girl with lank, mouse-brown hair and a faint, longing smile. It was the smile of a Fort Lauderdale girl who knew she would never become a cheerleader or prom queen. So she married young, moved with her husband to Akron, Ohio, and had her two sons. She settled into what, for a Fort Lauderdale girl, must have been a mind-numbingly banal suburban existence. Her husband owned a Mr. Hero sandwich shop and was out late. Kathy cooked, cleaned and took care of her sons. It was not enough for her. She put on her skimpy bikini, skimpy by Akron standards, anyway, and sunbathed on her front lawn. The neighbors complained and her husband filed for divorce. After the divorce in 1983,

*(continued on page 162)*

*"I see you decided not to go to Fort Lauderdale."*

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY *of* JAZZ & ROCK

# SWING, Brother, SWING

Part Four in a Series By DAVID STANDISH

*I don't stay out late,*
*nowhere to go,*
*I'm home about eight,*
*just me and my radio.*
*Ain't misbehavin',*
*I'm savin' my love for you.*

*——Fats Waller, 1933*

AFTER THE stock market crash of 1929, a lot of people were no longer misbehaving—they couldn't afford it. The formerly rich plunged from windows, and people who weren't rich found life two or three twists harder. Jobs disappeared by the thousands, banks failed and a drought turned the farming lands of the western Great Plains into the Dust Bowl. The Joads hit the road seeking the good life in California but found more Depression instead. Families couldn't afford to live together, so they split up and scattered.

And jazz musicians found themselves out of work, like everyone else. Those were hard times. As the mood of the country changed, so did the music.

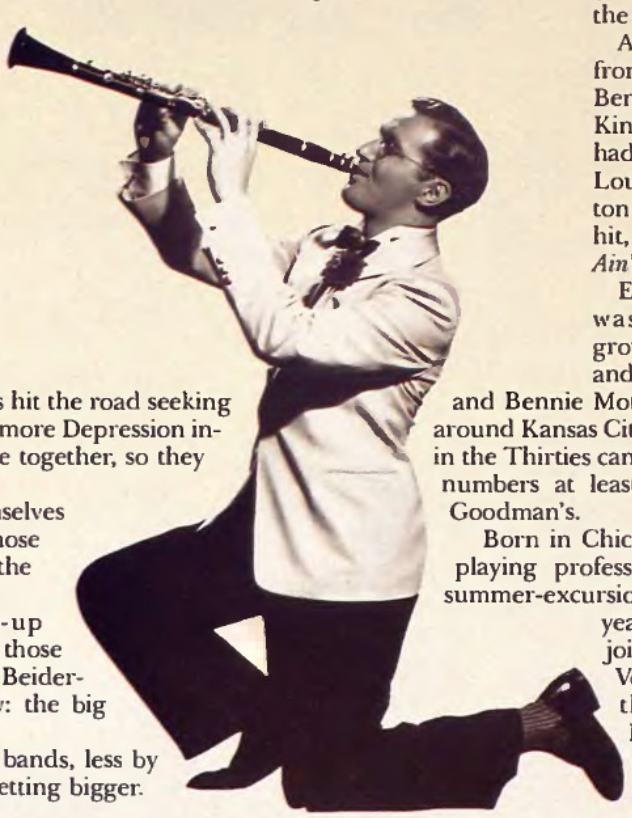
The small Chicago-style rave-up groups of the Twenties, such as those fronted by Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, gave way to something new: the big bands.

Starting in the late Twenties, the bands, less by design than by imperative, began getting bigger. The raucous and freewheeling individualism of the smaller groups gave way to a new sound, smoother and sleeker than jazz had ever been, more streamlined, sophisticated. And more corporate—groups of instrumentalists playing in concert. There were great soloists (and vocalists), but increasingly the ensemble was ascendant.

Although his band was far from the first to play the music, Benny Goodman was the first King of Swing. The term swing had supposedly been coined by Louis Armstrong. Duke Ellington gave it legs with his 1932 hit, *It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing)*.

Even though big-band swing was created by such black groups as Fletcher Henderson's and Ellington's in New York, and Bennie Moten's out in the "territories" around Kansas City, in the Twenties, the sound in the Thirties came to be dominated, in sheer numbers at least, by white bands such as Goodman's.

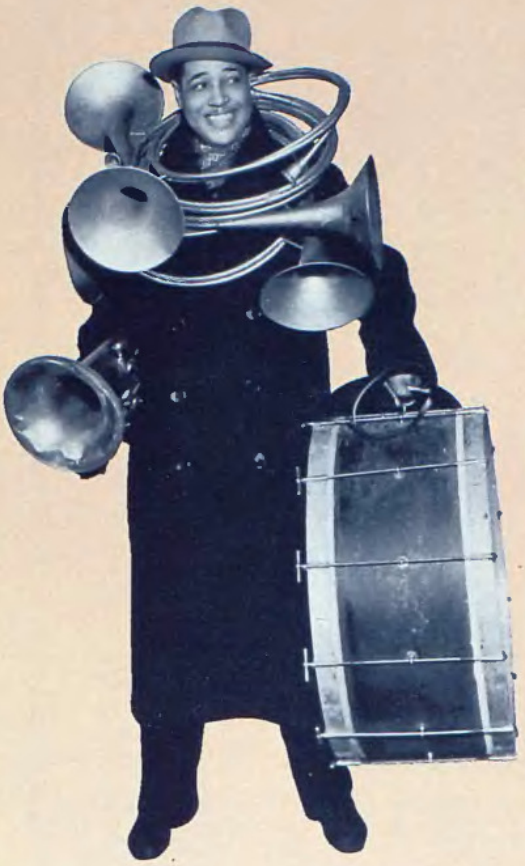
Born in Chicago in 1909, Goodman was playing professionally on Lake Michigan summer-excursion boats at the age of 14. Two years later he traveled west to join the Ben Pollack band in Venice, California, a group that also included Glenn Miller, a young trombonist who was five years older than Goodman.



**the big bands came rolling into the thirties like streamlined cross-country trains loaded with jazzmen**

Benny Goodman (inset) was the undisputed and hugely popular King of Swing—even to the point of inspiring Benny Goodman clarinet mechanical pencils (above). He was the first successful white bandleader to play black-style big-band jazz—interpreting black music for white audiences. Closer to the heart was Billie Holiday (left), the legendary queen of the swing era. Billie's life unfolded as one long tragedy, but she had a voice as sensuous as the gardenias she wore—and she left behind a musical legacy that's unsurpassed.

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



The elegant and playful Duke Ellington (far left), was considered the greatest jazz composer of the time. Andy Kirk and His Twelve Clouds of Joy (left)—with Mary Lou Williams—was the epitome of the riff-based "territory" band. Back in New York at the Cafe Society (lower left), trumpeter Henry "Red" Allen listens to a playback with the boys during an Okeh recording session.

help of John Hammond, the ubiquitous record producer, critic and discoverer of talent. His finds included Goodman, Billie Holiday and Count Basie in the Thirties, through Bob Dylan in the early Sixties. A rich white kid who was connected to the Vanderbilt fortune, Hammond loved the music and had great taste. He was easily the most influential nonplayer in the history of jazz.

Hammond had a contract to record some jazz sides for release in England and asked Goodman to get a group together. These 1933 sessions produced Billie Holiday's first recorded work and got Goodman into bandleading.

Luckily for Goodman, who was a great, fluid clarinet player, but whose taste could be idiosyncratic, Hammond continued as Goodman's musical advisor. At these early recording dates, for instance, Goodman was talked out of doing some Hawaiian novelties he thought would be interesting.

Hammond was responsible for putting together the crucial deal in which Goodman bought song arrangements (for $37.50 each) from Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman, respectively a black bandleader-pianist and a black

*Once they called it ragtime, and it had its fling; it's the same old syncopation, now they call it swing.*

——*Hersch, De Leath, Cloutier and Handman, 1938*

In 1928 the Pollack outfit moved to New York. Goodman left in 1929, appearing around the city as a sideman on many records. In the first half of 1931, he played on 175 sides and earned upwards of $400 a week—big change back then. He also worked in pit bands for Broadway shows, such as George Gershwin's *Strike Up the Band*, alongside Red Nichols (one of the better white trumpet players of the period), Glenn Miller and Gene Krupa—Goodman's drummer during his late-Thirties heyday. Generally dismissed by critics as ham-fisted and uninventive, Krupa's leonine good looks and energy made him a hit with the fans.

So intense was the racism of the period that white players got more studio work than the blacks did. According to Samuel Charters in *Jazz: A History of the New York Scene*, the New York studio scene was "almost completely restricted to white musicians and it was the men from the white orchestras who were getting the work. The Negro musicians complained bitterly about the discrimination, but the white musicians never attempted to help them. A few of them, notably Goodman, were to use a few of the Harlem musicians, but in the first Depression years, the studio orchestras were white."

Goodman put his first band together in 1933 with the

Radio was king—as you can tell from the "cathedral" (above left), a Zenith Long Distance. A table-model companion is at top right, a Majestic below it. Most of the popular bandleaders, among them the dapper Artie Shaw (right), had their live club appearances broadcast all over the country on the radio.

The blues continued to pump much of the lifeblood into jazz—blues piono, especially, as played by Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Fats Waller (albums above). And everybody was on the road doing one-night stonds. Successful leoders such as Fletcher Henderson (above right, at wheel) did it in fine touring cars—while their band members generally troveled from town to town in a bus.

arranger-saxophonist, who virtually invented the idea of sections of instruments playing together as one big instrument. They began working out these ideas during the mid-Twenties in New York, in Henderson's orchestra. But Henderson was basically A.W.O.L. as a leader, his band fell apart and he eventually ended up working for Goodman as an arranger in the late Thirties. Despite their indispensable contribution to what became the sound of the Thirties and Forties, Henderson and Redman are, for the most part, remembered these days by only knowledgeable students of jazz.

Count Basie came from New Jersey but got his break in Kansos City when John Hammond heard his bond on the rodio.

Over the next few years, along with Henderson, Hammond was also responsible for bringing Gene Krupa, pianists Teddy Wilson and Jess Stacy, pioneer electric guitarist Charlie Christian and vibraphonist Lionel Hampton into Goodman's band.

Goodman's success wasn't immediate, but by 1936 his band was the new hot thing—in large part as a result of radio. For these jazz groups in the early Thirties, radio was both a curse and a blessing.

Just as the arrival of TV in the Fifties hurt movie theaters and drive-ins, the spread of radio was one more blow to the faltering record industry, which saw booming sales nose-dive after the 1929 crash.

As a result, many jazz groups broke up, with former headliners going back to low-paying straight day jobs or bailing out for Europe in hopes of finding work there.

But radio could now make reputations. Benny Goodman realized this early on. As he later wrote in his autobiography, "Radio was just beginning to spread out, and it seemed to me that a musician's future was going to be tied up with it."

In 1934 the Goodman band got a gig on a new radio show called *Let's Dance*, which featured a Latin band, a sweet band and a hot band—the last being Goodman's. The show folded after a few months, but it provided enough national exposure that, in the summer of 1935, Hammond and Goodman put together a cross-country

Lester Young, the man with the silk saxophone, was the most influential horn player ofter Louis Armstrong and before Charlie Parker.

tour of one-nighters winding up in California.

To their dismay, they discovered that most people no longer wanted hot music. As James Lincoln Collier says in *The Making of Jazz*, "This was the Depression; those people who had enough money to buy records or go out dancing wanted a music more soothing. . . . The audiences along the way were worse than unenthusiastic. They hated the up-tempo swing that Goodman wanted to play and kept demanding syrupy arrangements of popular tunes. . . . In Denver, dancers actually asked for their money back. Goodman later called it 'just about the

*It's too hot for words, there's nothing like relaxation. I can't endure this temperature, if you want to make love, I'm O.K.*

—*Samuels, Whitcup and Powell, 1935*

The Harlem jozz scene developed its own language—and handbooks (below right) for the uninitiated. Cab Callowoy (below), wos one of Horlem's most popular showmen.

ILSON McLEAN

In the early Forties, Frank Sinatra (left) became a teen icon, his enormous popularity as a crooner carrying him into celebrity realms where no vocalist had gone before. Ella Fitzgerald (above) was Billie Holiday's main competition, and you might have found her singing at the lavish Connie's Inn (poster below).

most humiliating experience of my life.'" But their lives were saved by radio—and time zones.

When they hit Oakland, they were all fairly bummed out. Like a last-place baseball team in September, they were looking forward to the end of the tour and going home. One of the last gigs was at the fancy and popular Palomar Ballroom in Hollywood. The place was packed with "hep" young people, none of whom liked the syrupy stuff Goodman now figured audiences wanted. After a few tunes, Goodman apparently said screw it, and began playing some of the hot arrangements he'd bought from Henderson and Redman. The crowd went nuts; the Goodman band ended up playing the Palomar for months, doing national broadcasts from there. The swing-band boom was on—largely due to radio.

As Collier explains, the *Let's Dance* radio show put the Goodman band on last, after much of the audience in the East and Midwest had gone to bed. But in California, the band came on at just the right time for the kids to boogie, and had built a secret following.

Pianist Art Hodes said of Goodman's popularity, "The white public was looking for someone who could play black jazz in a style acceptable to them, and the crown fell onto Goodman's head. He dethroned the black musicians for the white public. He was to music what Jess Willard was to boxing when he defeated Jack Johnson: the great white hope."

The radio—and omnipresent John Hammond—were also responsible for the national



ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

popularity of the Count Basie band beginning in 1937. Without both, Basie might have remained just another musician playing the "territories" in Oklahoma and around Kansas City.

Basie got his start as a bandleader in the boonies, but was born in 1904 in Red Bank, New Jersey, and grew up there. His family scraped along. His father held various jobs, a sometime butler or yardman, and his mother took in laundry. But they had a piano, and starting when Basie was six, his mother came up with a quarter a week for lessons, significant money for working people back then. Basie went from doing odd jobs around Red Bank's Palace movie theater to working as an occasional replacement for the piano player who accompanied the silent movies. He also began doing small gigs around the area, often with Sonny Greer, who went on to be Duke Ellington's longtime drummer.

One day, Basie and a buddy named Elmer decided to seek their fortune in Asbury Park, where Elmer spotted his Uncle Ralph driving "a big long Cadillac," two pretty girls riding with him. Uncle Ralph had a big house that was more than a home, with lots of bedrooms and a piano in the parlor—"and always a lot of very good-looking and very, very friendly female companions around," Basie recalled. So they moved into Uncle Ralph's whorehouse and began looking for work. Not finding much, they jumped when a friend named Smitty invited them to come crash at his place in New York.

It was 1924 and Greer was already playing drums for Ellington—the band still known as the Washingtonians—at the Kentucky Club on Broadway at 49th Street. Through Greer, the two legends-to-be met for the first time. Basie also met the reigning Harlem piano kings.

James P. Johnson, still in his 30s, was an "old head" born in New Jersey who won most of the afterhours cutting contests. He took young, plump Fats Waller under his wing, showing him his way around a jazz piano, as well as around the sweetest cribs and clubs. In turn, Waller, who often played as a silent-movie accompanist, not on piano but on some big-ass organ, began teaching Basie how to play it, since Basie, too, survived by improvising sound tracks for silent movies. Basie remained fond of the organ and kept recording on it, despite its schmaltzy roller-rink sound.

Another slightly older head on the Harlem scene was Willie "The Lion" Smith—whose nickname came from his early desire to be a rabbi. "I got as far as becoming a cantor. Because of my devotion to Judaism, I was called The Lion of Judah, later abbreviated to The Lion." Smith had been playing in various Harlem clubs since 1912, interrupted by a volunteer stint in the Army that took him to France, where he was on the front 51 straight days (he also played bass drum in a regimental band). From the early Twenties until the late Forties, he led groups or was featured pianist at clubs all over New York: the Garden of Joy, Capitol Palace, Pod's and Jerry's, the Onyx, Adrian's Tap Room, the Apollo.

In 1925 Basie got a job on the Columbia Wheel, a circuit of vaudeville houses. It was the first of many such tours he did until finding himself one morning hung over in a Tulsa hotel room, suffering from the effects of "chock," a local high-octane concoction. He heard music, so good and clear he thought it must be a new Louis Armstrong record. But it was Walter "Big Un" Page and His Blue Devils, playing from a truckbed in the street below, cruising slowly around town advertising the night's show.

Basie pulled on his pants and ran downstairs. It was the beginning of the Count Basie Orchestra.

A few years later, the bandleader, bassist Big Un Page, who was from Missouri, and vocalist Jimmy Rushing, born in the Oklahoma territories and whose stature earned him the nickname Mr. Five by Five, would both become longtime Basie band members. And, for a time, so would the trumpeter Basie so admired, Oran "Hot Lips" Page—no relation to Big Un—who was from Texas and had toured with blues singers Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith and Ida Cox before joining the Blue Devils in 1928.

A different sound had been coming to life with these Midwest and territory bands—so called because many of them worked in the old Indian Territory and because they tried to establish exactly that, a territory in which to be top dog and work every night. Their sound was considerably bluesier than New York bands, based more on riffs, soloists and "head" arrangements cooked up while playing, not written out in advance.

Territory bands such as the Blue Devils and Andy Kirk's Twelve Clouds of Joy had a geographical link to New Orleans. Few New Orleans musicians had traveled East to pass the music on directly.

As Collier puts it, "By 1936 or 1937 two streams were feeding the big-band movement: one stemming from Henderson and [bandleader and pianist] Sean Goldkette, with a concern for interesting scores precisely played; and the other coming from the Southwest, emphasizing riffs and good solo playing."

This difference—which ultimately fused in the streamlined bands of the late Thirties—also reflected the same class divisions and collisions that first created New Orleans jazz. As a result of Jim Crow laws, middle-class Creoles such as Jelly Roll Morton, who grew up with music lessons and opera, found themselves competing with working-class blacks such as Louis Armstrong. Similarly, New York bandleaders Henderson and Ellington were raised on standard music repertoire, not country blues or New Orleans jazz. Neither Ellington nor Henderson were steeped in blues or New Orleans music, and they had to learn to play these styles. Also, the East Coast players could usually sight-read music, a skill Basie and Armstrong struggled with at first.

You can hear it in the difference between Basie and Ellington. Ellington's range is much wider, but his music became increasingly more experimental and composed—and influenced by Europeans. By the mid-Thirties, Ellington was already being taken seriously as a composer, not just as a jazzman.

Basie's music, on the other hand, remained more bluesy and down-home, warmer, than Ellington's many explorations. Not too long after hearing them from his hotel window, Basie became one of the Blue Devils. "The Blue Devils was the first big band I ever had a chance to get close to and really listen to," he later wrote, "and it was the greatest thing I had ever heard. I had never heard the blues played like that." About this time, Bill Basie became Count Basie.

The Blue Devils were a little like the early Grateful Dead, more of a commune than a successful economic unit. Any money they got for a gig, Big Un would distribute equally after taking out expenses and gas money to get to the next town. "A lot of territory bands operated like that in those days," Basie remembered. "They were called commonwealth bands. It was just like a beautiful family."

They orbited around Texas, Missouri and Oklahoma, playing in any town that would have them. In Wichita once, they couldn't come up with the hotel bill. Basie and Hot Lips Page and some of their instruments were held ransom until Big Un made it to their next date in Oklahoma City and wired some of the advance money back to the hotel to spring them.

*(continued on page 148)*

*"Maybe if you tip them they'll go away!"*

*fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE

# FIFTEEN WAYS TO WEAR KHAKI

## the classic g.i. color is the hottest thing going

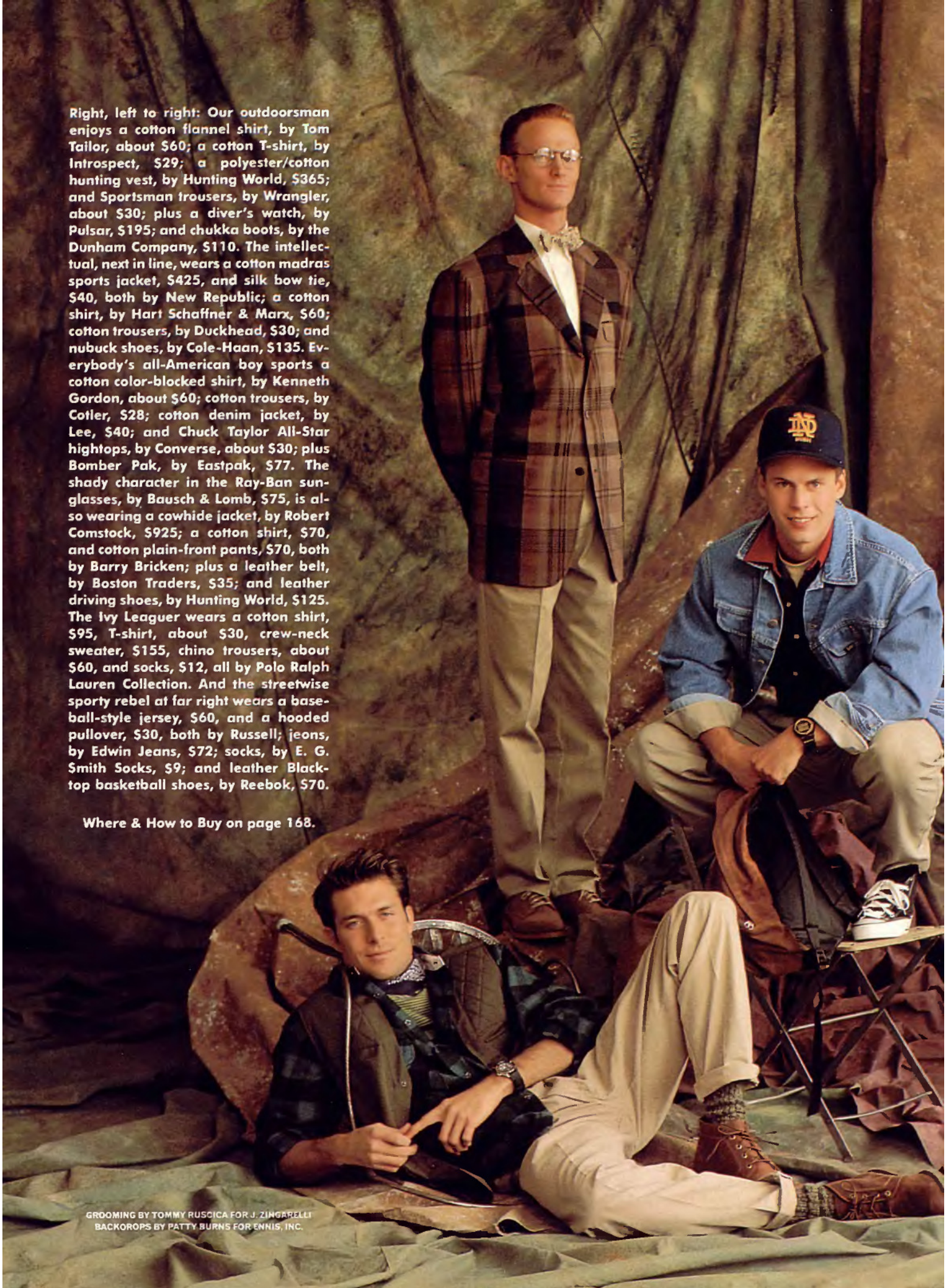
IN THE fickle world of fashion, one of the most enduring colors—khaki—was an accident waiting to happen. Legend has it that, back in the 1800s, British troops in India were forced to wash their white uniforms in muddy rivers. Since bleach was not available at the time, they simply labeled the resulting yellowish-brown shade "khaki" (after the Hindu word for earth or dust color). Soon, khaki became *de rigueur* for military fashions everywhere and eventually marched into mufti popularity. Today, there are khaki shirts, slacks and suits, with designers including Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren getting in on the action. If you've never worn khaki slacks, the first thing you'll notice is comfort. Most are made of soft cotton with a twill weave. Pleated has been the preferred look of late, but the Ivy League unpleated front is making a comeback this spring. Regardless of the style, khaki slacks are incredibly versatile. With the right accessories, a single pair is equally suitable for the street or the executive suite. And with a nod to their modest conception, khaki slacks are almost invariably dirt cheap.

**Right: As much as we hate labels, we tagged each of our 15 khaki combos to show you the range of looks you can achieve. Closest to us is a Europreppie who has combined a brown linen single-breasted field coat with corduroy lining, $650, a linen paisley shirt with straight-point collar, $145, and khaki plain-front cotton/linen trousers, $125, all by C.P. Company/Ideas from Massimo Ost; plus a watch with a leather band, by Swatch, $50. The urban hipster is the center of attention in a black cowhide motorcycle jacket with quilt lining and asymmetrical front zipper, by Schott, $350; and khaki overdyed five-pocket denim jeans, by Calvin Klein, $60. And the stylesetter at far right will get noticed in a red wool single-breasted blazer with embroidered emblem, about $750, and khaki cotton plain-front trousers, about $140, both by Byblos; plus a cotton interlock zip-front mock turtleneck, by STNT, about $90.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP PORCELLA

Above: Our young seafarer at left is playing a casual tune in a cotton/nylon parka with a twill collar and adjustable cuffs, $160, and a cotton knit boat-neck short-sleeve striped shirt, about $55, both by Nautica; with cotton plain-front trousers, by Pendleton, about $40; and leather boat shoes with slip-resistant soles, by Dexter, $68. Joe executive in the center wears a cotton single-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, by the Greif Companies, $350; a cotton glen-plaid shirt with a straight-point collar, by Geoffrey Beene, $45; a silk rep tie, by Grays by Gary Wasserman, about $50; and a leather belt, by Crookhorn Davis for Joseph Abboud, $70. The great white hunter sleeps on the job in a cotton alpha jacket with a drawstring waist, by Willis & Geiger, about $200; a rayon plaid shirt with straight-point collar, by Marithé & François Girbaud, $75; khaki cotton double-pleated trousers, by British Khaki, about $50; plus a raw-silk scarf, by Susan Horton, $100; a calfskin braided belt, by Cole-Haan, $145; and leather hand-sewn hiking boots, by Dexter, $95.

Above: The country-clubber at left is smokin' in a wool double-breasted blazer with peak lapels, by Pierre Cardin, $250; a cotton shirt with straight-point collar, by Cezani, $40; and khaki cotton/nylon pleated trousers, by Calvin Klein, $75; plus silk twill rep tie, by Robert Talbott, about $50; linen pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, $30; and suede tasseled loafers with leather soles, by Fratelli Rossetti, $360. The collegian makes the grade in a varsity jacket with leather sleeves and ribbed collar, cuffs and waist, by Golden Bear, $350; and khaki linen/cotton double-pleated trousers, by Benetton, $86; plus cotton socks, by E. G. Smith Socks, $9; canvas sneakers, by Vans, $36; and Ray-Ban tortoise-shell sunglasses, by Bausch & Lomb, $90. Our slick guy on fashion's cutting edge at right combines a linen zip-pocket sports coat, $1095, and a cotton checked vest, $375, both by Istante; with a cotton T-shirt, by French Connection, $15; khaki double-pleated trousers with a suede finish, by Vestimenta, $255; and suede shoes with leather trim, by Fratelli Rossetti, about $330.



Right, left to right: Our outdoorsman enjoys a cotton flannel shirt, by Tom Tailor, about $60; a cotton T-shirt, by Introspect, $29; a polyester/cotton hunting vest, by Hunting World, $365; and Sportsman trousers, by Wrangler, about $30; plus a diver's watch, by Pulsar, $195; and chukka boots, by the Dunham Company, $110. The intellectual, next in line, wears a cotton madras sports jacket, $425, and silk bow tie, $40, both by New Republic; a cotton shirt, by Hart Schaffner & Marx, $60; cotton trousers, by Duckhead, $30; and nubuck shoes, by Cole-Haan, $135. Everybody's all-American boy sports a cotton color-blocked shirt, by Kenneth Gordon, about $60; cotton trousers, by Cotler, $28; cotton denim jacket, by Lee, $40; and Chuck Taylor All-Star hightops, by Converse, about $30; plus Bomber Pak, by Eastpak, $77. The shady character in the Ray-Ban sunglasses, by Bausch & Lomb, $75, is also wearing a cowhide jacket, by Robert Comstock, $925; a cotton shirt, $70, and cotton plain-front pants, $70, both by Barry Bricken; plus a leather belt, by Boston Traders, $35; and leather driving shoes, by Hunting World, $125. The Ivy Leaguer wears a cotton shirt, $95, T-shirt, about $30, crew-neck sweater, $155, chino trousers, about $60, and socks, $12, all by Polo Ralph Lauren Collection. And the streetwise sporty rebel at far right wears a baseball-style jersey, $60, and a hooded pullover, $30, both by Russell; jeans, by Edwin Jeans, $72; socks, by E. G. Smith Socks, $9; and leather Blacktop basketball shoes, by Reebok, $70.

Where & How to Buy on page 168.

GROOMING BY TOMMY RUSCICA FOR J. ZINGARELLI
BACKDROPS BY PATTY BURNS FOR ENNIS, INC.

# THE DRUG WARS: VOICES FROM THE STREET

## painful testimony from the cops, coke whores, judges and junkies who fight and die on america's urban battlefields

*We think of the drug wars as battles fought among clearly defined antagonists—good versus bad, well-heeled versus impoverished, us versus them. But the conflict is more complicated, more personal, than that. The central figures of this grinding, inconclusive struggle are dealers, addicts, cops, children, parents, doctors and nurses. All are individuals, all have stories to tell, and all become casualties, whether or not they survive the conflict.*

*Tim Wells and William Triplett, journalists who work the drug cross fire, became frustrated with the media's narrow coverage of the problem. "We watched the so-called experts on 'Nightline,'" remembers Wells, "and we realized that the most significant people in the drug wars were on the front lines. They were also the most silent."*

*Wells and Triplett traveled the streets of America's inner cities listening to those previously silent voices. This is what they heard.*

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THE DOCTORS

"We got a call over the radio informing us that there had been a shooting. We went racing out there with the siren blaring. When we arrived at the scene, the victim was still in his car. He was a teenage kid and he was in the front seat sitting behind the steering wheel. He had been shot right between the eyes at point-blank range.

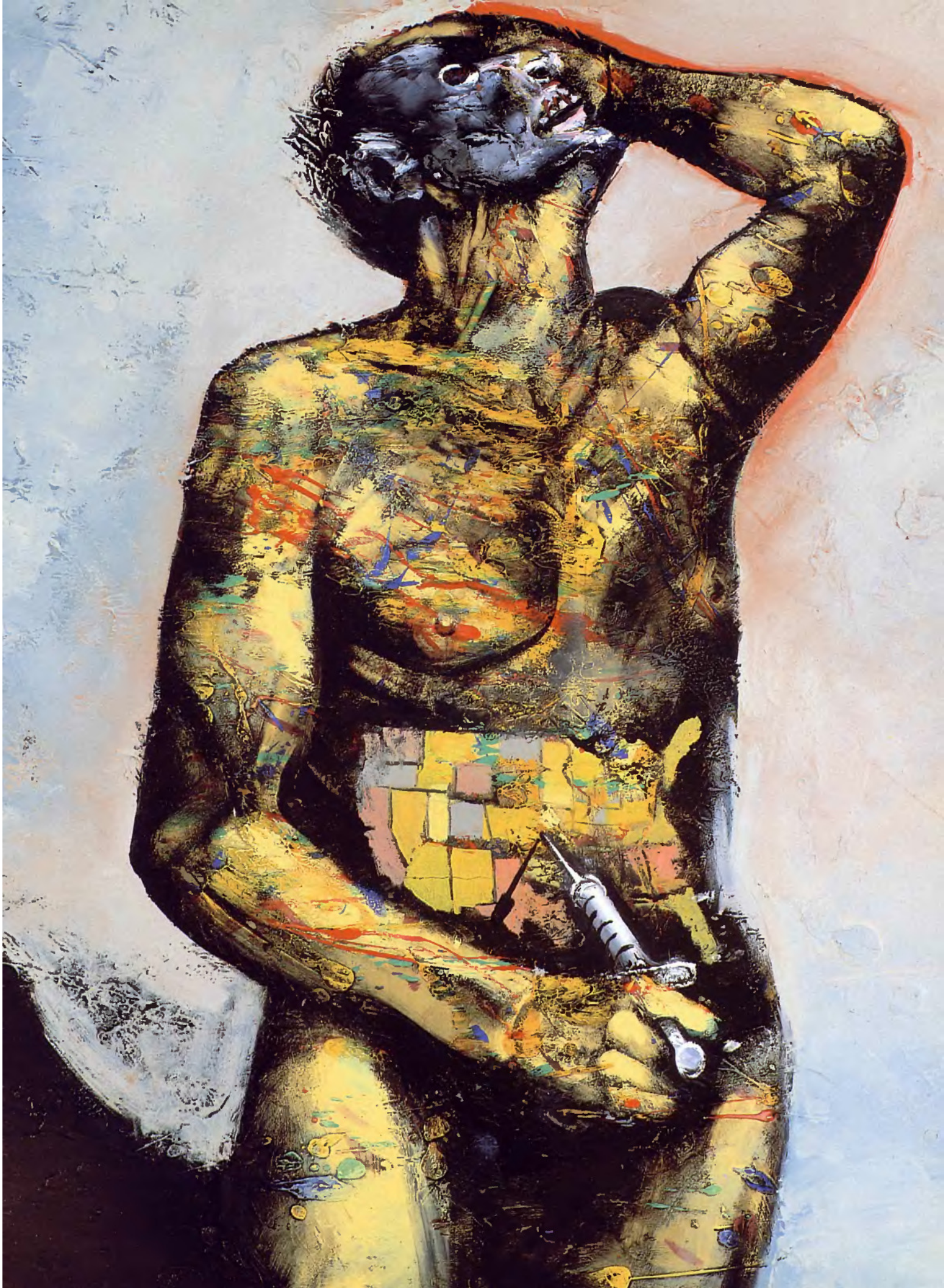
"This was an obvious drug assassination. This kid had been driving a brand-new sports car and he was wearing all kinds of gold. He had a beeper on his belt, and when the ambulance technicians lifted him, a wad of about three thousand dollars in cash fell from his coat pocket. One look at that bullet hole and I knew he wasn't going to make it. But he was still alive and he could still talk.

"After we got him into the ambulance, I leaned real close to him and said, 'This is *(continued on page 118)*

article

By TIM WELLS and WILLIAM TRIPLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

here's to

miss march

and her

dangerous curves

# Tylyn John

A split second is all it takes. You're at the intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Pacific Coast Highway. Slow Sunday morning at continent's edge—blue surf below, sun crawling over the bluffs above, all quiet on the western coast. Then you hear it. Nothing much at first, a hum in the hills. Then a growl, and don't blink or you'll miss it: a Harley Sportster 883 going west like a bat out of Hollywood, ridden by the finest redhead you've ever seen, a blur in black boots, a low-cut shirt and a cloud of exhaust. You've just met Tylyn John, the best thing on two wheels since Harley met Davidson. Daughter of Motocross champion Tom John, pride of the ragtag bike brigade that rides Sunset to Malibu every Sunday, Tylyn never stays long in one place, so pay attention while we list her specs: 25 years old, fiery as her red hair and Irish blood, often engaged but never married, scourge of speed limits, friend to animals and to ruggedly handsome but sensitive men. Still free to aim her bike wherever she wants to go, she is as uncommon as her name. Which, for the record, is TY-lyn. Rhymes with smilin', which happens to be her reaction to rocketing down a two-lane blacktop at speeds approaching triple figures. "I'm not very patient," says Tylyn. "Wherever I'm going, I want to get there fast." Her hobby once landed her on the cover of a biker mag that advised, "Don't accept any challenge to race. You'll probably be walkin' home." Her name caused trouble when she was a kid at summer camp; the camper known as "John Tylyn" was stuck in the boys' dorm until her tears convinced counselors there'd been a mistake. That was the last time anyone mistook Tylyn for a boy.

With her sisters Tina and Toni, Tylyn smokes a little rubber on a spin through the turns of Los Angeles' Sunset Boulevard (left). The high-performance model in the middle is built for speed and dangerous curves. The bike, a Harley-Davidson Sportster BB3 bored to 1200 c.c.s, isn't exactly scrap, either.

Although she may seem to like hard guys (top left), Tylyn wants "o mon who's strong and sensitive, who puts up with my attitudes—and there are a lot of them—puts me in my place when he needs to, but never forgets I'm his equal. Does he have to be good in bed? Is my mother reading this? I'll just say it wouldn't hurt."

Tylyn wears diamonds on both hands and both ears—gifts from her admirers, one of whom was so ardent that he gave her a hefty diamond *after* they broke up. "I love watching her in action, seeing guys fall all over her when she blinks her eyes," says her friend Mieke Lanter. Latest to fall was rodeo cowboy Ricky Guillory. He proposed last year and she said yes. Can a professional steer wrestler corral the fastest woman in the West? Who knows? Not even Tylyn can predict Tylyn's next move. "Life," she says, "is a matter of opinion. Good or bad, it's what you decide it is. I like going into the next turn without planning what I'll do when I get there."

"I was a little snake in high school—six boyfriends at a time. The guy with the best car got to go out with me." More mature now, if no less popular, Tylyn has higher standards. Only men with good hearts and great wheels need apply.

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tyler John

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 116

BIRTH DATE: 7-31-66 BIRTHPLACE: Encino, CA

AMBITIONS: To keep working at the top of my profession. To be a wife & Mom!

TURN-ONS: Men on Harleys, Cowboys in tight Wranglers, bubble baths.

TURN-OFFS: Hypocrites, Traffic, Jealousy, Overbooked flights, Unfaithful Men, Greed, Speed bumps & Speeding tickets

GOLDEN RULES: Practice what you preach. The best things in life are free.

THE PERFECT MAN: Sexy, romantic, funny, Secure, always surprising me- never a dull moment!

VEHICLES: My Jeep Cherokee, My Harley & My Quarter horses

I PROMISE: To stop cussing like a trucker!

"Moose" & Me

The Prom Dress from Hell!

Always a Bridesmaid...

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having delivered the keynote address at a V.F.W. convention, Dan Quayle found time to share a couple beers and a little conversation with some young vets. Eventually, talk came around to combat experience. A burly Marine took off his hat, pointed to a jagged scar atop his head and said, "See that? Panama City."

Not to be outdone, an Army grunt pulled up his trousers and displayed an artificial leg. "See that?" he said. "Kuwait City."

Silence fell and attention turned to the Vice President. Finally, he pulled up his shirt, lowered his pants and pointed to a crescent-shaped scar on his stomach. "See that?" he said. "Appendicity."

How does a civil servant wink? He opens one eyelid.

In a Catholic neighborhood of a small Midwestern town, the faithful still observed a meatless Friday. The lone Methodist resident, however, frequently grilled steaks on his barbecue on Fridays.

The neighbors figured that if they could persuade the fellow to convert, this temptation would be eliminated. In time, they succeeded.

On the man's conversion day, the priest spoke directly to the newest member of the flock. "You were born a Methodist. You were raised a Methodist. Now," he intoned, "you are a Catholic."

Everything went well until Friday, when an overpowering aroma of steak again filled the air. Searching for the source of the smell, neighbors finally came upon the convert standing over his grill, looking down on a sizzling steak. "You were born a steer. You were raised a steer," he said. "Now you are a fish."

What happened to the blonde tap dancer? She fell into the sink.

Judy and George were ecstatic when, after having six girls, they finally had a boy. George called his best friend to tell him the joyous news.

"Hey, congratulations!" his friend exclaimed. "Who does the baby look like, you or your wife?"

"Hell if I know," George replied. "We haven't looked at his face yet."

How many mystery writers does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two: one to screw it almost all the way in and one to give it a surprising twist at the end.

Two farm boys were standing on a New York City street corner admiring a building and dreaming of owning it. Figuring it never hurts to ask, one went in to find out the price. When he returned, he told his friend that he had good news and bad news.

"What's the good news?"

"Well, they were asking five million for it, but I talked them down to four."

"That's great," his friend said. "But what's the bad news?"

"They want fifty bucks down."

Shortly after a car was broadsided in a busy intersection, a good Samaritan rushed to see if anyone was hurt. He saw that the driver was dazed and bleeding.

"Hang in there, lady," he said. "Are you badly hurt?"

"How the hell should *I* know?" she snapped. "I'm a doctor, not a lawyer."

The nation's best and brightest military minds were wrapping up a three-day conference on the lessons learned from the past 25 years of U.S. military experience.

"Well, Major," the portly general said to his aide-de-camp, "what were the most important things you learned here?"

"First, sir, to stay out of Vietnam and, second, not to fuck with those Vietnamese."

Three men in a pickup truck drove to a lumberyard. One of them walked into the office. "I need some four-by-twos," he said.

"You must mean two-by-fours," the clerk suggested.

The fellow stared blankly for a minute. "I'll go check," he said, heading back to the truck. When he returned, he said, "Yeah, I meant two-by-fours."

"OK, how long do you want them?"

The customer stared blankly again. "I'd better go check." After a lengthy discussion at the truck, he returned to the office. "A long time," he replied. "We're building a house."

Why can't a blonde get a driver's license? Every time the car stops, she gets in the back seat.

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"Of course you've dialed the wrong number—we don't even have a telephone."*

# Vox

## they met on a crowded 900 line and made a carnal connection

fiction

By NICHOLSON BAKER

"TELL ME the last thing you thought of that made you pay some attention to your clitoris."

"I liked the story you told about the jeweler pretty well."

"No, no, before tonight. Whenever the last time was you made yourself come."

"Last night. I really don't remember. These are fleeting things."

"Oh, you *do* remember."

"I was in the shower."

"Wait a second. OK. You were in the shower."

"What did you just do?" she asked.

"Nothing. My shorts were starting to bug me. Go on."

"I was in the shower, which is almost always the place I come best. In college, there were very nice marble showers with high shower heads, and the water, the shape of each *drop* of water, was exactly right—fat, soothing, generous drops, but billions of them. I came many, many times in those showers."

"Public showers, you mean?"

"No, no, private," she said. "This little high marble box with a marble foyer. It was very loud, and sometimes when the water collected and flowed together down my arm and between my legs and then fell from there, it made this almost *clacking* noise on the tile. The dorms were co-ed, so potentially there was a man from my hall in the next shower over, but that didn't interest me. *(continued on page 146)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT ANOREA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

# THE DARK SIDE OF WINTER

raise a stein to those four cold-weather companions—dark beer, ale, porter and stout

OUR TASTE FOR BEER doesn't go into hibernation when the frost settles on the outdoor grill. But it does change with the weather. Come October, the pale golden beers that line the shelves during summer months are joined by an intriguing array of dark beers brewed less for their thirst-quenching capacities than for their pure flavor. Indeed, several American and European breweries offer special winter beers available only between December and March.

If this seems like a recent trend, it's not. Most early American beers were dark, and some have hardly changed. Michelob, for example, doesn't call its version Classic Dark for nothing. With a nod to Bavarian and Bohemian brews, Classic Dark has the kind of malty, nutty taste that's perfect with juicy bratwursts or Italian sausages.

In fact, it's the flavor—not the potency—that separates dark beer from its paler counterparts. To turn barley into malt, you have to dry it over heat. If the grain is stewed or roasted instead, you have the makings of a dark beer. This process doesn't increase the alcohol content, nor does it necessarily result in a fuller-bodied beer. It just makes it dark and gives the beer a nutty taste.

Even the lightest-bodied dark beers have a satisfying flavor, and some are made intentionally fuller for the colder months. In the days before refrigeration, breweries were unable to make beer in the summer months. They brewed from harvest through winter, filling every cask in the cellar by March to last through the summer. Then, in September and October, they ceremoniously drained the last *(continued on page 166)*

*drink* By MICHAEL JACKSON

# BONEHEAD

**let's hear it from those folks who just can't keep their feet out of their mouths**

**By Larry Engelmann**

## QUOTES OF THE YEAR

"Dear Miss M. Roush,

You are a cocksucking pinhead. . . . You're a butt-rammer from the word go. You fucking bitch. Fuck you, you smarmy little tight-assed prick. . . . Try using K-Y next time. . . . You are not in a position to understand or criticize anything about heterosexuals."

*—Roseanne Arnold's letter, faxed nine times to Matt Roush of* USA Today, *after the reviewer panned husband Tom Arnold's HBO special*

"I would like to have saved Wisconsin's marshes or something magnificent like that. But I'm going to save the buttocks of a few juveniles."

*—Democratic state representative James Baumgart of Wisconsin, commenting on a bill in the legislature imposing up to a $200 fine for tattooing anyone under the age of 18 without written parental consent*

"When I give the order abandon ship, it doesn't matter what time I leave. If some people want to stay, they can stay."

*—Captain Yiannis Avranas of the cruise liner Oceanos, which went down off the coast of South Africa. Captain Avranas was among the first to abandon the ship.*

"It seems like some rite of passage for every actor to play a cop with a big gun. But I would be wary if I finally became a man by playing a cop. Actually, I'd rather play a Nazi transsexual in a buddy film."

*—John Cusack*

"If I were homeless, I'd move to San Francisco in a minute. The climate here is so much better."

*—Socialite Nan Kempner*

"College wasn't for me. I couldn't see bolting out of bed at eight o'clock to be ten minutes late for some fucking class with some fucking guy who's just gonna stick it to me again."

*—Julia Roberts*

"A Chicken McNugget doesn't die any easier than baby fur seals."

*—Ted Nugent*

"What's the definition of eternity? The time between when you come and she leaves."

*—One of Bryant Gumbel's favorite jokes to tell to male staffers on NBC's "Today" show*

"Q.: You were in a long relationship with Peter Gabriel. Was there ever a point where you could see yourself staying home, washing diapers, frying chips?

"A.: I did it. Peter and I had a very big affair for many years, and it was very painful for a lot of people—including his wife."

*—Rosanna Arquette*

"Going to bed with Episcopalians is like ecclesiastical necrophilia."

*—The Reverend Walter Sundberg of Northwestern Theological Seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota, on warming relations between Lutherans and Episcopalians*

"The longer Ferdinand is dead, the more perfect he's becoming in my mind."

*—Imelda Marcos*

"And now, the sequence of events, in no particular order."

*—Dan Rather on CBS Radio*

"Ballroom dancing has been around in various forms since early civilization, and it has been a crucial factor in the development of mankind."

*—Senator Howell Heflin (D.–Ala.), introducing a resolution to establish National Ballroom Dance Week. The resolution is under consideration by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.*



ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BROONER

# DRUG WARS (continued from page 96)

*"'He was a middle-aged man, and when she opened her legs, there wasn't a thing he could do.'"*

serious. You've been shot and I don't think you're going to survive. Do you understand what I'm telling you?' He nodded yes.

"'Before you die,' I said, 'do you want to tell me who shot you?'

"He looked me square in the face and, in a voice husky with blood, he said, 'No.'"

•

"The weekends are unbelievable. The hospital's hallways are always packed with patients. It starts on Friday and doesn't let up until Monday. It's not uncommon to have three, four or five gunshot victims come in within a span of an hour or two. Then, on top of that, the police are bringing in overdose cases and people who've gone psychotic from using PCP.

"The police are all part of the mix. They'll be in the halls trying to restrain patients, and plain-clothes detectives will be asking questions. Some guy might be lying there dying and the police will want to know who shot him. It's an incredibly chaotic environment in which to try to practice medicine."

•

"You do recognize your handiwork on some of the repeaters. We had one kid come in, a major trauma case, and I opened his chest—but there was no hope. He had taken a bullet right through the heart and it was virtually blown apart. He died, but I thought I recognized him. We undressed him and I saw a fresh scar on his left thigh. He was a kid I'd treated only a few weeks earlier. After we'd patched him up, the drug counselors had worked with him, but then he went right back to selling."

•

"The ones that come in talking are sad because they're in agony and they have that feeling of impending doom. They're pleading with you, and sometimes they'll grab you by the wrist and hold on with this death grip. That's a hard thing to deal with. It's like the movies, when you see a hand come out of the grave and grab somebody. It's a lot easier when they come in comatose or unconscious."

### IN THE COMBAT ZONE

"This violence wave is butchering the hustling process. It don't make no sense. When I first started dealing heroin back in 1978, it wasn't like that. There wasn't so much unnecessary violence. But these days the young kids out hustling don't understand that. They don't understand the importance of fear. The only things they care about are gold chains and fancy cars. If some dude smokes up some dealer's money, the dealer don't go back with a baseball bat and put fear in the dude. He thinks he's got to save face, so he goes back with his gun and kills the dude straight off the top."

•

"The first time I had to shoot a dude, it was a traumatic experience for me. This guy was a hustler out selling hand to hand. I put a gun on him and said, 'Don't move, man! Just keep real still! Do not move!' But the dude bucked and reached for his vest pocket. I thought, Holy shit! This guy has a weapon! So I shot him. When I fired, it was like the whole world was moving in slow motion. I could see the bullet go into his chest, and the force of the blast lifted the dude off his feet and knocked him to the ground.

"I saw the dude lying on the sidewalk and I ran like hell. It was broad daylight and I was shooting this guy on the street. That scared me. I thought maybe some of his buddies was gonna come after me. When I finally stopped running, my knees were knocking and my hands were shaking. It was very emotional 'cause I'd never had to shoot nobody before. I thought that maybe the dude was dead—that maybe I had killed him.

"The next morning, I read the newspaper real close, looking to see if there was anything in there about a murder. I figure the dude must've lived because I never saw nothin' in the paper about no murder."

•

"Nobody wants to get involved in a drug-murder case. Witnesses are extremely reluctant. They're afraid. They think that if they testify, they're going to get killed. Which is true a lot of times. Witnesses get threatened. They get hurt. They get killed.

"Last night, I went over to where a guy had been shot in the chest. The victim was a drug dealer and he was still conscious when we arrived on the scene. One of our detectives interviewed him, and he told the detective, 'Fuck you. I ain't telling you shit. I'll take care of it myself.'

"Half an hour later, that guy died. So we had a homicide on our hands. We tried to interview his friends and relatives, but they all told us the same thing: 'Fuck you. We'll take care of it ourselves.'

"That's the sort of thing a homicide detective deals with constantly. It never ends. I've had family members who are witnesses to the murder of their uncle or their son, and they won't tell me anything except to tell me to go fuck off.

"You can't help but get disgusted at people. When you're involved in situations where it's dealers shooting dealers, and none of the witnesses will talk, you feel like taking the case and putting it on the shelf and saying, 'To hell with it. Let 'em kill one another.'

"And if you want to know the truth, more and more cases are being handled that way."

### THE COPS

"In dope cases, you have to do whatever's necessary to make the case, and that usually means using an informant. Oklahoma has a lot of lakes, resort-type areas, that are well known for gambling and drug activity. I got a girl out of the Alabama penitentiary to be my snitch because I needed someone who wouldn't be known in these areas. I brought her in, got her a false driver's license and sent her up there. She learned that one of the mayors in one of these small resort towns was into buying and distributing dope. She and I sat down and worked out a plan to try to make a case on him.

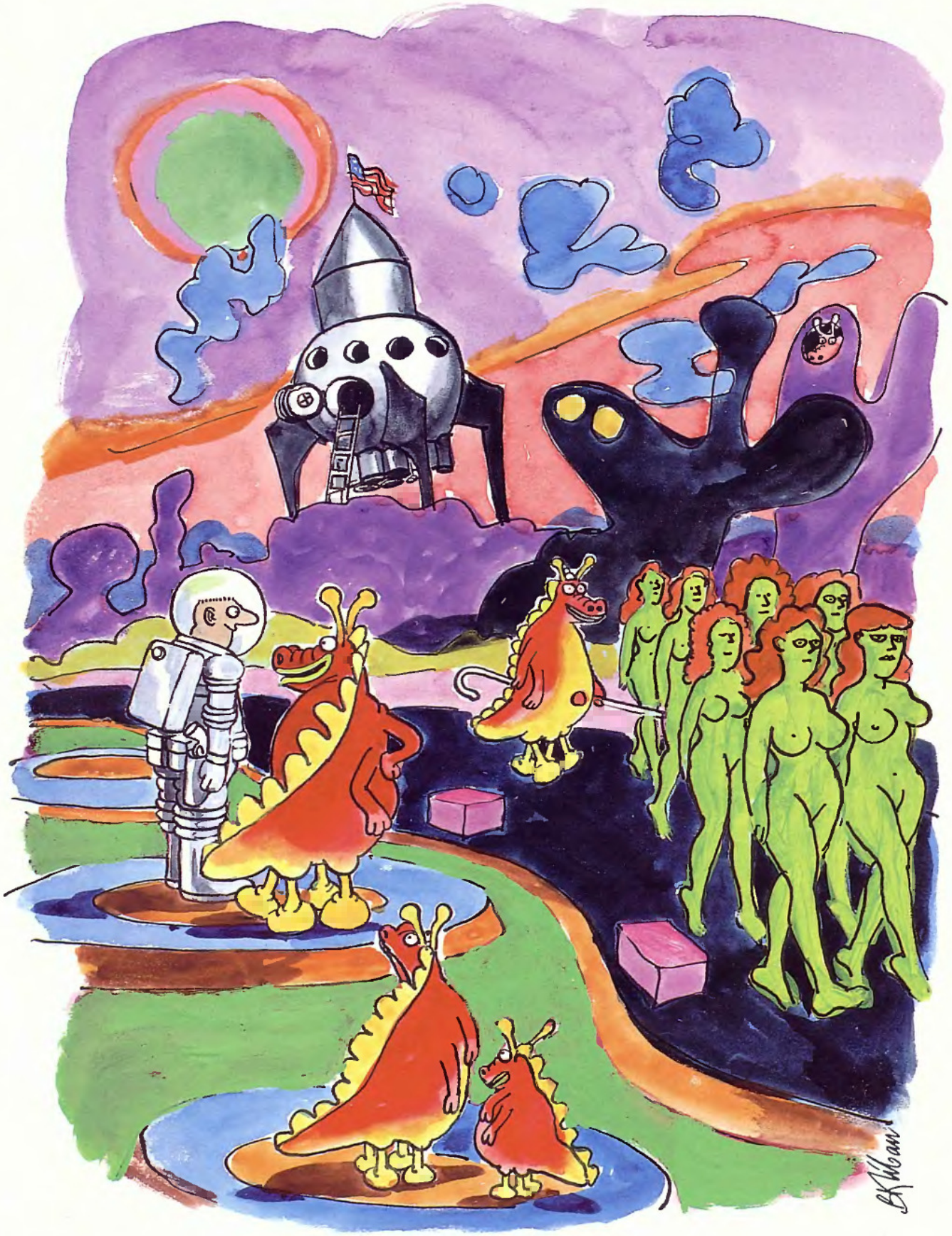
"She was a cute thing, and she bleached her pubic hair blonde and shaved it into a nice heart shape. On Monday morning, the mayor was in a meeting, so I put her in his office. When he came back, she was there waiting for him. She had on a short skirt, no underpants. He was a middle-aged man, and when she opened her legs, there wasn't a thing he could do. For Christ's sake, he'd been waiting for something like this to walk up to him for forty-five years. She took him right there in the office.

"After he got what he wanted, she told him she wanted some dope, which he was more than happy to supply. She was wired and I was sitting in my car listening to every word. She made the buy from him and that's how we got him. He took one look at that heart and couldn't say no."

•

"Down in Miami, I was sitting with a smuggler in Coconut Grove. He told me, 'One night after we'd gotten several loads in, we brought in all these duffel bags full of money. We started dumping them on the floor, and pretty soon the entire floor in the living

(continued on page 158)



*"No, really? . . . We've been using them in soups and salads."*

# PLAYBOY COLLECTION

**things you can live without, but who wants to?**

With a screen that's 30 percent flatter than standard direct-view TVs, Panasonic's new $1800 Prism Super Flat System 31" model boasts a top-quality picture and reduced glare and reflection—perfect for viewing *Playboy's Sensual Pleasures of Oriental Massage* video shown, $20.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Hand-crafted in England of colored enamel and sterling silver, these Four Aces cuff links will always show a winning hand, from Butler & Wilson, West Hollywood, $148.

Innovative Fitness' Deluxe acrylic reading rack fits Lifecycles, Life Steps and Stair Master. It holds reading material, personal stereo/TV, water bottle and even a cellular phone, $50.

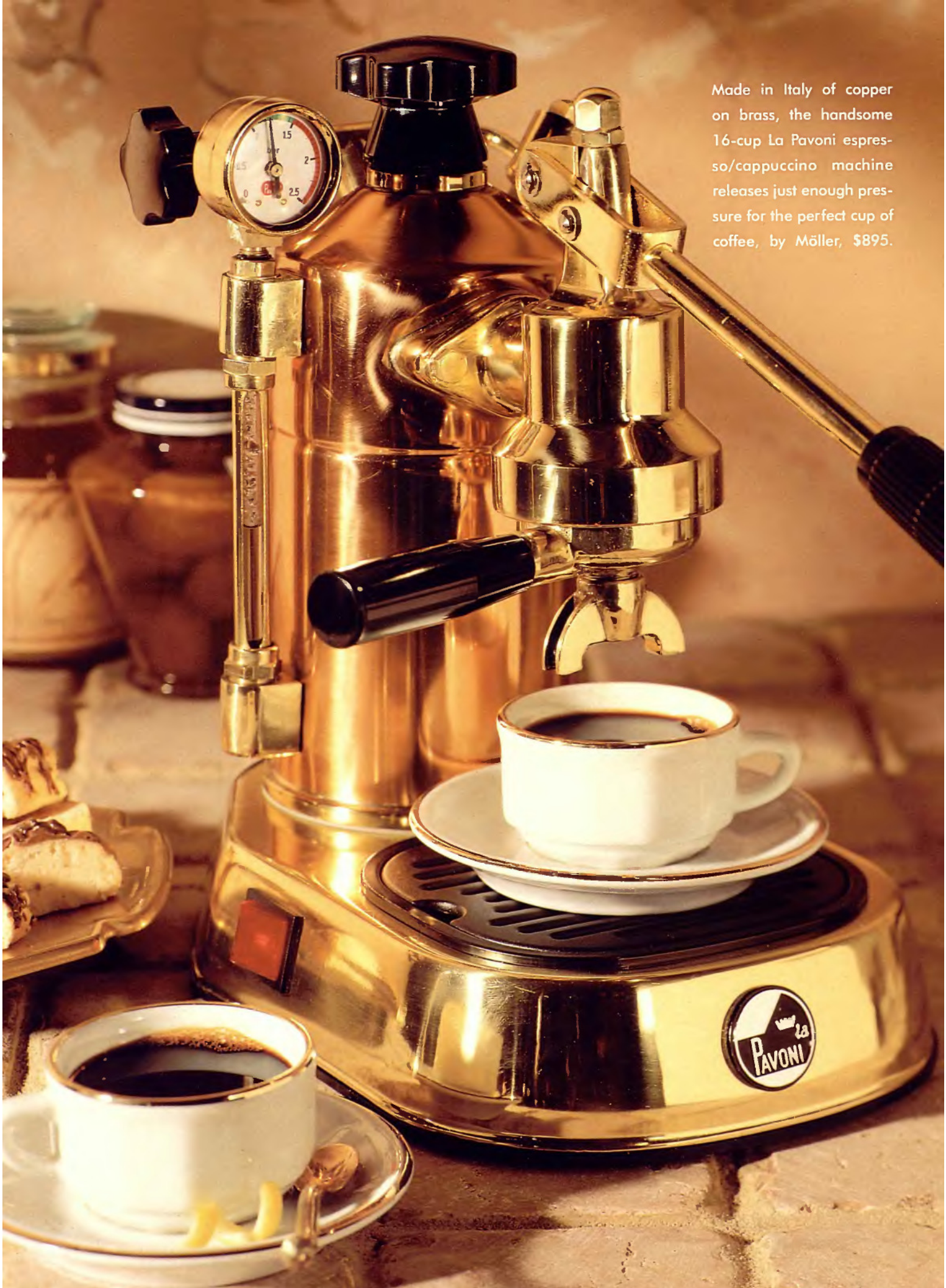
The Cube Jr. uses Velcro wedges to store 306 CDs or a combination of CDs, VHS tapes and audio cassettes. Available in four wood stains, from Lorentz Design, about $220.

It looks like Darth Vader's younger brother, but the Konica Aiborg is actually a 35mm automatic camera with a "moving frame" autofocus system and power zoom lens, $510.

The Go Video latest dual-deck VCR can be used to tape any video including encoded protected tapes as long as it's done for your own personal use, $800.

The Manhattan Bar Organizer measures 5¼" x 7½" yet it holds 22 tools for the serious mixologist, including a strainer, jigger, corkscrew and coasters, by MSC, USA, $50.

Where & How to Buy on page 168.




Made in Italy of copper on brass, the handsome 16-cup La Pavoni espresso/cappuccino machine releases just enough pressure for the perfect cup of coffee, by Möller, $895.

# VENGEANCE FROM SPACE AND THE TEXAS TOMATO

**as he tweaked the mouse, his tongue stuck out slightly. he smiled, and i knew he was lost in the thrill of the hunt**

THE LIGHTING in the place was barely enough to read the menu by. And in the dim light, Billy's face looked as red and shiny as the red squares on the checkered vinyl tablecloth.

"You know what I'd like to do?"

"I'm not sure I want to."

"I'd like to kill her. Temporary insanity, crime of passion."

"Won't work."

"Why not?"

"You need the setup that would make the jury bow their heads and nod sadly yet approvingly."

"That's real fucking supportive, Mike."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to agree with me, for Christ's sake. Why the hell do you suppose I asked you to meet me?"

"You need a listener and nodder."

"Right."

"How about a pizza? I like mushrooms and green peppers myself, maybe some onions sprinkled on top so they get nice and crispy."

Billy glared at me, the whites of his eyes pinkish like the white squares on the checkered tablecloth.

The waitress had on a frilly white apron over her uniform, which was—right—red and white checkered. She was younger than either of us and she spoke competently, even literately, despite her cute Texas drawl. I figured she was a student at the university here in Boulder, working the pizza job for pin money while Big Pa and Big Ma back in Texas provided the major funds. Maybe she was an English major, a future journalist, linguist, major novelist. I couldn't help thinking of the term student body because she was pleasantly plump and, under better circumstances than these, might have proven quite cuddly. I ordered a medium

*fiction*

By MICHAEL BERES

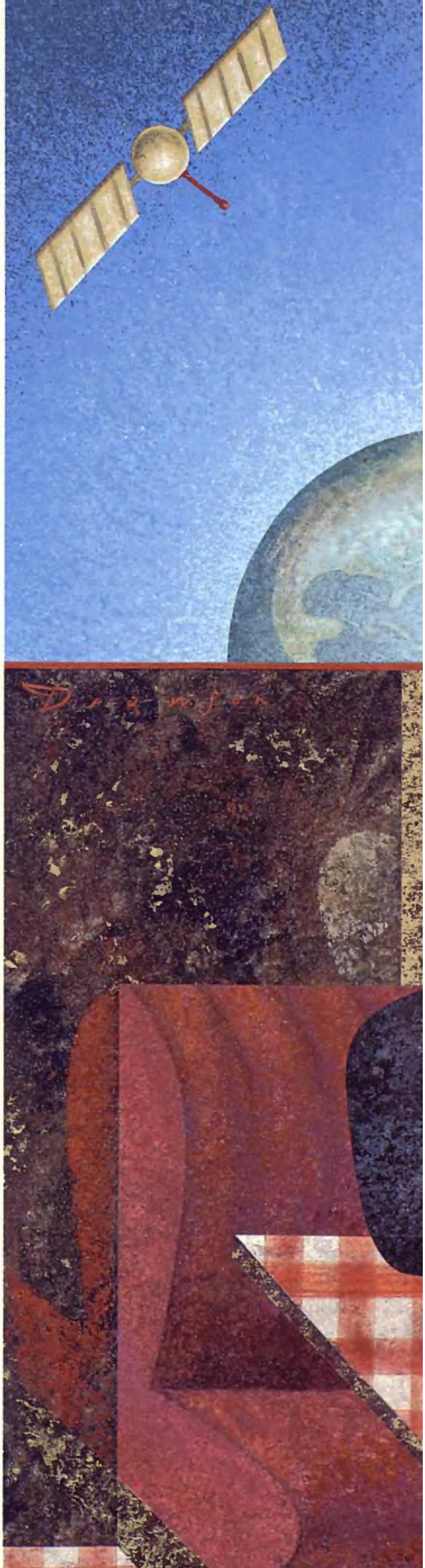
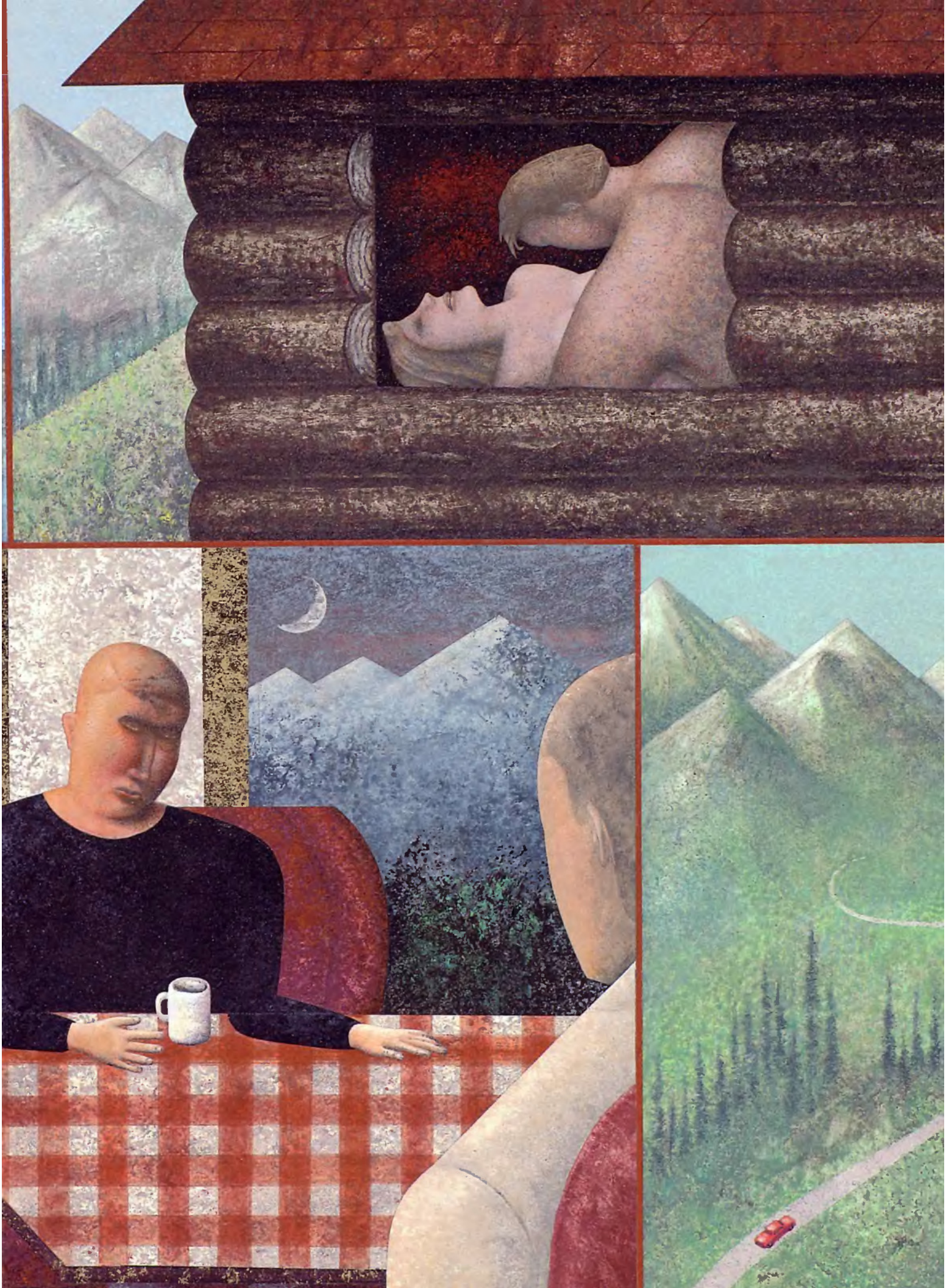


ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON



mushroom, green pepper and onion, with a Bud for me and an orange soda for Billy. Before she trotted off, I noticed a large tomato-sauce stain on her apron, its location and shape enough to suggest a few addenda to Rorschach's famous test.

"Aren't you going to ask how I know about Sally?" asked Billy after she had gone.

My thoughts were still on the tomato stain and the Rorschach test. The first thought that came to mind was an image of me and the waitress snuggling beneath the stars. The second thought was the fact that Billy manipulated satellites for the National Weather Service for a living. I put thought one and thought two together and took a guess.

"You monitored Sally by satellite?"

Billy's eyes, magnified by the thick lenses of his glasses, opened very wide and he sat back stiffly in his chair. He glanced around at the empty tables surrounding us. He jumped up and scurried to the jukebox next to the kitchen door, started punching in selections like Woody Woodpecker—they had to be random. When he came back to the table, he leaned forward, almost in my face, till a rap tune began. For a few seconds I listened for dirty words, the way I used to underline passages in *The Tropic of Cancer* when I was a kid. Then Billy began telling his tale, his eyes blinking at every third beat of the rap.

"Look, I take care of the old West Central weather satellite—that's Billy's bird, right? So sometimes I get bored, right? I mean, everybody does at their jobs, don't they? My job is basically making sure the bird is in tune so the weather men and ladies get all those color-enhanced signals. That's about it, you follow?

"So there I am one day, about a month back, puttering with polarization and skew and a new encryption code on the scrambler, when all of a sudden I'm seeing images I shouldn't be seeing. I'm seeing the damn Denver Mint and the zoo and Mile High Stadium. First, I think the bird is falling out of orbit. Except when I check the specs more closely, I realize I'm not looking at my Billy bird at all. I'm picking up—*had* to be picking up—signals from *another* satellite, something parked right next door. I mean, like within a couple thousand miles of my bird.

"So I'm looking at all this stuff, just watching, and then I realize I've tapped into a military spy satellite—those birds are the only ones with the capability. I mean, pretty soon the thing is picking out people on the *street*. Jesus, I could see a bald spot on a guy's head and I'm thinking this is like birds they had parked over *Iraq*. Then here, right here in goddamn Boulder, me and whoever's controlling this thing zero in on a campus chick sunning herself on the field between Baker Hall and Cheyenne Arapaho Hall. She's rolled up her blouse and we check out her navel for a while. Man, from twenty thousand miles up. A *navel*, for Christ's sake."

The rap tune ended on the jukebox and Billy stopped short, glancing conspiratorially over his shoulder. The next selection was a Benny Goodman tune, the big band supporting Benny's licorice stick like players carrying the winning coach off the field. Eclectic jukebox. Those had been random selections, for sure.

"And then," continued Billy, beady-eyed behind his glasses as Benny hit a high note, "I felt the old hacker thrill. It was wild, Mike. It took two weeks of watching and trying things. But finally, I gave the bird a little tweak. Not enough so they'd know I was there. To them it would have been an aberration, noise or something. I did it while they—we—were looking right through the roof of someone's house with a hell of a powerful heat sensor turned on. A guy was in the shower playing with himself. I felt sorry as hell for him because of this breach of privacy. I kept wishing he'd turn up the hot water so the heat would obscure the image. But he didn't, and finally I panned his image off screen at the crucial moment. Man, I bet I knocked the popcorn off the laps of those military boys. I was so excited I had to tell someone. I thought I'd tell Sally. Only that night, she came in late, turned her back to me in bed and wore the baggy old sweat suit she usually saves for her period—only her period wasn't due for two weeks. So I figured it wasn't the right time to tell her about tying into a spy bird.

"So here's what I did. The next day, when the bird was just sitting on a panorama shot of Boulder, I grabbed it. I zoomed in on Sally's little red Mazda and panned along with it right up into the mountains. But then I lost her on a winding road because I goofed a little on the bird's controls.

"But I've been practicing whenever I get a chance. And I've been very careful. What those military bastards don't realize is that I've figured out the mathematical iteration for their descrambler code. Every time they change the code, I just run their iteration on my computer to get the new code. And so, this coming Wednesday—Sally's day off—I'm going to follow her again. Because guess what I discovered tucked in with the Mazda's space-saver spare tire?"

"You found a sexy, transparent baby-doll nightie."

"You know everything, don't you?" Billy stared at me with a kind of insane snarl. "You wouldn't happen to be off next Wednesday, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't happen to be off next Wednesday. Jesus, Billy, am I supposed to believe any of this?"

The waitress brought the pizza. She smiled, asked if we wanted anything else. I wanted to request that she take off her clothes so I could see her naked. I stifled the request. When she was gone, I looked at Billy, who was already munching on a slice. I raised my Bud to him and repeated my question.

"Well, am I supposed to believe you or has this been an elaborate joke?"

Billy answered with his mouth full, the steam from hot pizza curling up over his lip. "Ith twue, Bike, ebery word ob it."

•

The following Thursday, Billy and I met again for a Bud, orange soda and pizza. This time the first selection on the jukebox was a ditty by Conway Twitty for the country-and-western crowd—two couples at a table against the wall. The gents' cowboy hats hung side by side on upthrust wooden pegs formed from split tree branches. These quasi-natural hat pegs, along with the checkered tablecloth on their table and the ladies' hoedown dresses, added to the country decor.

When Billy and I ordered our pizza, I asked my favorite cuddly waitress from Texas why students didn't frequent the place, it being right on campus and all, y'all. Her answer to this was a shrug of her well-formed, thoroughly graspable shoulders—I imagined running her down and calf-tying her—along with a smile that I could assume was only for me and me alone. She wore a clean apron, no tomato-sauce stain, but that didn't stop me from thinking about sex, especially as I watched her walk to the kitchen and bump the swinging door open with her hip, practically knocking the door off its hinges.

"The bitch."

"What?"

"The bitch is seeing somebody. He has a red car, too. They meet in a cabin in Big Thompson Canyon. I couldn't figure out how to get the heat sensor turned on. But I damn well will. I think I'm going crazy, Mike."

The Conway Twitty song ended and now Muddy Waters bemoaned his fate. Billy, who had gone silent between songs, said, "Look, Mike. If you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you next Wednesday."

"How?"

*(continued on page 138)*

*"Don't get me wrong, I'm pleased she's pleased. . . . But what the hell's a toilet seat?"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE CARROLL WHIPPLE III

# SOCIETY DARLINGS

## think socialites are stuffy? check out this debutante party

*When most of us think of society girls, we conjure up images of wealth and aloofness. Lang Phipps, a grandnephew of Lady Astor and author of the* New York *magazine cover story "Confessions of a Young WASP," grew up with them, as did photographer George Whipple. In words and pictures on these pages, they reminisce about debutante balls and introduce us to eight stunning women who aren't the least bit standoffish. Here's to the high-society version of coming out.*

*text by* LANG PHIPPS

WHEN I WAS 15, my older sister snuck me into the Gold and Silver Ball at the Plaza in New York. I fell in love fifty times that night before floating home in a state of aesthetic intoxication. There was, and is, something poignant to me about the debutante at her coming-out ball. All the girls there are at their peak this night—the pretty ones are not of this world, the plainer ones are looking better than you've ever seen them, their hair piled up regally, aglow with their mothers' jewels. This acceptance and efflorescence of being a girl, as opposed to a boy, is tremendously romantic. For that one night, we all participate in a sort of play in which the boys in black tie portray leading men and the girls in form-fitting gowns and bared shoulders are unabashedly girlish. But there has always been a decidedly practical aspect to the debutante ball from its 17th Century beginnings in European courts through the earliest American example, Philadelphia's Assembly, which has been going strong since 1748. It's an aspect that *(text continued on page 157)*

## JACLYN MILLER

**Jackie is seen here frolicking in the surf off what was once her family's island—Nantucket. She is a descendant of Thomas Mayhew, a merchant and missionary who settled on Martha's Vineyard in 1635. A Colonial real-estate mogul, Mayhew bought Nantucket Island in 1641 from the Earl of Stirling and divvied it into parcels for sale. Jackie debuted in her home town of Knoxville, Tennessee, and in New York City, where she now lives.**

# CAROLYN LIU

If you should ever find yourself on a ferry in Hong Kong harbor, chances are it belongs to Carolyn's family, one of the Crown Colony's great shipping dynasties. Carolyn, however, was born and raised in New York. She attended the private all-girl Spence School, finished her studies at New York Law School and seemed bound for a conventional legal career. But after a stint on Wall Street at the august firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCoy, she turned from reading contracts to reading scripts. Now living in Los Angeles, Carolyn is an actress who co-stars in a pair of Malibu Bay Films' latest releases, *Hard Hunted* and *Do or Die*.

HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY RICKEY LEE FOR TIMOTHY PRIANO. MARY ANN LATEANO AND GIA SEAAS. STYLING BY HOLLIS BROOKS. CINNAMON-ANNE BOOTH AND JOE ANN WHIPPLE

# DIANA CRANE

Diana is a maverick deb who boycotted the balls—but then, she has always done things her own way. A Boston native, she was raised in Washington, D.C., and agreed to attend Miss Porter's School in Connecticut because its proximity to Hartford allowed her to train with that city's ballet company. She broke a long-standing family tradition when she chose Northwestern over Mount Holyoke because of the Midwestern school's superior undergraduate program in theater arts. Diana has since performed with the Joffrey Ballet, worked as an actress, model and Junior League volunteer at a maximum-security prison.

## PAMELA O'CONNOR

A native of Philadelphia, the original deb city, Pam was brought up in St. Louis and Newport, Rhode Island. Although she enjoyed the luxury of two coming-out balls thrown in her honor, she also participated in the Veiled Prophet Ball in St. Louis, one of the Midwest's celebrated contributions to debutante culture. Now a cover girl (far left) and actress, Pam has forsaken city life for the relative seclusion of a cottage by the sea.

## JACQUELYN CHRISTIE

Jackie traces her descent from the legendary King Eremon, who is said to have ruled Ireland some 4000 years ago. Her clan is listed in a registry of ancient families known as the Irish chronicles. Jackie's ancestors arrived in America in the 17th Century and settled on land that they've occupied and farmed for 300 years. Gaelic to the very hem of her tartan, Jackie also claims Scottish blood from her father, a son of Clan McCloud.

# JULIET HARTFORD

Daughter of financier and art patron Huntington Hartford, Juliet has spent most of her life in an international social whirl. She was born in New York City but has spent a good deal of time on her family's private island in the Bahamas and at its homes in Palm Beach, London and the south of France. Almost more at home at Paris *couture* shows than at debutante balls, Juliet skipped the formal coming-out party; after all, she'd already been toasted at lavish society events from Rio to Gstaad. She has been linked with the famous and the sons of the famous, among them Matt Dillon and Hussein Kashoggi. These days, she's seeing the son of a society polo player and staying put in New York City, where she paints, writes poetry and aspires to be an actress.

## NANCY COFFEY

Nancy made her debut in her home town of Palm Springs, where the chamber of commerce honored 11 girls, one for each letter in the city's name. A Stanford graduate, she earned a master's degree in engineering, went into real estate but has now taken up modeling. She has been a Junior Leaguer in San Francisco as well as in New York and is listed in *Who's Who of American Women.*

## BRIDGET MARKS

In the 18th Century, Bridget would have been a member of the Bluestocking Society, a memorable group of intellectual women. Her dad, Alvin Melville Marks, holds more than 100 patents but calls Bridget "my best invention." At the age of 16, to the disbelief of her peers, she was churning through academia as a junior at Smith College. That same year, she came out among 18-year-olds at the Debutante Assembly Ball in New York. A double deb, she was also honored at the Sons of the American Revolution Ball. In her time outside the library, Bridget became a champion equestrienne. She's on her way to a Ph.D. in political science and plans to combine politics with acting. Her thespian role model: another intellectual, Jodie Foster.

# VENGEANCE *(continued from page 126)*

*"She was wearing jeans and a black sweater. She looked entirely adult. Adult as in adultery."*

"You'll take a long lunch, come over to my office and see for yourself."

"But what about everyone at the office?"

"They'll all be out to lunch. Marsha's leaving to have her baby."

"Did you sign the card and contribute toward the gift?"

"Yes, I signed the card and contributed toward the gift. What do you think I am, an ogre?"

After the pizza came, I made sure I got the piece that the waitress' thumb accidentally touched when the pizza slipped off the hot pad. She placed the pizza on the table, saying, "You watch yourselves now because it's plenty hot," in her beautiful Texas drawl.

"I'm in love," I said.

"Yeah," said Billy, already chewing. "Ith good."

Before we left the pizza place, I agreed to take a long lunch and go to Billy's office the following Wednesday. The reason for my agreement was twofold. First, I wanted to get Billy off my back so I could arrive at the pizza place alone for a change, preferably near closing time, when I'd make my move and perhaps do-si-do a little and see how high a checkered skirt could fly. Second, I really did want to see if Billy was bullshitting me or not.

•

Despite its being small, Billy's office was crowded with equipment—three computer terminals, an impact printer, a laser printer, a fax machine, a light table with transparent weather charts strewn about. On the wall there were more weather charts, a map of the United States, photographs of satellites and satellite dishes and one photograph of a blonde dish wearing a two-piece black bathing suit. She was quite good-looking despite her shoulders being rather narrow and her arms and legs a bit too thin for my tastes, which, in my recent dreams, had taken on all manner of rodeo events requiring strength and fortitude. But Sally wasn't bad, though she looked, oh, I don't know, a little too *grown-up* for Billy.

Here in his office, among all the expensive equipment, Billy reminded me of a kid playing Nintendo. He even wore his Broncos cap turned backward.

He and I sat side by side in our chairs, our hips bumping when Billy reached for a notebook, his elbow touching mine when he pushed keys on the keyboard of the terminal with the largest screen.

"Before we get started," said Billy, our hips bumping again, "I want you to know that Sally's been wearing her baggy sweat suit to bed every night since this started."

"You mean——"

"Don't say it. Bad luck." He knocked on the side panel of the fiberboard stand on which the terminal rested.

"OK. I'm strictly an observer."

"I think I've figured out the heat sensor."

"You mean the thing that looked right through the roof at the guy in the shower?"

"Right. We've got excellent capability, you know. So if we should see something, I want you to take my feelings into consideration."

"I'll be kind."

"Good," said Billy, turning to the keyboard, his elbow banging my forearm.

And so I watched without speaking, not so much because I'd promised to be silent and kind, but because I was too flabbergasted to speak.

The first thing I saw was a full-color overhead view to the northwest of Boulder. I recognized Estes Park immediately because of the junctions of Routes 36 and 34 and the beginning of Trail Ridge Road snaking up the mountain. The next thing I saw was the view zooming in as if it were a camera mounted in the nose of a supersonic fighter following the road. Billy kept pressing keys with his left hand and tweaking the mouse next to the keyboard with his right hand. The scene flew north along Route 36, zigging and zagging but skipping over hairpins that filled the screen. After a while I saw a red car flash past and Billy went back to it, then followed it.

I glanced at Billy's face while he followed the Mazda. He looked 12 years old. As he tweaked the mouse, his tongue stuck out slightly. He smiled, and I knew he was lost in the thrill of the hunt.

Ten minutes later, heading east down the canyon on Route 34, the Mazda pulled off and parked behind a small cabin next to a red Mercedes. This seemed appropriate.

The image on the screen grew as Billy zoomed in and I saw Sally get out of her Mazda and walk to the cabin. She was wearing jeans and a black sweater that contrasted nicely with her blonde hair. She looked entirely adult. Adult as in adultery. Before she entered the cabin, she leaned to one side and gave a cute little wave, apparently to somebody watching at the window. Then she disappeared inside.

"Now we've got them," said Billy, leering as he leaned close to the screen.

He pushed a series of keys and the roof of the cabin coalesced into a fabric of multiple hues of color—green, yellow, orange—like the fast-forward development of a storm system on weather radar. At first the image was fuzzy, and I imagined a shapely weather lady pointing to the multicolored blob and saying, "This is just ground clutter, but look here, north of the city." But soon, within the blob, I began to recognize the multicolored figures moving from one side of the cabin to the other. Although distorted by the infrared imaging, I could see a man and woman removing clothing, embracing, moving a few steps while removing more clothing, embracing again. Then they were horizontal—I assumed on a bed—and he was atop her, then she atop him. For a moment, due to a trick in the imaging, I thought they might be on separate levels of a bunk bed, but I realized that, because of the rhythmic movements critical to our species, they were not. Eventually, amid the tangle of weird-colored arms and legs—the colors were becoming noticeably brighter, I assumed, from the increased temperatures of their bodies—I lost track of who was who except when I saw their faces, which were surprisingly recognizable.

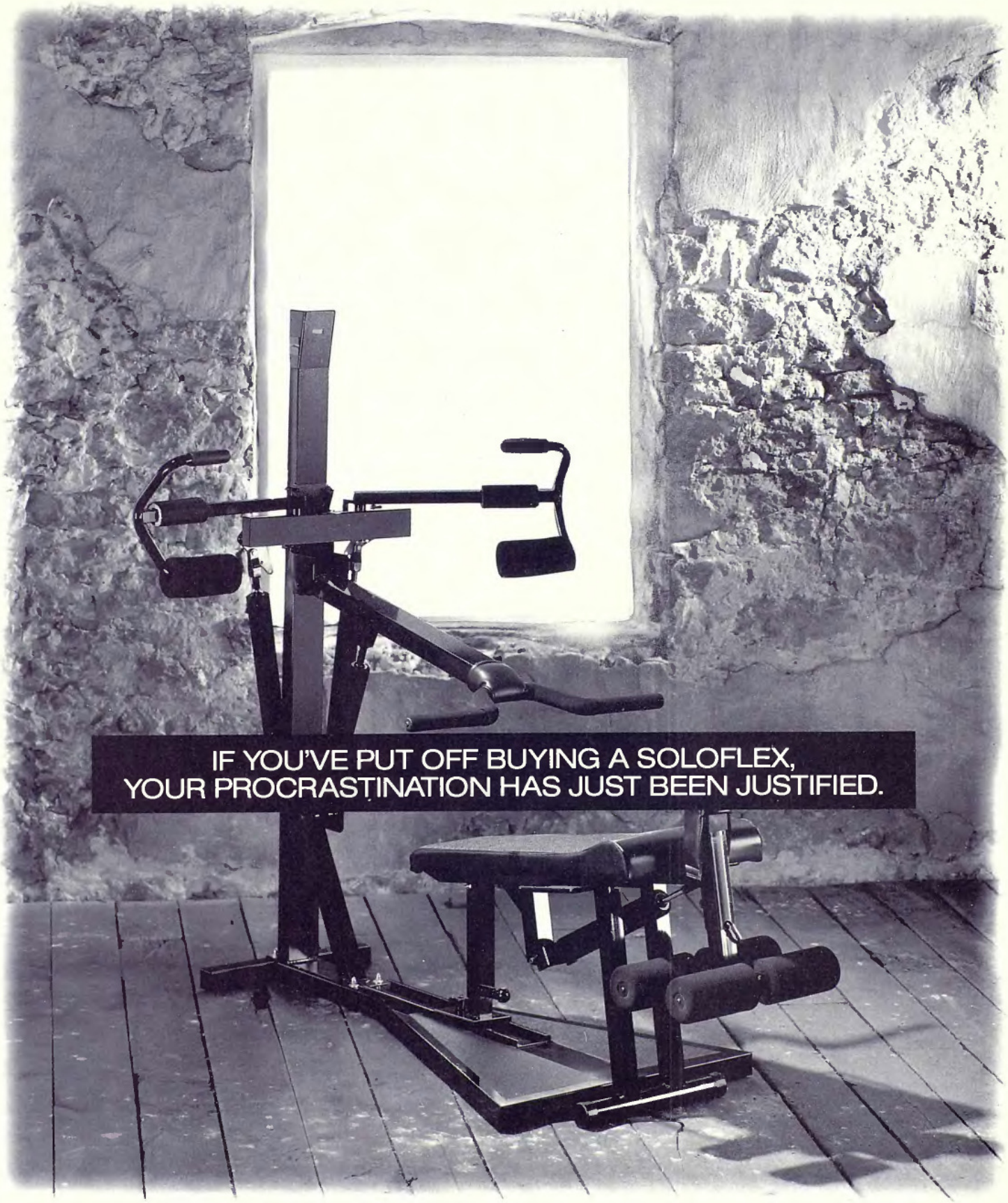
"They don't waste a minute, do they?" said Billy. "Good thing it's not winter or the fire in the wood stove might have obscured our little dog-and-pony show."

"We don't have to watch anymore," I said.

"Why not?" said Billy, sounding like a mad scientist. "Here, let's try this and this." He pushed keys madly. "Let's see what else we can see!"

The image shook, backed up, shook again. One moment I could see the cabin, the next moment it was a dot next to the river within the walls of the canyon, and in another moment I could see the entire canyon and Estes Park and Loveland. The image froze there, and suddenly a very technical-looking overlay was superimposed. The overlay consisted of maplike scale markers and a series of numbers in the left corner counting down rapidly. A set of subdivided cross hairs appeared suddenly in the middle of the screen directly over the spot in Big Thompson Canyon where the cabin was situated.

*(continued on page 144)*

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TRIMAX

# FOREST WHITAKER

**hollywood's biggest black star—pound for pound—recalls the taste of robin givens and wonders why a crazed fan keeps switching his dogs**

*The biggest young actor in America—at six feet two inches and 260 pounds, he dwarfs Penn, Dillon and Depp—Forest Whitaker is also one of the least likely stars in American film. He's overweight. He's shy. And he's black, a condition that has cost him a few plum roles in Hollywood. Whitaker won the Best Actor award at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival for his performance as doomed jazzman Charlie Parker in Clint Eastwood's "Bird." He has also appeared in Martin Scorsese's "The Color of Money," Oliver Stone's "Platoon" and Barry Levinson's "Good Morning, Vietnam" and headlined with Gregory Hines and Robin Givens in Bill Duke's "A Rage in Harlem," which Whitaker co-produced. He now stars with Ray Liotta and Kiefer Sutherland in "Article 99." He is suddenly, at 30, a power to be reckoned with.*

*Whitaker was raised on the tough streets of Compton, California. He might have become a Crip or a Blood, but he wasn't a joiner. Fortunately for him, he was big enough to fend for himself—to follow his heart from the local gridiron's defensive line to Dylan Thomas and Shakespeare.*

*Contributing Editor Kevin Cook met Whitaker at the Columbia Bar & Grille on Sunset Boulevard. "The first thing you notice about Forest is the size of his hands," says Cook. "We shook hands and my hand disappeared. The next thing that struck me was his smile. He has the sweetest smile, the smile of a man who wouldn't hurt a fly. We spent two hours talking and 100 minutes of that time was as smooth as could be. It was only when the subject of racism—of life with the L.A.P.D.—came up that he sat up straight, fists clenched, and I noted again how big a man he is."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: What was it like to be all the rage in Cannes?

WHITAKER: The first time, for *Bird*, was amazing. Impossible to imagine if you haven't been there—flashing light bulbs everywhere, people screaming Clint's name. When I won, I was overwhelmed.

Last year, I went to promote *A Rage in Harlem* with friends—Bill Duke, Gregory Hines and Robin Givens—and it was fun watching them see it for the first time. Spike Lee had a party for *Jungle Fever*, a great film. Stevie Wonder was there to do the sound, and that alone made it the best party I've been to.

I escaped a lot, too. I went to a little restaurant up in the hills and ate with the natives. My French is pretty poor, but I talked to them. The owner recognized me. He said I was the first American actor who'd been there. He wanted me to sign the book at the door. I look in the book and all these French artists had drawn pictures and written poetry in it. I was embarrassed. I thought, I should show them I'm an artist, too, but I just wrote something nice about the restaurant. In English.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: Defend or refute the charge that Spike Lee is a racist.

WHITAKER: He understands that we live in a racist society. He puts things in his films that happen. The interracial love affair in *Jungle Fever*, the violence in *Do the Right Thing*.

When I was growing up in South Central L.A., I'd be walking through the fields around my house. A police helicopter turns its searchlights on me. I hear the loudspeaker: "Don't move, stop where you are!" It's ridiculous. The harassment never stops. The Rodney King incident was not unique. It just happened to be filmed. I know all about it. I'm an actor, but I'm also a large black man in L.A. Last year, I'm sitting in my car on Hollywood Boulevard, sitting in a no-parking zone. Next thing I know, there're cops all around, I'm on my knees in the street with my hands behind my head. L.A. police are not subtle. This is an inherently racial act, but it happens all the time. Ever since I was a youth, I've been thrown on the ground or across cars, put on my knees, and I'm one of the lucky ones. Friends of mine have been murdered.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: By the Los Angeles police?

WHITAKER: Yes. They want to be the sharks in the water, inspiring fear in the people. It won't work. The people are frustrated. The people are angry. They want to feel they have at least a little power, but the police impose fear. I've seen it in action. I have friends in the police department. I've ridden with them. I like them, but I've seen them get stoked when it's time to fight. It's scary. There are a million cars in the chase and they're pulling on their gloves, getting ready for the fight.

I had a friend who lived down the street. They shot him eleven times. Killed him. The harassment's got to stop, that's all. There has to be stronger external monitoring of the L.A.P.D. It's not enough to have people inside the department do it—they're the problem. There *has* to be reform, or the black and Hispanic communities are going to explode. This is a volatile city and the police are adding fuel to the fire.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: You escaped South Central L.A. by being a high school football star, not too different from the role you played in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. What happened to football?

WHITAKER: I played tackle for Palisades High. Jay Schroeder [now a Los Angeles Raider] was our quarterback. We were undefeated, never won a game by fewer than 32 points, and I was our leader on defense. I got recruited by UCLA, Hawaii, Utah State and Arizona—but there was a problem. I didn't live in the school zone. I should have been at Compton High, but my mother wanted me to go to a good school. So before we played Granada Hills in the play-offs—their quarterback was John Elway—somebody reported me, which meant we might have to forfeit all our games. Coaches from all over are there, and I can't play. We lose. So I took a football scholarship at Pomona College and studied music. Tried out for *Under Milk Wood*, got the lead. Then I auditioned for the acting program at USC, but it was my voice that got me a scholarship—in classical music. I never played football again.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: What was the movie that made you think you'd like to make a living at acting?

WHITAKER: *Taxi Driver*. I remember the line, "You talkin' to me?" A lot of people in the neighborhood went around saying, "You talkin' to me?" That character De Niro played—he was base, but there was something cool about him.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLEN CATES

6.

PLAYBOY: You're now thought of as one of the best actors in movies. Who would you shell out seven dollars to see?
WHITAKER: Al Pacino, Mickey Rourke, Sean Penn, Denzel Washington. But I think more in terms of different kinds of truth in different performances: John Hurt in *Midnight Express*, De Niro in *Raging Bull*, Pacino in *Scarface*, Depardieu in *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

7.

PLAYBOY: What has been the truest screen moment you have shared with another actor?
WHITAKER: It got cut, but I'll never forget it. It was with Mickey. The film was *Johnny Handsome*. He was deformed; I was the plastic surgeon who made him Johnny Handsome—gave him a chance to escape his past. But he's scared to go out into the world. He's normal now, but he's not, not on the inside. That's what recidivism is all about. So I'm saying goodbye to him, and his line is, "Thanks." Mickey looks into my eyes and I swear to you, I don't know how he did this, I *swear* I heard four or five different lines: "You worked really hard. It's cool. Maybe I should lie to you, tell you this is good. I'm sorry I have to disappoint you." But all he really said was, "Thanks." I walked away thinking, How in the hell did he do that?

8.

PLAYBOY: You played a more famous scene in *A Rage in Harlem*, in which you licked Robin Givens from top to bottom. Was that all Robin, or did she have a bottom double?
WHITAKER: [*Laughs*] Look at the shot. It's a very full shot, from her head to her feet, one shot. You can see there was no body double. That was a hot part for me to play.

9.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to fight your being aroused in that scene?
WHITAKER: No. If I don't allow her to set fire to me when she touches me, to turn me on, the scene won't work. You have to be true to the scene, and that was a lovemaking scene. I can't speak for Robin, but I did not fight my being aroused.

10.

PLAYBOY: You were playing a virgin whose first sex partner was played by Robin Givens. How lucky did he feel?
WHITAKER: Overwhelmed. It's all new to him. He's never had a woman, never had a woman *in his room*, even. She's so beautiful—her face, her eyes, her lips, her voice. To him, just the notion of her sitting on his bed is almost as exciting as making love. For me, trying to re-create that feeling was exciting.

11.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with directors of wildly different styles, from Martin Scorsese and Oliver Stone to Barry Levinson and Clint Eastwood. What are their secrets?
WHITAKER: They're all passionate. I was just a day player for Martin on *The Color of Money*, a pool hustler. He changed one line. "Say it like a question," he said. I did it and it worked. Barry was a standup comic, so he's a great storyteller. I could listen to him all day. He and Robin Williams are both great comics. And Oliver—he's obsessive. On *Platoon*, I had to carry ammunition fifty yards up this hill and in the first take I slipped. I'm sliding down this hill, clawing my way back up. Finally, "Cut!" I'm burying my head, I blew the scene. So Oliver's yelling, "Let's do it again!" And just as he's walking away, he says, "Forest, I love the fall. Keep it in." I do that fall fifteen more times and he thinks I'm cheating him. It's not good enough. "Give me my fall!" he says. The ground is slick, I can't help falling, but every time it's "Give me my fall!" Oliver doesn't miss anything.

With Clint, there's no Dirty Harry. Clint's easy. He never loses his temper. Everything is smooth. He understands actors, too. He gave me a lot of freedom in creating my character in *Bird*. He didn't tell me how to play Charlie Parker. One thing I loved about Clint was his commitment to the music—the energy in him, the need to make it right. He brought in a lot of great musicians to remix those old tunes, but he tried so hard to be true to Bird's music. Some tunes are orchestrated differently, but he retained the heart in them. You can't say what sound Charlie Parker would have if he were playing today, but Clint was true to Charlie Parker's heart.

12.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to be Bird?
WHITAKER: I put pictures of him in the room where I was staying. I listened to his music, got to a place where I felt how it felt to be him, to be a heroin addict, a man who tried to kill himself. Waking up feeling lost, wanting to die. It's like living in tar. I'm not saying I felt everything he did, but at least in my imagination, I knew him. Through his music. I tried to hear the music in Bird because that's where the heart is. Everyone has a certain musicality, a sound, not vocally but viscerally—the way they do things, the way they move. That's what I try to hear when I work.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's the best movie role you didn't get?
WHITAKER: Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence*

*"Honey, it's Herb. Can I go on a wild-man weekend?*

*of the Lambs*. Jonathan Demme wouldn't see me.

Anthony Hopkins did a great job in the part. But mine would have been more sexual. There's a sexuality in that kind of evil, something pure, a beauty in the ugliness. Exploring that, forcing it on the actress [Jodie Foster], would have been interesting. I read about the man that character was based on. I tried to figure out what he was thinking, how he felt when he killed, and I think he saw a pure light in the dark. His insanity—his overt lust at things that are *raw*—I think it was sexual, and that would have been the timbre of my heart. You know how you cut yourself and suck the blood to make it stop? The notion of living in that pain, that warmth, even of ripping open a body and bathing in it—there's something that can almost be understood in that, something primal that connects with something in yourself. It's an interesting thing to try to feel, the beauty in the purely grotesque. He wanted to quench a thirst, a lust. The sexuality of the young woman's innocence—I would have been trying to suck that from her, to satisfy my hunger, and my hunger would have been sexual.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: Like many American actors, you research a role until you almost *become* the part. As Laurence Olivier supposedly asked Dustin Hoffman on the set of *Marathon Man*, "Why don't you try acting?"

WHITAKER: [*Bristles*] You're referring to the scene where Dustin didn't sleep because his character hadn't slept. External acting—which is classically considered the British way of acting—creates a character physically and then finds the insides. American actors tend to go from the inside out. I personally am not a good enough actor to play exhaustion without feeling it. And maybe, *maybe* Olivier could just stroll on and seem perfectly tired. Maybe not. Maybe Olivier was wrong. But the truth is the truth, it doesn't matter how you get there.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: You paint tortured canvases that have to do with the roles you play. Will we see a Whitaker next to a Francis Bacon in the Museum of Modern Art?

WHITAKER: I'm no great painter. An art critic would probably call my paintings primitive, aggressive, off-kilter realism. But I don't sell my paintings and I don't paint for anyone but myself. They're part of my work.

There's a painting I did when I was working on *Johnny Handsome*. Johnny's falling and I'm reaching down, in flames, trying to pull him out. I identified with Johnny. He was deformed and white, but he could have been a black man. He could have been me, a minor public figure who wants to be a hermit, trying to deal with my inadequacies, falling backward all the time.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: You play a hired killer in your new film, *Hit Man*. Can you identify with a killer?

WHITAKER: Sure. The guy in the film is a lot like everyone else, a guy with a job who's having a sort of mid-life crisis. He has to fight the sensitive side of himself, the "good" side, or he can't do his job. Feelings he doesn't want to have—good feelings, most of us would think—start coming up in him and he fights them. These are the things he hates in himself. One of the journeys for me, in playing him, was trying to see the things I repress in myself. My job lets me walk into people's lives, and in learning about them, I learn about myself.

I used to go out with people and feel zapped, like my energy was pulled out of me, like a dead battery. I'm stronger now. I've learned that I can live in my solitude among people and enjoy it.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: Did you study murderers for your role in *Hit Man*?

WHITAKER: I went to Pittsburgh and hung

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out in places I thought I might meet that kind of guy. I was at a bar in the Strip District. Everybody was out of a Fellini movie—the prostitutes were big and the street characters were angry. All of a sudden, this guy starts screaming at another man, "You're lookin' at my woman!" He climbs up on the bar, yelling, then jumps down. There's a big fight and finally he gets shoved out the front door. He comes back with a gun. Everyone freaks and I'm thinking, This is my exit. I got out of there fast.

**18.**

PLAYBOY: Do you have any insane fans?

WHITAKER: It's not like I'm Tom Cruise. But sometimes people grab me, jump on my car, drop notes off at my home. Weirder stuff, too. I live in the Hollywood Hills. I've got a giant schnauzer and a Rottweiler pup tied up in the yard, and somebody's been untying them. Tied the schnauzer where the Rottweiler was the other night, and the Rottweiler where the schnauzer was. I don't get it. I'm just a character actor with dogs. Maybe this is the price I have to pay. But what's the point?

**19.**

PLAYBOY: Soon you'll be starring in *The Brown Bomber*, a film about heavyweight champ Joe Louis, who was lighter than you are. Have you started the Joe Louis diet?

WHITAKER: [*Sighs*] I haven't weighed two hundred since 1985. I'll have to change my way of thinking, the way I live in my body. It'll be a long progression over six months—training, boxing, four or five miles of roadwork a day. It should be good for my health, but I can't say I'm really looking forward to it. I'm looking forward to *reading* about him.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: Physically, you're the opposite of Hollywood's idea of a star. In *Bird*, Diane Venora, playing your wife, said, "Is he cute? No, but you'll dig him." Why do movie fans dig you?

WHITAKER: There must be some charisma, some charm, in me. And some truth. I hope the truth is magnetic—that's the whole idea.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS NERVOUS ABOUT HIS FIRST PARACHUTE JUMP, ROLAND KNEW NOTHING WOULD GO WRONG AS LONG AS HE HAD HIS LUCKY ANVIL.

# VENGEANCE

*(continued from page 138)*

Then, off to one side, I saw something else, a blurry fluttering of something white hot that seemed to be moving away from the satellite like——

"My God," said Billy.

"What?"

"Lord God in heaven."

"This is a game, right?"

"Yes," said Billy, glaring intently at the screen. "It's a very serious game and I've just made an irrevocable move."

As we sat close to each other watching the white-hot fluttering thing shrink in size and center itself slowly on the screen, I think I remember asking Billy inane questions like, did he think it might be some kind of high-powered military simulation? And if it really was a missile, couldn't he steer it off course? Or blow it up? And did he think he might have pushed the wrong button? His only reaction to my garbled questions was to shake his head no while alternately frowning and grinning insanely. Then he said "missile" a few times, followed by "smart missile, very smart." After that he said "God help Sally" over and over, so I could only assume he hadn't done it on purpose, that there was definitely a button or series of buttons to avoid pushing when communicating with this satellite.

I don't remember if either of us said anything more during the rest of the lunch hour as the missile, seemingly in slow motion because of its twenty-thousand-mile journey, homed in on its target, resulting finally, after just over an hour, in what looked like a relatively small explosion in the canyon. Of course, this was relative, because at the time of the explosion, our view was akin to that seen from a jet flying at maximum altitude. If our view had been closer, we might have seen a color-enhanced image of Sally and the driver of the red Mercedes turned momentarily into tomato sauce. It made me think of the images of smart missiles hitting Iraqi targets during the air war, and I wondered why they hadn't used this satellite thing on old Saddam.

After the explosion, Billy switched off the computer and turned to me, hips, then knees bumping. Although there were tears streaming down his cheeks, the expression on his face reminded me of the look on Dr. Frankenstein's face when he first saw the movement of his monster's fingers. He reached out for me. I tried to back up but could not. He grasped my shoulders and shook me.

"Never, never, never!"

"Never what?"

"Never speak of this! Ever! Never see me again! We were friends in school but lost touch. Say it. Say it!"

"We were friends in school but lost touch," I whined.

He shook me more violently. "What did we see?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

•

That night in bed, after watching the evening news, I recalled the sound of Billy whimpering as I walked quickly down the hallway from his office. Luckily for me, the lunch for pregnant Marsha lasted long enough for me to make my escape without being seen. As I drove away, two identical black sedans passed me at high speed and turned into the parking lot I'd just left. I know now that they did not contain members of Marsha's going-away party returning to work hurriedly because they were late.

On the news, which, if I had a tail, would have sent me to bed with it between my legs, two stories—the details of which were delayed in typical teasing fashion to keep viewers tuned in to the bitter end—caught my interest. The first was the coverage of a so-called propane-tank explosion that triggered a massive rock slide in Big Thompson Canyon and resulted in several missing persons. The other story involved a single missing person, this one a National Weather Service employee who had disappeared from his office, leaving only a despondent note typed on his computer screen. Although the police spokesman would not reveal the exact content of the note, he did say it hinted at suicide and that a car matching the description of the employee's car was seen speeding from the Weather Service's parking lot, then was seen again a short time before the explosion, this time speeding north toward Estes Park. When a group of reporters screamed questions as to whether or not this person might have had something to do with the propane explosion, the spokesman said he had no further information. But I knew this was false information to make it appear that Billy had also died in the explosion, a red herring planted by the military or the CIA or whatever got its cross hairs on Billy's office.

At the start of the weather forecast, which by clever news editing followed the story of Billy's disappearance, the weather lady smiled wryly and commented that she hoped she would get the forecast correct, especially that night. The weather lady had thin arms and legs, but she had sufficient bosom and her shoulders reminded me of the Texas waitress at the pizza place. This thought, held tightly, allowed me to stop the trembling that had racked me that entire afternoon and evening.

•

Her name is Wanda and she's working on her master's degree in linguistics. I guess the cowboy hat I've taken to wearing impressed her when I first lassoed her outside the pizza place because we've been seeing each other for over a week. Last night in bed, I asked her if anyone had been to the pizza place asking about the guy I was with the first couple of times she saw me. She said no and agreed not to tell anyone she saw me with him after I told her I suspected him of being a spy and a New Englander who was always saying nasty things about Texas and Texans.

Wanda's a good kid. Last night at my place, when I brought the cowboy hats to bed and insisted we put them on, she didn't ask about my heating them in the oven or about my claim that wearing warm cowboy hats while making love to the most beautiful Texas gal in the world has been a fetish of mine since I was a tot. I figured the heated cowboy hats would at least obscure our faces and protect our identities from spying eyes. Doing it with hats on was kind of nice, though; especially when Wanda pushed hers back on her pretty head and said, "Mikey, honey."

"Yes, my lovely tomato."

"Shall we cuddle again?"

"Yippee-yi-oh-ki-yay!"

It drives me crazy. She kisses my chest in a checkerboard pattern—left to right, top to bottom—until I think I'll explode.

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## Bruce Weber

(continued from page 72)

have all of Marilyn's movies at home. My tape library is full of stuff by the directors of that era, too—Truffaut, Fellini, De Sica's *Bicycle Thief*. And," she continues, "I love looking through old *Playboy*s from then as well."

Weber amplifies the soft-voiced actress' affinity to past bombshells. "Walking down the street with Lisa Marie," he notes, "is like walking down a street in Naples with Sophia Loren. I've always felt that the way a girl moves was almost as important as the way she looks." Weber put that theory to the test: In his documentary about jazz trumpeter Chet Baker, *Let's Get Lost*, he featured a dancing Lisa Marie. The effect was dazzling.

As a teenager in New York City, Lisa Marie studied ballet and jazz at the Alvin Ailey school. She also took acting classes—all the while attending high school and modeling for the prestigious Click agency. *Then* she got busy: After filming *Let's Get Lost* in California and France ("It was amazing, being close to Chet Baker and going to Cannes"), she criss-crossed Europe, where magazine appearances brought her a taste of international fame ("I still get fan letters from Italian boys"). While living in England, she added singing to her credits when she recorded a dance track and made the accompanying video. Her partner in this venture was Sex Pistols impresario Malcolm McClaren; the tune, appropriately enough, was named *Something's Jumping in My Shirt*.

Shortly after luscious Lisa returned to the U.S. from Rome last summer, Woody Allen filmed her for an Italian TV commercial. (He had earlier directed her in *Alice*, in which she had a small part.) "Working with Woody Allen was a dream come true," she says. "He was so nice, always asking me if everything was OK."

How can someone who's supposed to be shy meet so many people? "First of all," Lisa says, "what's wrong with being shy? Vulnerability sometimes works against you, but it's mostly a blessing. When I'm in front of a camera, *that*'s when I let my emotions show. It's the best feeling." And what about posing nude outdoors? "I think the body is at its most beautiful in nature. The sun kissing your skin, the wind caressing you—it's unbelievable."

Next on tap for Lisa is a role in Weber's upcoming feature film tentatively titled *Spaghetti Park*. And then there's always the dream she's destined to fulfill: taking the "Action" cue from Martin Scorsese. Jane (*An Angel at My Table*) Campion is another director she admires. If she becomes a movie star, she might have to move to Hollywood. That would upset her East Coast admirers. Bruce Weber is philosophical: "I think the thing about falling in love with Lisa Marie is that you have to realize a lot of other people are in love with her as well." That's OK. We don't mind sharing.

*"What do I think of sex on TV? It would probably be uncomfortable, but I'm willing to try it if you are."*

## Vox

(continued from page 112)

I used to take showers at odd times of the day anyway, when the bathrooms were deserted. One-thirty in the afternoon. I'd go to class, and I'd draw a little curve, and I'd think, hmm, a curve, and then I'd turn it into a breast and I'd make it a bit larger, and then I'd make another one, and then I'd draw a pair of hands holding the breasts from behind—that was always an idea that interested me, that I'd be sitting in some class or auditorium, dimly lit, an architectural-history lecture, with slides, and a person sitting behind me would reach his hands forward and take hold of my breasts, pulling me back against the chair. So by the time I'd drawn those hands and those large breasts I really had to come, and I'd walk briskly back to my brown-marble shower. I read something about river gods that excited me, too. Really, back then I'd put out for any body of water at all—a pool or a bath or a pond or an ocean. We rented a house on the Carolina coast for several summers—this was when I was in junior high school—and I'd go swimming in the ocean, and as soon as I was in the water, I'd want to dither. I'd swim far out and I'd think of the tons and tons of water underneath my legs, but of course I couldn't because there were lots of people swimming, so I'd come in the shower—oh, and that was an especially good kind of shower, too, because it was outdoors in this wooden shed, and I had this freezing-cold bathing suit on, which I would take off *in the shower*, and because the suit was cold my nipples were erect, and I was stripping in the warm shower water. I'd slowly strip off this cold bathing suit, *very* pleasant to have the warm mingle with the cold so that sometimes I could feel cold rinsing down my legs and sometimes warm, and I could hold the suit open and let the water fill it so that the warm was just pouring out around my legs. That was nice, so my skin was all confused and very aware of itself, with the steam rising—oh, and there was a little metal mirror, I guess it was a shaving mirror, which would get steamed up, even though I was outside. It was on the left wall as you faced the shower head, which in this case was quite low. And after I'd taken off my swimsuit, I'd hang it up on the nail next to the shaving mirror, and the sight of it all crumpled and dangling there was exciting because it implied my complete, full nudity, and when the shaving mirror got steamed up, I used to draw a pair of breasts in the fog with my fingers. The glass was cold. I wanted to press my breasts against the mirror, but it was too high for that, but I imagined myself pressing them against the mirror, first squeezing them together and then pressing them against the mirror, and I'd just seen something

on TV about one-way mirrors, so I thought of men in the garden being able to see my breasts stuffed flat against the foggy mirror. Once, I even brought in some lip gloss after my swim and spent a long time putting lip gloss around my nipples and soaping it off."

"God, car washes must have driven you wild."

"Car washes. I did like that one part in the end, where the flappers drag over you, but no, not really—it was very rare that my family took the car to the car wash. Almost never. Oh, but I do remember one thing I used to imagine—I imagined that I shared a ride back home from college with someone I didn't know, and we get caught in a terrible tropical monsoon of some kind, and his windshield wipers don't work, so I have to go out on the hood of the car and take off my top and kneel there and hold on to the antenna and kind of sop my breasts over the windshield just so he can drive. Actually, that wasn't something I thought of very much, it was just a one-shot deal."

"There are strong evolutionary pressures on fantasies, aren't there?" he said. "If it doesn't work, and if it doesn't metamorphose itself into something that does work, it doesn't survive."

"Yeah, even in the build-up to one orgasm, it's a kind of bake-off. You think: two cocks, each one poking from under one of my armpits, sperm squirting from them? Yes or no. No. I'm a geometry teacher measuring boys' penis length? Yes or no. No. Am I a nurse at a fertility clinic and my job is to strip for clients who have difficulty coming and then suck their cocks and let their sperm drip from my tongue into a test tube? No. I'm in a dressing room and some native-Hawaiian security guard is watching me try on blue jeans over the video monitor? Ooh, maybe yes. In fact, it's kind of like getting dressed for a party, and being unsure of what to wear right up to the last minute, and frantically trying on one image after another like clothes, not knowing which combination looks really *good*, and it's getting later and later, and then finally you pull out this wonderful dress with some rich pattern, and you slip it on and, ah, you can come."

"Jesus. But what about if you're reading and the images are not under your control? Say maybe with a Book Mate thing holding the book open?"

"Hah hah! You mean with my hands free to *do other things*?"

"For instance, yes."

"Well, I have a whole system if I'm reading."

"Say you're reading some erotica," he said.

"Right, what I do is, I read a little of it, whatever it is, the story or the letter or the novel, to see whether it's something I do want to masturbate to or not. If it's something that looks promising, I read it all through very fast, to find out exactly what happens and locate the spot in it where I'm going to want to be coming, and what spots I'll want to skip because they're whatever—violent or boring or somehow irrelevant. Then I go back, not always to the beginning, but I backtrack, and the distance I backtrack from the point where I've scheduled my orgasm I have to gauge exactly, depending on how close to coming I think I am—so if I'm very close to coming, I only go back a paragraph, but if it looks like it'll be a while, I may even read the whole scene or the whole letter that's *before* the letter I'm interested in, and then go on and read the letter I'm interested in. And sometimes I misjudge, and I start to get close to coming when the big moment of the story is still on the next page and I have to race ahead looking for the words I need, or sometimes the opposite happens and I'm crowding up to the big moment of the story and my orgasm is dawdling, not all the precincts are reporting yet, and so I have to read the chosen come-sentence very slowly, syllable by syllable, 'up . . . and . . . down . . . his . . . fuck . . . pole. . . .'"

"So if you walked into a room," he said, "and there was an armchair and a table, and on one end of the table was a VCR and an X-rated tape, and at the other end of the table was some book of Victorian pornography, what would you choose?"

"The Victorian pornography, without a question."

"That's incredible to me."

"You'd choose the tape, right?" she asked.

"That or possibly the armchair itself. Not the book."

"The classic opposition," she said.

"True, but no—actually, it's interesting. Because I've heard for so long about those studies that say that women like stories and men like pictures, I've started to feel lately that stories *represent* women and are therefore sexually charged for me and, in fact, that's what got me so hot at the used-book store that time, the idea that I was peeping in on a women's preserve. I think I am slowly starting to understand why, in general, people would prefer written porn. It gives your brain a vaginal orgasm rather than a clitoral orgasm, so to speak, whatever that means. I read one story in some men's magazine once, years ago, in the first person, written by a woman, or probably not, but written at least with the pretense that a woman was telling the story, about a sixteen-year-old girl who goes swimming in a neighbor's pool and of course her frans are still somewhat new and unfamiliar to her, and she'd forgotten that her top from last year was flimsy and inadequate to the demands that were made on it, and, presto, it comes off after she's swum a lap, and she's *so* embarrassed and


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apologetic, but Mr. Grunthole reassures her that she needn't be ashamed, he doesn't mind if she swims without her top, and so on and so on, and even though it was a totally conventional and undistinguished story, the fact that it was written in the voice of this girl, so I could peep in on her mixed feelings when her top came off, did give me a huge . . . an unexpectedly large return on my investment. I guess insofar as verbal pornography records thoughts rather than exclusively images, or at least surrounds all images with thoughts, or something, it can be the hottest medium of all. Telepathy on a budget. But still, honestly, I need the images. For instance, of you there in the shower. I mean, when you come, are your legs slightly apart?"

"Yes."

"And do you have one of those legendary shower-massage shower heads?"

"I do, but I don't use it with any of the special settings. It was installed already when I moved in. It's useful for cleaning the tub. But when I'm—I don't hold it or put it between my legs or anything, I just treat it as a regular shower head. What I do is——"

"Yes?"

"When I start to come?"

"Yes?"

"I——"

"Yes?"

"I open my mouth and let it fill with water. The feeling of the water overflowing my mouth. . . . You there?"

"*Don't* stop talking."

*"I'll say she thinks like a man—she's sleeping with her secretary."*

## *Swing, Brother, Swing*

*(continued from page 88)*

In autumn of 1933, the Blue Devils fell apart because of chronic money troubles, and Basie landed in Kansas City, going back to playing organ for silent movies at the Eblon Theater, where he had worked before. On days off, he'd go to see Satchel Paige pitch for the Kansas City Monarchs.

Kansas City at the time was hopping. The jam sessions were famous. Pianist Sam Price remembered one in *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*: "I came by a session at about ten o'clock and then went home to change my clothes. I came back a little after one o'clock, and they were still playing the same song."

"You could hear music twenty-four hours a day in Kansas City," said drummer Jo Jones, also to become a longtime Basie Orchestra member.

There was a lively night-club scene providing lots of work for musicians—among them several ex–Blue Devils, one being sax player Lester Young. Tenor sax player Ben Webster—who went on to play with Andy Kirk, Henderson and Cab Calloway before his breathy work with Ellington in the early Forties—was also in town, as were blues shouter Joe Turner and K.C.-born pianist Bennie Moten, whose chief territory rival had been the Blue Devils.

Moten lured several of the former Blue Devils into his band after they broke up, including Basie, Jo Jones and Lester Young. Ben Webster, who had learned tenor sax from Young while touring for a few months with the Young family band, also joined. They did pretty well in the territories, but in 1934, Moten died after a tonsillectomy. In 1936 a Basie-led band containing several former Moten band members got a regular gig at the Reno Club in Kansas City, and it went out over regional radio. John Hammond was listening in Chicago. Typically, since he would seek out talent anywhere it popped up, he jumped in a car and drove to K.C. Soon Basie found himself back in New York, this time as a bandleader working at some of the hottest clubs.

Jazz had spread all over the country since its beginnings in New Orleans, and there were jazz bands playing in most cities of any size by the mid-Thirties.

The music was branching into several noticeably different directions, including such white country-swing bands as Bob Wills's Texas Playboys. Swing of various stripes became such a national phenomenon that, as critic Nat Shapiro wrote in *The Jazz Makers*, "in the years from 1936 to the outbreak of World War Two, for the first and perhaps for the last time in its history, a segment of jazz became the popular music of the country."

From the early Thirties on, the home of jazz became New York City—at first in Harlem, and then with outposts in Midtown, mainly around West 52nd Street, which by the end of the decade was known as Swing Street.

When Basie began establishing himself around New York in 1937, Ellington—who at the age of 38 was just five years older than Basie—was already an international star whose New York base was Harlem's Cotton Club.

Ellington was the first jazz bandleader to be considered a modern composer, comparable to Ravel, Delius, Stravinsky and the rest. In fact, when Stravinsky visited New York in the early Thirties, he told reporters that the first thing he wanted to do was go up to Harlem to see Ellington at the Cotton Club.

Brought up in Washington, D.C., in fairly comfortable circumstances—his father was a butler who often worked at the White House—Ellington was by all accounts a pampered little prince. As a kid, he was nuts about baseball and sold popcorn at Washington Senators' games; his mother started him on piano lessons to wean him from baseball.

In high school, he realized that playing an instrument was a great way to meet girls. When he saw that a local band was getting work through an ad in the Yellow Pages, he put in a bigger one, and for a while as a teenager was booking several bands a night, along with his own, sometimes making over $150 a week—this when regular working schlubs with families didn't make $150 in two months.

Ellington made his first assault on New York in 1922, playing with Wilbur Sweatman, whose claim to fame was playing three clarinets at once. But he was soon back home. A year later he tried again, this time as part of the Washingtonians, the five-piece group that included Sonny Greer, who would be Ellington's drummer for 30 years (and who as a kid had played gigs in New Jersey with Count Basie and Fats Waller).

For six months in New York, the Washingtonians starved. Ellington said they sometimes had to split one hot dog five ways. They played at rent parties. To raise rent money for their apartments, people would provide food, drink and a piano player, and charge admission. Musicians didn't always get paid, but could usually eat and drink free. Some of these apartments were more like unlicensed clubs, where the party went on seven days a week, night and day.

It was at such parties that Ellington first got to know—and competed in cutting contests with—James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith and Waller, who was five years younger than Ellington, but who taught him a few things about jazz piano.

But the Washingtonians weren't making it. Like Jelly Roll Morton, they tried


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pool hustling on the side to raise cash, but weren't as good at it as he was. One day Ellington found $15 in the street, and they used it for train fare home to D.C.

Three years later they were back, this time as headliners—first at the Kentucky Club in Midtown, and then from 1927 through 1931 as the house band at the Cotton Club. They got the Cotton Club gig by being four hours late for an audition. The owner was four hours late, too, and of the six bands that showed up, theirs was the only one he heard.

"When we started to build a band," Ellington said, "Fletcher Henderson was what we tried to sound like." But he soon found his own sound.

"Our band came along just when Paul Whiteman and his orchestra had popularized the symphonic style," he wrote. "We came in with a new style. Our playing was stark and wild and tense. We put the Negro feeling and spirit into our music. We were not the first to do that, but maybe we added some more."

Ellington's group of the late Twenties was nicknamed the Jungle Band, partly because of the growls and wails coming from the trumpet of Bubber Miley, who was a little too fond of drinking. During gigs, he would sometimes curl up under the piano for a short nap when he felt the need.

That was a part of Ellington's genius—his tolerance of, and musical use of, individuals. "You can't write music right," he said, "unless you know how the man that'll play it plays poker." Sly and elliptical, his idea of disciplining the band was making them solo. If someone showed up late or hung over, Ellington would call for chorus after solo chorus from the offender, either wearing him out or embarrassing him.

Ellington had exhibited his talent as a composer back in the Twenties, writing the music for and appearing in a movie short in 1929 called *Black and Tan Fantasy*. His composing had been further encouraged by a royal reception for Duke's first tour of Europe in 1933. One critic wrote, "He gives the same distinction to his genre as Strauss gave to the waltz or Sousa to the march." In England, the Prince of Wales sat in on drums at one show. "We both began to get rather high on whatever it was we were drinking," said Sonny Greer. "He was calling me Sonny, and I was calling him the Wale."

Another true jazz genius of the Thirties was Billie Holiday, who was the M.V.P. vocalist of the swing era. To band members, vocalists were a necessary evil, like road food. But musicians on recording sessions and in bands with her considered Holiday a great instrumentalist. She could take the most trivial pop tune and turn it into something moving, into art. Her voice was like one of those delicate but passionate gardenias that she wore in her hair.

She couldn't have had a much harder upbringing, and you can hear it in her singing. But there is also a buoyancy and sunny irony to her as well. If she had the blues, she also had a sense of humor.

"I was a woman when I was sixteen," she wrote in her autobiography, *Lady Sings the Blues*. "I was big for my age, with big breasts, big bones—a big fat healthy broad, that's all."

Her parents split up when she was still a baby, and Holiday left school forever after fifth grade. When she was ten, a neighbor—named Mr. Dick—tried to rape her. When the police arrested him, they sent her off to a Catholic institution for wayward girls because she had been doing errands for the girls in a whorehouse near where she lived in Baltimore. Instead of payment, she'd begged to listen to records on the Victrola in the front parlor—especially Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, her two biggest influences. "I always wanted Bessie's big sound and Pops's feeling."

At the age of 13, she was a "hip kitty," as she put it. Her mother found herself unable to make it doing domestic work

## A Jive Glossary

**alligator:** jitterbug
**barbecue:** a girlfriend, a beauty
**beat it out:** play it hot, emphasize the rhythm
**beat up the chops (or the gums):** to talk, converse, be loquacious
**blackstick:** clarinet
**bree:** girl
**bust your conk:** apply yourself diligently, break your neck
**cat:** musician in a swing band
**chase:** alternation of solos by two or more musicians
**cheaters:** glasses
**chirp:** female singer
**clambake:** ad-lib session, every man for himself, an uninspired jam session
**cogs:** sunglasses
**cook:** to play with inspiration
**corn:** jazz that is dated or poorly conceived
**crazy:** superlative
**crumb crushers:** teeth
**doghouse:** bass fiddle
**dog tune:** song with no musical merit
**domi:** short for "domicile." Example: "I live in a righteous domi."
**duke:** hand, mitt
**early black:** evening
**early bright:** morning
**final:** to leave, to go home. Examples: "I finaled to my pad" (went to bed). "We copped a final" (went home).
**gabriels:** trumpet players
**git-box:** guitar
**glims:** the eyes
**gob stick:** clarinet
**got your boots on:** to know what it's all about, to be a hep cat, to be wise
**got your glasses on:** to be ritzy or snooty, to fail to recognize your friends, to be up stage
**groan-box:** accordion
**ground grippers:** shoes
**guzzlin' foam:** drinking beer
**hame:** job outside the music business
**hep cat:** a guy who knows all the answers, understands jive
**hide-beater:** a drummer
**hip** or **hep:** wise, sophisticated, anyone with boots on. Example: "She's a hip chick."
**ironworks:** vibraphones
**Jeff:** a pest, a bore
**jive:** the lingo of Harlem
**jumped into port:** arrived in town
**knock:** to give. Example: "Knock me a kiss."
**Land o' Darkness:** Harlem
**lay some iron:** to tap dance. Example: "Jack, you really laid some iron that last show."
**lick:** musical phrase or solo
**longhair:** classical music devotee
**mash me a fin:** "Give me five dollars."
**mitt-pounding:** applause
**moldy fig:** partisan of traditional jazz
**off-time jive:** a sorry excuse, saying the wrong thing
**riff:** a lick or musical phrase
**sadder than a map:** terrible. Example: "That man is sadder than a map."
**Sam got you:** to be drafted into the Army
**scat:** to sing with improvised nonsense syllables
**see:** to read music. Example: "He doesn't see too well."
**set of seven brights:** one week
**slush pump:** trombone
**spark-jiver:** electric organ
**squeak-box:** violin
**storehouse:** piano
**sweet:** music played straight, without improvisation, in which the melody can always be recognized
**timber:** toothpick
**togged to the bricks:** dressed to kill from head to toe
**tram:** trombone
**twister to the slammer:** to put the key to the door
**unhep:** not wise to the jive; said of a Jeff
**woodpile:** xylophone
**wrong riff:** the wrong thing said or done. Example: "You're coming up the wrong riff."

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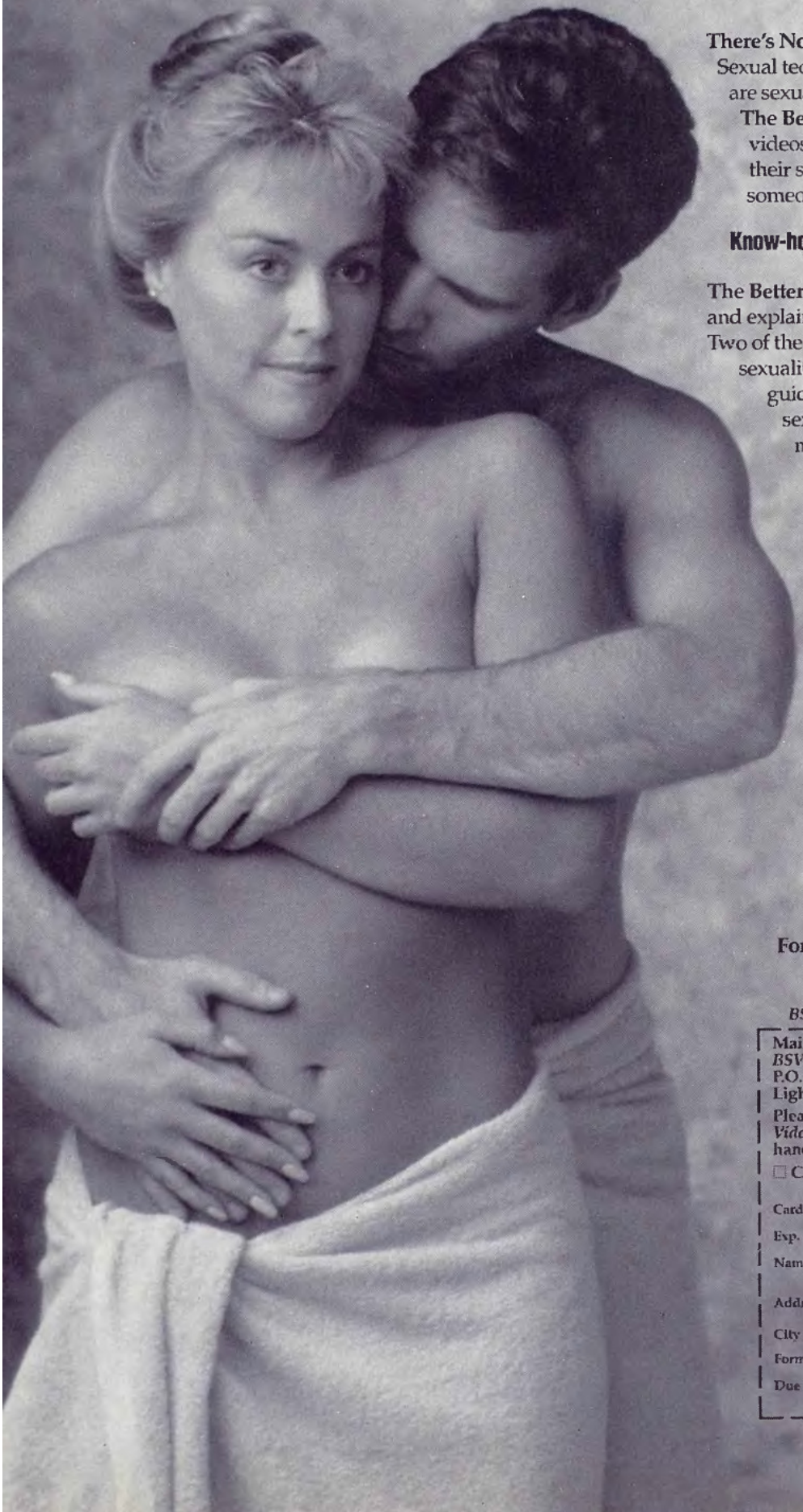

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and decided to move to New York where the pay was higher. Things weren't much easier there. Holiday tried working as a maid for a rich white woman who introduced her to the term nigger; they fought, and soon Holiday, barely a teenager, was supporting her mom and herself by working as a prostitute in Harlem. Quickly, she was "strictly a twenty-dollar call girl" with several regular customers—all white. But she had no aptitude for it, she said. "For damn good reason, I was scared to death of sex." When she was 12, "a trumpet player from a big Negro orchestra had had me for the first time on the floor of my grandmother's parlor. . . . That was rugged enough to finish me with men for a while."

Soon, she was thrown in jail, spending four months on Welfare Island, fending off the ladies who liked her (so she said in her book; others said that she was occasionally bisexual) and cooking her mom's Southern-style recipes for the warden. He enjoyed her cooking so much that he asked her to stay on as an employee.

Since Holiday was on parole and had to stay straight, she and her mom were broke again. Her father was then in town playing guitar with the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, and she used to visit the club to bug him for money, which he'd give her quickly and send her away, so that the young showgirls he was hanging out with wouldn't know he had a grown daughter.

But as she tells it in her autobiography, one cold winter day they were out of money and behind on the rent. An eviction notice came saying they had to pay $45 or be out the next morning. Holiday hit the streets, trying the joints uptown on Seventh Avenue for a job. Finally, she got to Pod's and Jerry's and told one of the owners she was a dancer. She wasn't. The piano player "took pity on me" and asked if she could sing. "Sure, I can sing, what good is that?" They did *Travelin' All Alone*. "That came closer than anything to the way I felt. And some part of it must have come across. . . . When I finished, everybody in the joint was crying in their beer, and I picked thirty-eight bucks up off the floor. When I left the joint that night, I split with the piano player and still took home fifty-seven dollars." She bought a whole chicken and some baked beans and hurried to tell her mother.

Not long afterward, John Hammond wandered into some Harlem club and found Holiday singing there. In the April 1933 issue of *Melody Maker*—the 22-year-old impresario was also New York correspondent for the British music magazine—Hammond wrote, "This month, there has been a real find in the person of a singer called Billie Holiday. . . . Though only 18, she weighs over 200 pounds, is incredibly beautiful and sings as well as anybody I ever heard."

Hammond arranged her first recording session with Benny Goodman. After that came many fruitful sessions with pickup bands, usually led by pianist Teddy Wilson, which produced some of her best work and some of the best jazz recorded during the Thirties.

Holiday's records featured most of the best jazz musicians of the time. She recorded almost exclusively in New York, so if Ellington was in town, they'd use members of his band; if Basie was, they'd use his.

The list of people who backed her is a basic *Who's Who* of swing-era musicians, including her good pal Lester Young from the Basie band, saxophonist Johnny Hodges and Chu Berry. Additional sax or clarinet players included Don Redman, Harry Carney, Ben Webster, Herschel Evans and Benny Goodman.

Among the trumpeters who turned up on Holiday's records were Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Hot Lips Page, Jonah Jones, Charlie Shavers, Cootie Williams and Red Allen.

Billie's mainstay pianist into the Forties remained Teddy Wilson, but Eddie Heywood or Claude Thornhill or Count Basie occasionally sat in (unfortunately, Basie didn't play behind her often because of contractual problems).

The rhythm section usually consisted of that solid rock from the Basie band: Freddie Green on guitar, Big Un Page on bass and Jo Jones on drums, a line-up Basie trombonist Dickie Wells described as "nothing less than a Cadillac with the force of a Mack truck."

By the mid-Thirties, Holiday was getting work at the better-known New York clubs: the Alhambra Grill, the Hotcha Club, the Famous Door, the Apollo and Connie's Inn, recently moved to Midtown from Harlem. At Connie's Inn, Holiday was in a lavish show, which she had to leave because of food poisoning. Her replacement was Bessie Smith.

Early in 1937, Hammond, once again playing matchmaker, convinced Holiday to join the Count Basie Orchestra. Hammond brought them together in New York for the first time, since the Basie band was making a shaky start at drawing crowds.

At a recording session Hammond arranged, Holiday had met Lester Young, Basie's great saxophonist. They hit it off right away. As Hammond recalled it: "Their styles fitted, as did their tastes in smoking—the session was nearly canceled when one of the top American Record Company officials walked in and sniffed the air suspiciously." They both remained fond of the evil weed.

Young was born in Mississippi in 1909

but spent his first ten years across the river from New Orleans in Algiers. When he was ten, his family split up and Young moved with his brother and sister to Minneapolis to live with his father, a carny musician. "I really appreciated what my father did for me," Young said. "He'd been a blacksmith, but he studied at Tuskegee and he knew so much. He tried to teach me everything. He could play all the instruments and liked trumpet best. He kept up traveling with carnival minstrel shows and teaching music until he died in the Forties." So as a kid, Young was on the road in the territories every summer, playing drums in his father's band. He switched to sax because the drums were too heavy to lug around—also, dealing with them after gigs interfered with hitting on girls.

At the age of 18, he left home rather than make a tour of the South (with its attendant racist hassles) that his father had booked. He started on alto sax and switched to tenor sax before joining the Original Blue Devils in 1932, and then moved on to Bennie Moten. When Coleman Hawkins left Fletcher Henderson for an extended stay in Europe starting in 1934, Young got the call to replace him. But he was no replacement, he was different, his style more lyrical, melodic, than Hawkins' had been. He only lasted a few months with Henderson before being hounded out of the band for not being a Hawkins clone; he was replaced by Ben Webster, a Hawkins disciple.

Young was playing in Minneapolis when he heard the re-formed Count Basie band on the radio, broadcasting from the Reno Club in Kansas City in 1936. He sent Basie a telegram saying the band needed a real tenor sax player. He got the job, starting an association that produced some of the best music of the era. In Gunther Schuller's opinion, Lester was the most influential horn player after Armstrong and before Charlie Parker.

Lester moved in with Holiday and her mom after discovering "a big dirty old rat the size of my dog" snoozing on his shirts in a hotel dresser drawer. According to all accounts, their relationship was strictly platonic, they just liked hanging out together, smoking a little pot and making the afterhours rounds of rent parties and jam sessions.

Holiday remembered one where Chu Berry, then with Cab Calloway and considered the best, playing a "pretty gold horn," got blown away by "Lester with his little old saxophone held together with adhesive tape and rubber bands." It was he who gave Holiday the nickname Lady Day.

These were some of the happiest days for both of them, before Holiday's heroin addiction and subsequent rounds of jail sentences and harassment until her death in 1959.

The event that best characterized the nature of this musical era may have occurred at the Savoy Ballroom in New York on June 17, 1937. That night there was a battle of the bands between Count Basie and Chick Webb, featuring Holiday and newcomer Ella Fitzgerald as their respective vocalists.

Webb was an excellent drummer, despite a physical handicap resulting from spinal tuberculosis that left him hunchbacked. An operation would eventually kill him in 1939 at the age of 30. In the mid-Thirties, his band was a fixture at the Savoy Ballroom, one of New York's elite jazz clubs, and in 1935, he'd hired Ella Fitzgerald.

Basie won this battle of the bands. As a reviewer then said, "There is more force, personality and sparkle in the Holiday voice than we ever noticed in La Fitzgerald's, and that's going some, for Fitzgerald can sing for us any time of day." Fitzgerald went on to greater success. By 1938, with her big hit *A-Tisket A-Tasket*, she became far more popular than Holiday would ever be.

Holiday's adventures on the road with the Basie band in 1937 and 1938 were both funny and terrible, sometimes simultaneously. She got along well with most of the band—especially well with guitarist Freddie Green, the only one who became a boyfriend—and even took part in crap games in the band bus between cities. Once—her first go at it, naturally—she kept winning and cleaned the whole band of a week's pay.

Holiday was thrown out of the Basie band in 1938 for unreliability and lackadaisical attitude. On nights when she didn't feel like singing, she'd do a short, perfunctory performance. But almost immediately, she was hired by good-looking clarinetist Artie Shaw to be a vocalist in his otherwise all-white band.

Most of the other white big bands of the time don't bear much listening to now. Compared to the continuing sparkle of Basie, Ellington and Jimmie Lunceford, such far more popular white groups as Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's, and Glenn Miller's, generally sound flat and dated, belonging back at some Andy Hardy sock hop.

Benny Goodman's was far and away the most popular of these bands, white or black. But he was at his jazziest in the small groups he pulled out of his band and began recording with late in the Thirties; among his big-band records are large patches of totally forgettable renderings of mediocre pop tunes of the day—but then, that was the bread and butter for all these groups. Back then, everybody did versions of new tunes, slugging it out in the record stores and on the new and proliferating jukeboxes. Some weeks the same song done by three different groups would be in

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*Billboard*'s top ten. It was a practice that only died out in the Fifties, withering down to people like Pat Boone, the Diamonds and Elvis covering good new R&B songs for the white audience.

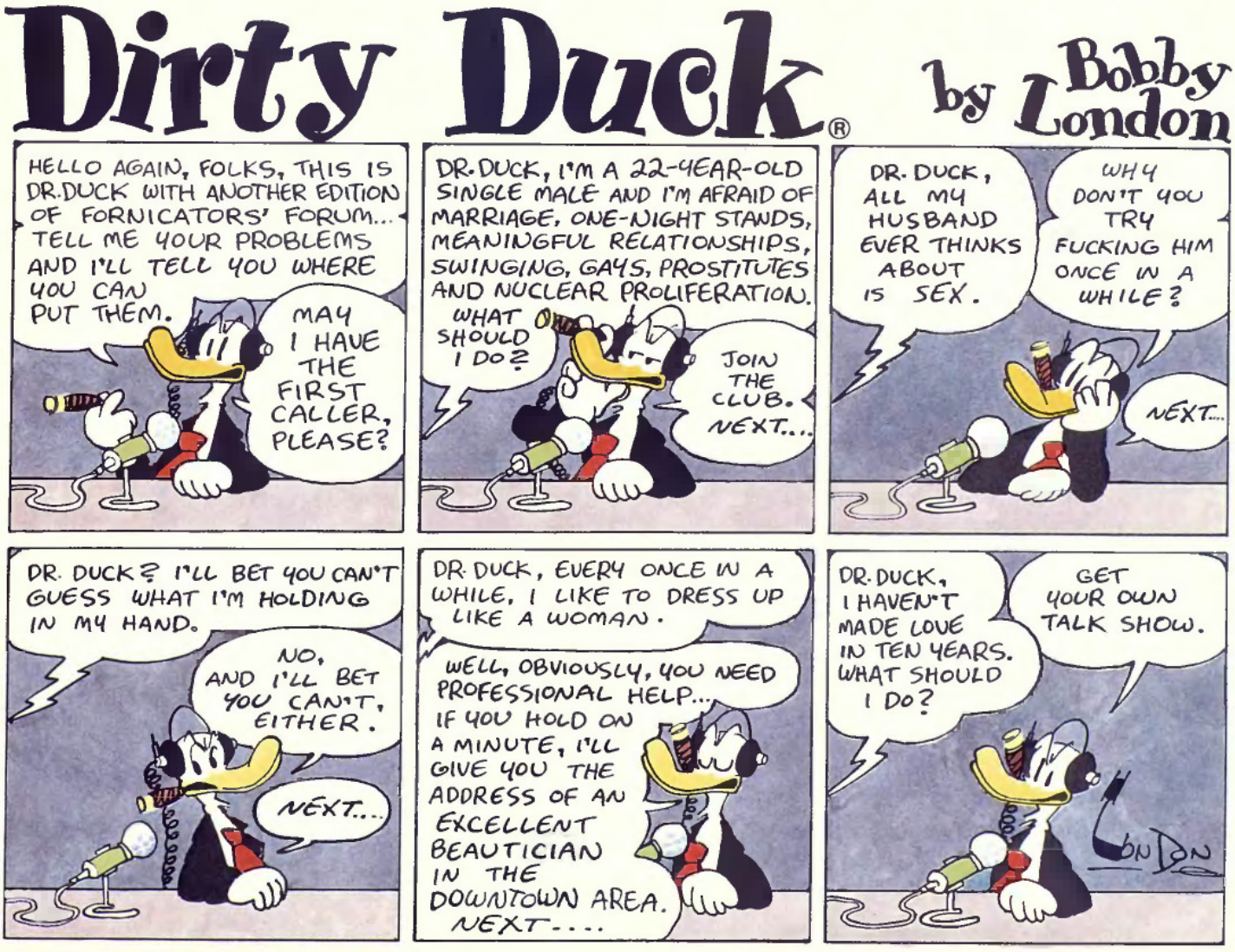
Artie Shaw was Goodman's rival as a clarinet wizard. His playing was lighter and thinner than Goodman's, but unlike Goodman, Shaw was both handsome and charming—as suggested by his enviable interludes with Lana Turner and Ava Gardner during the Forties.

Shaw was already doing well when Holiday joined in 1938, so he was brave on a couple of counts to hire her, primarily because she was the first well-known black female singer ever to front an immensely popular white band.

Racism back then was more blatant if not more rampant than it is today, and Shaw knew there were going to be problems. He was ready to take them on because he admired Holiday's talent so much, and also because, as a Jew, he'd suffered his own share of discrimination. Also, he and Holiday were attracted to each other, and, as John Chilton discreetly puts it in *Billie's Blues*, their relationship "was for a time more close and complex than the usual bandleader-vocalist situation."

But the racial hassles proved even tougher than Shaw or Holiday had expected. There were the usual comments. In West Virginia, drummer Zutty Singleton, hired to coach the band, suggested that Holiday get a room at the black hotel he was going to, but she tried going to the best whites-only hotel and was turned away—one of many such experiences. Even in New York. Billie had second billing to Shaw for a run at the Lincoln Hotel—its name another of life's little ironies—but, as she told the *New York Amsterdam News* in 1939, "I was never allowed to visit the bar or the dining room, as did the other members of the band. Not only was I made to enter and leave the hotel through the kitchen, but I had to remain alone in a little dark room all evening until I was called on to do my numbers."

She left the Shaw band after a year, just as Shaw himself did from time to time. A little too intellectually restless for the business, and bothered by dicey health, he led eight or nine completely different line-ups between 1936 and 1953—the first an odd amalgam of Dixieland and a string quartet ("a soothing, syrupy swing," said reviewer George T. Simon) and one in 1949 that played bebop. During World War Two, he led a Navy band in the Pacific that played "in jungles, in airplane hangars, on decks of ships and even in outdoor areas camouflaged for protection against enemy attack" but left on a medical discharge before his tour of duty was up. Shaw was a searcher, as might be expected of a man who married at least seven times. In 1934 he had been one of New York's most successful studio musicians but left to be a farmer for a while in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. In November 1939, at the height of his popularity as a bandleader, he abruptly disbanded and split for Mexico to "think" for a couple months before coming back and forming a new band. He returned to farming in the early Fifties, running his own dairy farm in Upstate New York. He then moved to Spain, where he lived for several years spending his time writing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DR. DUCK, I HAVEN'T MADE LOVE IN TEN YEARS. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
GET YOUR OWN TALK SHOW.
LONDON

an autobiography, *The Trouble with Cinderella*. He also wrote one published novel, a mystery called *I Love You, I Hate You, Drop Dead*.

During World War Two, big bands began to suffer—though judging from those cheery wartime musicals starring the Andrews Sisters, Kay Kyser and the rest, it would be hard to tell. But the draft was taking good players right and left, creating the swingingest military bands in history but making it as tough for bandleaders to find talent as it was for major-league ball clubs (1945 was the year the St. Louis Browns had one-armed Pete Gray playing the outfield). Gasoline rationing also made it harder for groups to book tours of one-night stands. A wartime strike by the musicians' union lasted for 13 months and put such a dent in recording that the early work of many bop musicians—among them Charlie Parker—went largely unrecorded.

There were also musical reasons for the fading of big bands in the late Forties. They had taken the set of ideas known as swing about as far as they could go. The music was becoming formulaic, overblown and—though this may sound contradictory—too good. As jazz critic Gunther Schuller says in a commentary on Lionel Hampton's 1942 *Flying Home*, "[It] fulfills its intentions with excellence. Such totally infectious swing in a riff-based big band also indicated a kind of crisis for the music. If the bands had learned to do this kind of thing this well and this winningly, well, there was nothing left for them except to try something new."

It was inevitable that some musicians would begin rattling the cage. Dizzy Gillespie, one of the revolutionary bopsters, organized a big band in 1946 (which a year later included 21-year-old Miles Davis) that tried to put bebop ideas into a big-band context. One idea involved playing at bat-out-of-hell speed, something that had been a natural tendency of jazz players from the beginning, to kick the music up a notch. The beboppers were going about as fast as you could go.

"[This] was the first full translation of Gillespie's and Parker's new bop language into big-band terms," says Schuller, writing on Gillespie's 1946 *Things to Come*. "The piece had the relentless speed, the frenetic emotional tension, all the new melodic and harmonic inventions that the boppers had developed. . . . Nothing like it had ever been heard before; it stunned the jazz world and, in its own curious and untoppable way, spelled the end of the swing era."

By 1948 the time of the big bands on the center stage of American popular music was over. In that year, many crashed and burned. George T. Simon's book *The Big Bands* mentions 450 different groups; almost all were goners by the Fifties.

There were exceptions, most notably Duke Ellington, whose orchestra not only continued to play concert and dance dates, but kept swinging—even in such extended pieces as *Far East Suite*, *Latin American Suite* and a collection called the *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*.

In 1947 Louis Armstrong dumped his big band, moving over to the smaller All Stars line-up he used for the rest of his career. Benny Goodman, on the other hand, sporadically led a big band well into the Sixties. Besides Gillespie's, a few new "modern" big bands, such as those led by Stan Kenton, Gerry Mulligan and Gil Evans, came along. Charlie Parker, bebop incarnate, couldn't resist the big-band sound himself and recorded sides fronting a fat orchestra.

But by the mid-Fifties, most of the big bands from the Thirties and Forties were as dead as the dinosaurs.

What they left behind were the first big individual stars—both solo instrumentalists and vocalists. The trend toward smaller clubs such as those lining 52nd Street in the Forties was encouraged in part by the emergence of these popular soloists. All you really needed was a rhythm section and the star. It was much cheaper for club owners, who would have fewer salaries to pay and no elaborate shows to mount. A tiny stage, a few tables, a liquor license and you were in business. So the big bands gradually gave way to the small combos that are still a mainstay of jazz.

The swing bands left something else behind: the crooner. Actually, most were croonettes, since a majority of bands had female vocalists.

A few of the female thrushes became more famous after their stints with bands. Cute, brown-haired and chipmunk-cheeked Dinah Shore appeared with Glenn Miller during World War Two. Before climbing up on her horse Buttermilk to become Roy Rogers' sensible sidekick and wife, Dale Evans posed for sexy décolletage publicity stills as vocalist for the otherwise forgotten Anson Weeks band in the mid-Thirties. And Harriet Hilliard was singing duets with Ozzie Nelson in his band at the time of their marriage in 1935, before their radio and TV careers as David and Ricky's square but understanding parents. Collegiate Les Brown, who organized his first band while a student at Duke, had fresh and radiant Doris Day as his singer for a while in the early Forties. It didn't hurt to be cute. Peggy Lee, sultry and then some (both to look at and to listen to), sang with Goodman in 1941. Billie

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# Swing on CD

The swing era started out one tune to a side on shellac 78s, eventually made its way onto vinyl albums and now arrives scrubbed and polished on sumptuous CD reissues and collections. If you want to think swing, start with these.

Count Basie, ***The Essential Count Basie, Vol. 1*** (Columbia)—The Count's combo of urbane sophistication and down-home Kansas City grit was never captured better than on these 1939 sides. Basie's band focused on soloists; the greatest of them, saxophonist Lester Young, stars here on the frantic *Taxi War Dance*—as well as on a 1936 version of *Oh, Lady Be Good* that captivated the young Charlie Parker.

Roy Eldridge, ***After You've Gone*** (Decca Jazz)—From Louis Armstrong to Wynton Marsalis, no trumpeter ever blew a hotter horn than Eldridge (a.k.a. Little Jazz); some buffs even consider him the premiere instrumentalist of swing. These early-Forties sides find Eldridge (fresh off Gene Krupa's payroll) leading his own band, a serviceable showcase for his blinding speed and high-note fireworks.

Duke Ellington, ***The Blanton-Webster Band*** (Bluebird)—The title refers to the arrival of the first "modern" bassist, Jimmy Blanton, and the dynamic Kansas City tenor saxophonist, Ben Webster, in the Ellington orchestra (1940–1942). Their presence galvanized Ellington to create such masterworks as *Cottontail*, *Jack the Bear* and *Main Stem*—all included in this three-CD set, as is the original recording of *Take the A Train*.

Benny Goodman, ***Sing, Sing, Sing*** (Bluebird)—Out of the pile of worthy Goodman reissues, this one comprises Benny's greatest hits of 1935–1938: the intoxicating inauguration of the swing era. Goodman's superheated clarinet leads the band that defined big-band precision. Included are several of the classic Fletcher Henderson arrangements, a turn by Ella Fitzgerald and the title tune, in which Krupa invented the drum solo.

Benny Goodman, ***After You've Gone*** (Bluebird)—

The big bands may have been the great ships of the swing era, but sleeker, more maneuverable pleasure craft abounded in the form of the small groups. All felt the influence of Goodman's trio and quartet featured on these sessions. The quartet included Teddy Wilson, Krupa and vibist Lionel Hampton and filled the discerning fan's demand for unfettered improvisation.

Coleman Hawkins, ***The Complete Coleman Hawkins: The Essential Keynote Collection*** (Mercury)—Hawkins' fat tone, swaggering vibrato and harmonic ingenuity formed the prevailing model for tenor sax players until Lester Young came along. Hawkins also epitomized small-group jamming, as displayed throughout this four-CD collection: It features many alternate takes and such peers as Earl Hines, trumpeter Charlie Shavers and Teddy Wilson.

Woody Herman, ***The Thundering Herds 1945–1947*** (Columbia)—Herman's late-Thirties orchestra was dubbed the Band That Plays the Blues, with the leader's clarinet and alto sax up front; by the mid-Forties, they had shifted to bebop, maintaining their popularity and showcasing a 20-year-old Stan Getz on *Four Brothers*. Modernistic? Stravinsky wrote *Ebony Concerto* for this band.

Billie Holiday, ***The Legacy (1933–1958)*** (Columbia/Legacy)—The gang's all here—from Ellington and Goodman to Wilson and Young—on three CDs' worth of the great jazz singer. The sheer pleasure of music making is the keynote of this set, which includes a gorgeous book and 70 tracks.

Glenn Miller, ***A Legendary Performer*** (Bluebird)—Not even today's purists would be able to resist these live-broadcast performances (1939–1942) by the best-selling band of the swing era. With recordings before the worshipful crowds at Miller's home base (the Glen Island Casino), and with the radio patter and audience reactions intact, this set perfectly captures the innocent, romantic excitement of the period.

Artie Shaw, ***Begin the Beguine*** (Bluebird)—Shaw's band gave Goodman's a run for the money; not incidentally, the charismatic Shaw may have been the greatest clarinetist of the swing era. Peerless vocalists (Holiday and Helen Forrest), hit tunes (*Frenesi*, *Moonglow*) and the ferocious young Buddy Rich supply highlights here—vying with Shaw's jaw-dropping glissando on the title track.

Frank Sinatra and Tommy Dorsey, ***All Time Greatest Hits Vol. 3*** (RCA)—Bigger, grander sets chronicle a more mature and assured Sinatra, but this is where it began, with young Frank clutching a microphone stand and the sweet sounds of Dorsey as a backdrop. In those days, Sinatra took his ideas about phrasing from Billie Holiday; on these sides, his unspoiled baritone makes clear why his first nickname was The Voice.

Fats Waller, ***The Last Years*** (Bluebird)—Through a combination of solid music and clownish wit, Waller established himself during his short life as one of this century's best-known entertainers. This three-CD set of recordings (1940–1943) finds his wild-eyed vocals leading small groups and big bands. The Harlem stride piano that inspired Basie is never far from the spotlight. —NEIL TESSER

Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald got along largely on talent. As did Sarah Vaughan, singing with Billy Eckstine (formerly a vocalist himself with Earl Hines), whose 1944–1947 big band included Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Miles Davis.

The first male crooner of any importance was Bing Crosby, who sang with Paul Whiteman in the late Twenties and was pals with Bix Beiderbecke. Crosby was the first big multimedia star to emerge from a so-called jazz band, but by the mid-Thirties he had already become the all-purpose showbiz personality he remained for the rest of his career.

It was Crosby whom Frank Sinatra wanted to be when he grew up. Sinatra started out singing as a teenager in New Jersey before getting his first break with Harry James, in whose new band he sang for seven months before joining Tommy Dorsey in 1939. Sinatra soon surpassed Crosby to become the ultimate crooner, the heart-throb for an army of saddle-shoed bobby-soxers. He specialized in slow romantic ballads that made teenage girls swoon.

He could sing like no one before or since. His voice and his phrasing are unique. Like Billie Holiday, he could take any song, even the dumbest pop tune, and make it his own. Oddly, jazz critics mainly ignore Sinatra or dismiss him as a pop balladeer. But Sinatra is up there at the top. That he proved to be a fine actor in such Fifties films as *From Here to Eternity* and *The Man with the Golden Arm* wasn't surprising—his singing had always been a dramatic presentation, the best of his songs musical short stories. And all the girls thought this skinny adenoidal guy, the opposite of John Wayne or Clark Gable, was adorable.

There had been many male vocalists before him, but Sinatra's enormous popularity while in Tommy Dorsey's band changed the whole game. It had been coming for a while, but from Sinatra on, the singers began to dominate the big bands at the expense of the instrumentalists. The 13-month recording strike of 1942–1943 conspired in favor of vocalists—they could record, but union players couldn't. By the end of the war, singers were the new stars and bands were relegated to the status of backup groups.

This development added a few more logs to the fire of the bop rebellion and its small combos. In bop combos, there were no vocalists.

And other transformations were taking place. By the mid-Fifties, Little Richard was warbling some strange new language and Elvis had started shaking his pelvis.

Rock and roll—jazz's next revelation—had arrived.

## Society Darlings

*(continued from page 129)*

flushes my romantic drivel straight down the toilet. The ball was designed, in essence, as a glorified meat market: a chance to display before society the talents, beauty and grace of your daughter, the sooner to get her out of the house and into the hoped-for status of nobleman's chattel. And so she had her moment in the light, dancing a charming minuet or gavotte, reciting verse, playing the pianoforte or violin and generally carrying on in as winsome a way as was required to lure a husband.

Today, one's child, wealth and taste are on display during the at-home coming-out party, an affair thrown—usually in July or August—to honor a daughter in her 18th year. Although it is supposedly her night, the deb is sometimes upstaged by the decor. I remember one such party in Southampton during the prodigal Eighties for which a star decorator was hired to do the tent's interior in a profusion of extravagant effects. The bill was rumored to be $60,000—just for the tent, mind you; forget about the music, food and booze. The unfortunate deb was hardly remembered.

I always saw these parties as revels. I recall one at which, when champagne, scrambled eggs and bacon were served at dawn, people literally came crawling out of bushes in varying states of dishabille to see what the commotion was about. I remember as well lots of orgiastic swimming in pools at four in the morning, sometimes in full evening regalia, sometimes in nothing at all.

The summer deb party was once a starchy, chaperoned event attended by beaux hand-picked by Mother and Father. No one, certainly no one below the legal imbibing age, got drunk; this party, after all, was one of the sturdy traditions of the Protestant ruling classes in a most conservative country. Sons and daughters went home with their parents when the party ended, well before midnight.

All that changed in the early Sixties, when a party that is now legend took place. In a sense, that party set the tone for all those I knew while I was growing up. It was given in Southampton for the heiress to the Wanamaker department-store fortune, Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill. The single male guests stayed in Dune Castle, an enormous rented house at the beach. The party was a smash, though some were put off by the band that followed the traditional orchestra from Philadelphia. It featured electrically amplified music played loudly by black people; rock and roll had made its debut at a society soiree. After the tent party folded, the guests kidnaped band members and took them to Dune Castle, where they played into the dawn. A

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chimpanzee was reported loose and swinging from the chandeliers.

It was fun while it lasted; later on in the Sixties, the debutante phenomenon fell out of favor. For progressive youth, it carried too much establishment baggage; feminists rejected it as a sexist anachronism. After limping through the Seventies, however, it experienced an almost complete restoration during the reign of Reagan and continues to flourish in the elitist conservatism of the Bush Presidency. The big metropolitan balls—the Gold and Silver, the Assembly, the Cotillion, in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Atlanta—are once again well subscribed to, though more tightly governed than in my day, when it was *de rigueur* to get hammered at Trader Vic's during balls at the Plaza. And there's another difference: A deb no longer feels obligated to end her season with a ring on her finger.

My own great aunts were famous Virginia debs known as the Langhorne sisters. Irene Langhorne, who married Charles Dana Gibson, inspired the wasp-waisted Gibson girl, an icon of the deb aesthetic. Her sister Nancy married Waldorf Astor and became the first female member of the House of Commons. These ambitious women used their beauty to get what they desired from life.

A century later, women are again picking up on the idea of trading on their sexual gifts. It has become smart to be a little cheesecakey, not only for Madonna but for "nice" girls who've gone to the right schools, girls who'd be at home at any debutante ball. Today, they can choose to be sex objects and still be self-determining. Here's to them.

# DRUG WARS

*(continued from page 118)*

room—wall to wall—was covered with money. We were standing knee-deep in twenty-dollar bills.'

"That's why there's so much corruption among law-enforcement people involved in the drug war. Cops will bust a place and one of them will find thousands of dollars stashed away in a back room. He'll grab a handful and stuff it into his pocket. He knows that what he grabs in that handful will be more than his salary for the entire month. He also knows that nobody will be doing any counting until he turns the money in."

•

"There are plenty of abandoned buildings in New York. The drug dealers come in, take over a few apartments and force the good people out. It isn't safe for them to walk in the front door, so they move. After a while, the landlord even stops collecting rent. He leaves a situation like that alone. The place becomes a crack house or a shooting gallery, and it's these buildings where we do most of our work.

"The dealers know we'll be coming after them sooner or later, so they set booby traps for us. They'll kick big holes in the upper floors and cover them with linoleum so that we fall through. Sometimes they'll drive nails into the banisters up a dark flight of stairs. Or they'll weaken the stairs so they collapse when we're about halfway up, and they'll drive a nail into the banister right where you're most likely to grab when you fall.

"The dealers have started using pit bulls for protection. They'll remove the dogs' vocal cords and train them to go for the groin. You'll go into one of these dark buildings where you can't see a thing, and three or four dogs will come at you. They can't growl, so there's no warning. They just come leaping at your groin.

"I used to be an animal lover, but not anymore. I shoot those dogs without hesitation. This year alone, we've shot hundreds of dogs."

•

"As a cop, you hear about rip-offs all the time. And it's not just stick-up boys knocking off street sellers. There are big-money rip-offs, too.

"My favorite one took place about a year ago. Through an informant, we learned that a transaction was going to take place at a motel, and we had the room wired. On the day of the transaction, a SWAT team was ready to storm the motel.

"When you have an operation like this set up, you never know if it's really going to take place. A lot of informants aren't reliable. They'll feed you all kinds of bullshit and you'll end up spending six hours staking out an empty hole. But on this particular day, the relevant parties

showed up right on time. The only thing was, the seller didn't bring any cocaine—he just brought guns because he was planning on ripping off the buyer. But the buyer didn't bring any money because he was going to rip off the seller.

"I was at the command post listening on the wire, laughing my ass off. All I could hear was these two dudes in the motel room shouting at each other, 'You lying motherfucker!'"

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

"Going from the streets to prison is moving from one drug-infested place to another drug-infested place. When a dope fiend wants his dope, he'll take whatever measures are necessary to get it. You'd be amazed at how easy it is to smuggle drugs into this penitentiary. I've been locked up for nine years and I've never had any trouble in getting drugs.

"Probably the most common way is to have a guest bring it in. If you've got a baby, your woman can hide the drugs in the baby's diaper, and when you're holding your little baby, you know where to look. In this prison, we're allowed to have contact visits, so another way is to have your girlfriend stick some drugs up her pussy. When the two of you are alone on the bed, all you got to do is reach between her legs and pull the drugs out. To get past the shakedown when your visit is over, you pack the drugs into a balloon and swallow it or stick it up your anus. It's as easy as that."

•

"There was this one guard here that I used to talk to all the time. I thought he was the squarest dude in the world. Then one day about a month ago, I opened the newspaper and I see this dude's picture. He'd been busted for running a cocaine ring in the prison. Him and another guard would come in with cocaine strapped all up and down their legs. Now, I was talking with this guy for a year, and like I said, I thought he was the squarest guy around. I thought I knew everything that was going on, but I come to find out he was *the man*. I couldn't believe it. I knew that guards were dropping off packages and stuff, but I never would have suspected this guy. He was a sergeant and he was up for promotion. He was going to be a lieutenant. But like everybody else, he got caught up chasing the money."

•

"For every person who goes to jail, eight to ten people pass through the court system. As a judge, I'm permitted an average of four and a half minutes per case. Given these circumstances, we're only able to negotiate pleas. We don't even wield the threat of trying these people. The plea bargain has replaced the indictment in our system. The word on the street is: It doesn't matter what you've done or what you've been arrested for, the courts won't be able to prosecute you.

"The fact that our resources are stretched beyond our ability to cope is evident just by walking through the building. We're using basements for courtrooms. The building's pipes and plumbing are exposed overhead, and every time a toilet flushes in the building, they have to stop the trial because you can't hear over the rushing water. In other basements, the jurors have to wear overcoats because there isn't any heat. There are pretrial examinations being conducted in hallways, and attorney conferences are taking place at Burger King and McDonald's."

•

"On the day that he becomes a policeman, every cop thinks he's going to change the world. He's going to be the cop that puts all the bad guys in jail and makes the streets safe. He's thinking the world is going to be a better place because he has a badge and a gun.

"But pretty soon you find out that's not the case. You learn that the system isn't set up to keep people in jail. A lot of the bad guys you arrest, who really do belong in prison, end up copping pleas and don't do any serious time. No matter how many arrests you make, there are still thousands of dealers standing on street corners selling drugs. The murders and robberies and O.D.s keep on coming. The city is like a giant cesspool, and no matter how hard you work, you can't clean it up. The judicial system stinks and that hardens your attitude, makes you a little cynical.

"Pretty soon, you slow down. You don't try so hard. After you've been shot at once or twice, you shy away from potentially dangerous situations. Instead of telling yourself, 'I'm the cop who's going to make the world a better place,' you ask yourself, 'What the fuck am I risking my life for?'"

THE DEALERS

"I first started selling drugs when I was thirteen. By the time I was fifteen, I was doing ten thousand dollars' worth of business every day selling cocaine, heroin, bam and dust. Out of the ten thousand, my take would be twenty-five hundred. That is a lot of money for a little teenage boy to be bringing in every day.

"I rented my own two-bedroom apartment that I used to deal drugs out of and I bought a brand-new Lincoln Town Car. I wasn't old enough to have a driver's license, so my mother cosigned for the car. There I was, driving this big fancy car and buying things that my mother had never been able to buy for me.

"I wasn't a drug user. I was just a dealer, which gave me power over the users. I'd prey on drug users the same way a lion preys on other animals in the jungle. I was strong and they were weak. I


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never had to do violent things because I could get a drug user to do them for me. It's a mind-boggling thing for a teenage kid to have that power.

"The thing that makes it seem right is, I'd always go home and give money to my mother. She was working, but she wasn't making a whole lot of money. She couldn't afford to buy food and clothes for my brothers and sisters. Life for her was a struggle. A lot of times you'll hear these young kids dealing drugs say, 'Man, my mother needs help.' And that's the truth. To me, that made what I was doing acceptable. My family never had nothing and I was taking care of them. Nobody could say that what I was doing was wrong."

•

"I've only had two real jobs in my entire life. The first was mopping floors and cleaning toilets at the airport, and the second was shining shoes in the men's room at the airport. Do you know what it's like to be working in the shithouse all day, man? People in there be groanin' and fartin'. Some of 'em stink so bad you can smell it coming through the door. It's degrading, man. Degrading.

"After a while, I quit going to work. Why should I be standing in the shithouse when I can make ten times more on the street? Working don't make no sense, man. I ain't got no education. Never even passed the fifth grade. I can't get no good job.

"When I'm on the street, ain't nobody asking how much schoolin' I got. And there ain't nobody telling me to put on clean clothes. All they doing is givin' me rock, sayin', 'Sell 'em, man, sell 'em.'"

•

"I was seven months' pregnant when I was arrested. The cop who arrested me kept asking, 'What are you doing selling crack when you're carrying a baby? What do you think that baby is going to be like?'

"I told him I didn't do drugs. I don't smoke crack. I just sell it. Hell, I don't even smoke marijuana. Just cigarettes, that's all. But the policeman kept being mean about the baby. He kept saying, 'What's that baby going to be like?' Tellin' me that I wasn't cut out to be a mother.

"Hell, you can't hurt a baby by *selling* drugs. The baby don't know. It ain't even been born yet."

•

"It ain't hard to spot police. Any educated person like me can do it. Like just a few minutes ago, I saw a guy in a black shirt coming down the street, and it was obvious that the guy was a police officer. He was clean and he had all those big muscles.

"Wanna know how to make a bust? OK, this is how. The police can't be sending in all these big, healthy-looking guys all the time. They got to send in a guy that looks like he's addicted. You got to see it in his eyes. They got to send in a guy who looks like he wants the pipe so bad he'll get down on his knees and suck some dick to get it. If you're a cop and you just want to make a little ten-dollar buy, come in dirty with some stink on you. That's how to make a bust."

•

"The jump-out squad has arrested me three times for selling crack, and that's the worst feeling in the world, man. After sellin' to an undercover, the jump-out squad swarms right down on you. They put you in handcuffs, knee you in the back, rub your nose in the dirt and leave you lying on the ground. The neighbors all gather round and stand there looking down at you. It makes you feel real stupid. You're thinking, Damn, how could I let this happen?"

•

"A lotta crackheads will tell. They don't want to sit in jail 'cause the only thing they're thinking of is getting more 'caine. So they tell.

"The worst ones are the women. These female crackheads, man, after they flip and start working for the police, they'll have sex with you. They'll screw you real good and be finding out information at the same time. A lot of dudes get busted like that. They'll trust the woman 'cause she's givin' him a piece of pussy. The dude'll think she's all right, but she'll be looking around, seeing where he's hiding all his coke and listening to everything about how his operation runs. Then, as soon as she gets her panties back on, she'll run and tell the police.

"A woman like that gets off two ways, man. She gets a good fuck and she don't have to do no time."

•

"When you're dealing rock, you get a lot of women, man. If I'm on the street and I see a woman that I might want to be with, I find out if she likes rock. If she does, I give her a proposition. I tell her, 'Hey, baby, you give me some head and I'll give you this here rock.' And they do it, man. Really beautiful women, all races, they'll give you head for a little tiny rock.

"A lot of hustlers like to go to bed with crack whores. Not me. I'd never put my penis in their vaginas because I'm thinking 'bout AIDS. A woman pipehead will spread her legs for anybody to get some cocaine.

"Fortunately, I've got a good wife at home. I know there's gonna be times when she wants to make love. That's something I gotta do and I don't want to be bringing no diseases home to my wife. So I don't go down on no crack whores. I only let 'em give me head."

THE ADDICTS

"I was selling boat [PCP] when crack cocaine first came out, and right away, everybody started putting their money

behind crack. So I switched over and was selling crack. I seen how crazy people was acting. I seen dudes getting shot and beat over the head for smoking up product. I seen how women would sell their bodies just to get a little hit. I been in houses where there'd be a little three-, four-month-old baby crying upstairs while the mother was next door selling her body. I'd look in the icebox and there was no food in there. The only thing I'd see in the icebox was some baking soda and some water. I said to myself, 'That ain't right. The baby ain't got no food. No matter what happens, I'll never let myself get this desperate.'

"Then one day my old lady took her mother to the grocery store in my car. While they were gone, I cooked up a rock and said, 'I'm only gonna do it this one time. I'm gonna see what all the fuss is about. And after that—no more.' I cooked up a fifty, put the rock in the pipe, lit it and took a long, deep hit. I held the smoke in my lungs for thirty seconds.

"I felt so free. The feeling was indescribable. I was standing there in front of the window, saying, 'Lord have mercy! This son of a bitch ain't to be fucked with!'

"That first hit there, that was my downfall. Crack is the worst addiction there is. It's worse than heroin and it's worse than PCP. The craving is so powerful that it makes you lose all your morals and principles. It robs you of your dignity.

"I've seen grown men and grown women sitting down crying, saying, 'I've got to stop living like this. I've got to stop hittin' the pipe. I've got to get some help.'

"But five minutes later, when somebody is knocking on the door with a rock, all the cryin' and shit is history, man. All they thinkin' about is gettin' a hit on the pipe."

•

"I remember one time I got jumped for messin' up this dude's money. I was working the street, doing hand to hand, and this dude I was working for come around and gave me some coke. He said, 'Look, man, I'll be back in two hours. If you don't have my money, I'll blow your motherfuckin' brains out.' He was giving me a second chance.

"But as soon as the dude walked away, I run off again. See, when you messin' with crack, you do crazy things.

"I run off to this girl's house. My intention was to screw this girl, 'cause I knew she like to smoke. So me and her started in on these rocks. After we started smoking, I lost interest in sex. I was thinking, You can keep your drawers on, bitch. We'll just smoke. A lotta girls will do that. If you come to trick, they'll try to get you to smoke first because they know you'll just want to keep smoking. You should always make 'em trick first. But that's not what I done this time.

"Me and this girl smoked up all the dude's product. We just smoked and smoked and smoked till it was gone. I didn't have no money to give the dude, so I was ducking and hiding, trying to avoid him. But they found me going into a crack house. Eight dudes run up from behind and jumped me on the street.

"All the people in the neighborhood were looking out of their windows, watching to see what was happening. The dudes carried me back in the alley, and I thought they were gonna kill me because that's what the dude told me he was gonna do. But they just gave me a beating, man. I was lying there on the ground all bloody, and the whole time they was whipping me I was thinking, I wish they'd stop. I wish they'd let me go so I can get a hit of cocaine, man. I *need* a hit.

"And that's exactly what I did. When they finally stopped, I went upstairs to the crack house. People in there took pity on me. This dude said, 'Man, we seen what happened to you.' And he gave me a rock. Another dude gave me some heroin. I wasn't sitting in there two


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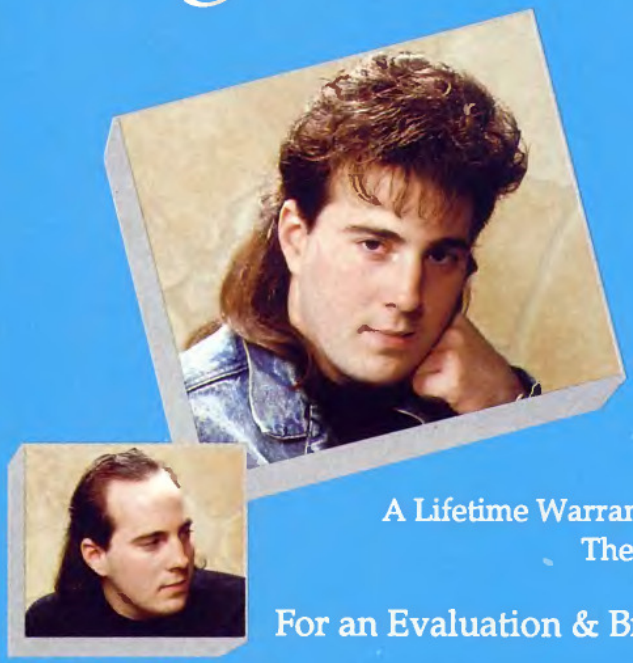

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minutes before I had a hypodermic in my arm and the crack pipe in my hand."

•

"After four or five months of heavy crack use, I didn't even look like a human being. I lost a lot of weight and my eyes looked all bloodshot and wired out. I looked like a person off the streets. My boyfriend let me have all the crack I wanted, but he wasn't nice to me anymore. Him and his friends would beat me and rape me. At parties they'd get real rough and throw me around the room. They'd tear off my clothes and screw me, with a bunch of people in the room. I was sixteen years old, getting raped by these men who were thirty and thirty-five years old. But I didn't try to leave. I lived in that environment—let them beat me and rape me—because I wanted crack. Physically, I was still alive, but emotionally, I'd committed suicide."

•

"The first time I walked into a shooting gallery, I couldn't believe my eyes. The gallery was located on the ground floor of a four-story apartment project in a notorious drug area. The entire project was filthy—bare concrete floors with broken glass and needles lying in the halls and stairwells. I'm talking about grinding urban poverty of a sort I didn't know existed in the United States until I saw it with my own eyes.

"In the living room of this gallery, three junkies are sitting on a beat-up old sofa and it's obvious they've just finished shooting up. Their eyes are wide and glassy and they're nodding from the high—you know, junkie heaven. I'm standing there trying to talk to one of them when this little three-year-old boy runs up from behind me and starts pulling on my hip pockets, saying, 'Don't touch the needles! Don't touch the needles!' Then he points to all the discarded needles lying on the floor.

"That damn near broke my heart. Instead of learning his A B Cs, the first thing this kid's mother taught him was not to play with the needles because they'd give him AIDS. I'm ashamed to say, the thing I remember most vividly is the way I recoiled from that little boy. Normally, when you see a child in distress, your instinct is to touch him, and I didn't want him touching me. He had open sores on his chest, mossy teeth and horrible B.O. He'd probably never taken a bath in his life.

"A cop saw me with the kid, and when we got back to the car, the first thing he did was give me a Handi Wipe so I could clean myself off."

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## the creep

*(continued from page 80)*

with no husband, no job, no prospects, Kathy could think of only one thing to do. With her sons, a cat, a box of clothes and $70 to her name, she headed back to Paradise, which, as everyone knows, always claims its own.

When Kathy returned to Fort Lauderdale in 1984, she was a blonde, and she took the kind of menial jobs most Fort Lauderdale blondes have while waiting for their lives to happen. It happened for her on a summer day in 1985 when she was stopped in her Subaru station wagon by a Fort Lauderdale cop. He was tall and tanned, with the kind of good looks that would remind a not-very-bright girl of Cary Grant, as long as she ignored his weak chin. He gave her a ticket for driving with a broken taillight, expired plates and no registration. What she gave him is not known, other than that whatever it was, it kept him from going home to his wife for the next three days. When Jeffrey Willets finally did return to his wife and daughter, it was only to pack his belongings and leave for good. Less than a year later, he married the blonde he met by the side of the road. He also paid her ticket.

Like Kathy, Jeffrey Willets was born outside of Paradise and lived for a time in the Midwest. He attended Roy C. Start High School in Toledo, Ohio, where he distinguished himself as the basketball team's water boy and as treasurer of the scuba diving club. He attended the University of Toledo, dropped out, then pursued a career in law enforcement. It took him to Georgia and back to Ohio before he, too, like Kathy, drifted down to Paradise, where he became a Fort Lauderdale policeman in 1973. His career was less than distinguished, or as a fellow officer said, "Jeff was no ball of fire." From 1973 until 1978, when he "definitely left under a cloud," according to Ott Cefkin, police information officer, Jeffrey Willets was habitually being disciplined or suspended for such offenses as sleeping in his squad car, responding to a crime by going to the wrong address, using vulgar language with female clerks, eating crackers while filling out arrest reports and taking days off to be with his National Guard unit, which then notified the police department he was A.W.O.L.

"He was a rotten officer," said Sergeant Diana Cipriani, "but a nice-looking man. He asked me out. Thank God, I didn't go. There was something strange about him."

After he was forced to leave the Fort Lauderdale police department in 1978, Willets got a job as a Tamarac officer. When that police force was merged with the Broward Sheriff's Office in 1989, he was grandfathered in to the B.S.O. Again, he did not exactly distinguish himself.

He was investigated for misconduct by the Internal Affairs Division three times (two reprimands were issued), was sued for harassment (charges were dropped) and had two criminal charges filed against him and Kathy by his former wife's parents (they were acquitted). A typical B.S.O. evaluation report on Willets read, "In March, Deputy Willets made no arrests, no field interrogations, processed no crime scenes and wrote only five traffic tickets." Which may explain why Tamarac residents sent the sheriff's office letters of praise for Deputy Willets' work in the community. He bothered no one, like a good resident of Paradise.

•

Once the scandal broke, Doug Danziger was described in his hometown newspaper as a man "who gives new meaning to the word hypocrisy." One article said that Danziger did the city a favor by resigning, while another ran the headline DOUGIE'S BIG ADVENTURE above a quote from H. G. Wells that read, "Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo."

The only ones who came to Danziger's defense were a few politicians, such as former mayor Bob Cox, who sent him a letter that read, "Don't give the bastards the satisfaction of resigning," and city manager George Hanbury, who said, "I just hated to see somebody's life being ripped apart like some spiny lobster."

Danziger tried to keep a lower profile. One of the first things he did after he resigned was to have workmen take down the huge DOUG DANZIGER INSURANCE COMPANY sign on his building across the street from C.R.P.C. One of the first things Jeffrey Willets did after he was arrested was to call attorney Dick Wilson and offer to sell the Danziger video tape to Wilson's client, and Danziger's archenemy, Michael J. Peter, the nude-bar impresario of Paradise. Wilson declined the offer, he said, because "when you pick up a dead skunk and throw it at someone, even if you miss them, you're still left with the stink."

Wilson is in his late 40s, with a shock of unruly white hair that makes him resemble a more-disheveled Phil Donahue emerging from a lost weekend. He has a badly shattered leg he drags behind him like a dead branch. He shattered that leg, and was burned over 80 percent of his body, when he returned to a burning airplane that had crashed to try to save a woman inside. He is an atheist who refers to Reverend Kennedy as "just another snake-oil salesman," and a First Amendment lawyer who dates only strippers. "Freedom of expression, even to sin, is my religion," he says. Peter is his only client.

For years, Peter and Danziger had been at each other's throats. Danziger tried to close Peter's nude bars by getting a law passed that prohibited women from dancing nude in places that sell alcohol. (Most of the smaller clubs, like The Booby Trap and Flash Dancers, which did not have Peter's financial resources, closed.) But Danziger underestimated Peter's intransigency. Peter, through Wilson, has been fighting that law in the courts for years, and his two biggest clubs, Pure Platinum and Solid Gold, are still open.

Peter is 42, a small, dark man of Arab descent who wears shoes with three-inch lifts. According to a friend, he "thinks women are like camels, only camels are worth more." The local press refers to him as the Prince of Darkness, though he says he'd rather be called King. He publishes a monthly newsletter in which he interviews himself under the headline M. J. PETER, MAN OR MYTH? ("He's neither," said an acquaintance.)

Peter says the scandal has transformed him. He is so compassionate now that he talks about how bad he feels for Danziger, and for Kathy, too. To cheer her up, Peter offered her a job as a nude dancer with top billing at any of his 15 clubs spread across the U.S. But Kathy was too busy having fun as a celebrity. She was having so much fun, in fact, that Judge John Frusciante, who was hearing her case, had chastised her for selling autographs at ten dollars a pop at one bar and for getting into an altercation at another bar at four A.M. with a customer who made obscene comments to her.

Kathy seemed to be everywhere at once. Wearing a cutoff T-shirt, she was mobbed for autographs at a University of Miami football game, where men shouted to her, "How's your love life, Kathy?" every time she made one of her frequent trips to the ladies' room. She went down to Port Everglades to greet sailors when the fleet came in. One night, she called a local radio disc jockey, gave him her name and then dedicated a song to her husband, *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?*

The Willetses weren't the only people in Paradise not to take the case seriously. People in downtown offices spent their time composing questions they'd like to ask Kathy, such as "If a tree fell in the forest and there was nobody there to hear it, would your husband catch it on video tape?" A woman, whose last name was Willette, was being besieged with telephone calls from "adult men" who thought she was Kathy. The woman seemed to enjoy the calls, saying, "Things were pretty dull before this."

Even the March of Dimes got into the act, holding a "jail and bail" fund-raising drive by "locking up" Jeffrey and Kathy look-alikes and asking for donations to bail them out. And finally, the five men running in a special election to replace Danziger declared they were all running under the same slogan: "We're not on the list."

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In his office, meanwhile, Rubin, looking lean and dapper as always in a pale


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suit, stood at the table, where two books, *The Female Orgasm* and *Disorders of Sexual Desire*, were prominently displayed. He declared in his most sincere voice that Kathy Willets' nymphomania was caused by the antidepressant drug Prozac. He considered suing Eli Lilly, the drug's manufacturer, for turning his client into a sex-starved housewife. A spokesman for Lilly said, "People have blamed Prozac for lots of things, but this is the most bizarre." Rubin responded, "I did not make this up!" Then he added, "Every lawyer dreams of creating a new defense."

The only people in Paradise who did seem to take all this seriously were Doug Danziger and the unnamed johns. Danziger, according to his lawyer, was suffering through a "nightmare" and "would like to put all this behind him" for the sake of his family. In fact, the lawyer referred to Danziger's suffering so often that it seemed the disgraced politician had finally joined the growing list of "victims."

Other unnamed johns were "going through a living hell," according to one of their attorneys, while they waited for the courts to decide if their names should be made public. One John Doe's lawyer pointed out that some of the business cards found at the Willetses' home belonged to technically "innocent" men who had never consummated their relationship with Kathy, or, as Lazarus put it, were guilty only of "wasting a twenty-nine-cent stamp."

The question put before the courts concerning the John Does was whether they were victims in the case, entitled to privacy, or witnesses or criminals whose names must be made public according to Florida law. Rubin accused Lazarus of wanting to keep the johns' names secret because Lazarus' good friend, Jose Torres, was on the list. Frusciante admonished Rubin for blurting out the name of only the third john to be identified (Danziger, who acknowledged he was one of Kathy's johns, was one, McAllester, who spilled the beans on the Tamarac couple, was the other). Lazarus immediately claimed he didn't know a Jose Torres and demanded Rubin identify him further. Rubin refused. But the damage had already been done. The name Jose Torres could be found 12 times in the Broward telephone book. The dinner conversations of those men with their wives that night were the subject of much speculation in Paradise.

After much huffing and puffing about blowing the state's case down, Rubin agreed to a plea bargain from Lazarus on September 11. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, except the unnamed johns, since their names would now automatically be made public once the case was disposed of. Unfortunately, Rubin then made a move that jeopardized the Willetses' plea and further dragged everyone's name into the sleaze.

In brief, the facts are: Rubin's son Guy offered to sell the X-rated Danziger video tape, among other items, to TV tabloid show *Inside Edition* for $100,000. (Wilson claims *Hard Copy*, a rival tabloid show, phoned in an unsuccessful bid during his negotiations. Rubin himself was said to be the mastermind behind that offer.) An *Inside Edition* reporter, Steve Wilson, secretly taped the entire negotiation (including a showing of the Danziger tape). Wilson told Lazarus of the attempt to sell evidence and Lazarus immediately withdrew the plea-bargain agreement. *Inside Edition* then aired its story, minus the Danziger tape, which was deemed unacceptable for family viewing. Rubin denied he'd committed any ethics violation and refused to turn over the Danziger tape. Dade County prosecutors promptly raided his office and seized over 30 video tapes, only one of which had to do with the Willetses (Kathy having sex with three men at Hedonism II in Jamaica). Rubin was understandably outraged, and an editorial in the local newspaper a day later said, "It isn't easy to put Ellis Rubin in the role of victim, but the Dade state's attorney's office has figured out a way." It was Rubin's finest hour.

•

"Whether or not we're going to trial," says Jeffrey Willets with a smile, "is open to interpretation now, isn't it?"

He is sitting on a sofa in his den in the house on Northwest 79th Court. The room is illuminated only by two incense candles burning over the fireplace. A bank is foreclosing on the house because the Willetses haven't made a mortgage payment in almost a year. Which is odd, since the B.S.O. claims that the Willetses made well over $25,000 through Kathy's prostitution.

"Where did all the money go?" Jeffrey asks himself and smiles. "What money?" He drags on a cigarette, then coughs, a smoker's cough. Kathy enters the room.

"It's so dark in here," she says, turning on a light. She is wearing jeans and a white halter top that exposes her midriff. She is heavily made-up, a not-very-pretty woman with a freckled tan. She sits down beside Jeffrey and says of Ellis Rubin, "I'm totally satisfied with him. He's won some of the biggest cases."

"He's done a few things to keep us in the public eye," says Jeffrey. "But everything he's said is true."

"It's not Mr. Rubin's fault some of the names came out," Kathy says. She laughs, a girlish giggle. "Poor Dougie-boy. He got very attached to me. He was coming to me for three months. First once a week, then twice, then three times. He wanted to take me out to dinner and to play tennis."

"He also wanted to frolic naked with her in our pool," adds Jeffrey. "He had big plans. He wanted to try anal sex and have two women."

"But he was a good lover. He was high-class. A total gentleman. He was just a lonely man who wasn't getting any sex at home."

Jeffrey laughs. "Yeah, it's tough being

the caped crusader. Especially when you've closed all the massage parlors."

Doug Danziger was one of more than 1000 men and women who answered Kathy's ad in two months. "Most of them were just sad, lonely gentlemen," says Kathy. "They trusted me. I made it comfortable for them. It was all done very romantically. Champagne. Cheese and crackers. They brought me flowers."

"There were so many flowers in the house, it looked like a goddamned funeral parlor," Jeffrey says.

"They'd come in, take off their shoes, loosen their ties, and I'd listen to their problems for an hour or two," Kathy says. "They spilled their guts like they had no friends. It was mostly about their wives who wouldn't have sex with them. If I learned one thing from all this, it was that women are bitches." They both laugh, and Kathy adds, "But they helped me, too. I needed the emotional part, too. I mean, these gentlemen risked their marriages for me. They were prominent gentlemen who told me I was beautiful. They brought me gifts. It's always been my fantasy to own an antique shop in New England, and they said they'd buy it for me. Of course, it was all a fantasy. I admit I led them on. I led Foster McAllester on because I was looking for a father figure. He treated me like a daughter."

"Yeah, well, it wasn't smart," Jeffrey says. "See where we are now?"

"I guess he did turn us in," Kathy says in a small voice.

Jeffrey snaps at her. "I get annoyed with this 'I guess.' It was in the papers."

Kathy is silent for a moment. Then she says, "They gave me affection."

Kathy says she suffered various deprivations as a child. By the time she was a freshman in high school, she had "fallen into the trap" of looking for men who would give her gifts and affection in return for her letting them dominate her. Her first boyfriend, who would become her first husband, made her quit the tennis team.

"My interests in high school?" Kathy says. "None. Just my boyfriend. The only real interest I ever had, believe it or not, was I wanted to be a cop." She laughs.

The den in the immaculately kept house on Northwest 79th Court could be the den of any suburban husband and wife with three children. The homey Colonial furniture, the fire burning in the fireplace, the wall devoted to mementos of their children. There is a big photograph of Jeffrey's daughter with Shirley Temple curls. Team photographs of Kathy's two sons in little-league and soccer uniforms. A collage of dozens of pictures of the three children, who all lived together at one time. There is a little shelf with silver trophies and a baseball. A plaque which honors Jeffrey Willets as the Tamarac Little League coach of 1988. It is an entire wall of mementos in a house without children, as if to these parents family was nothing more than a studious and faithful accumulation of memorabilia.

"Do you want to see the infamous bed?" Kathy says. "A man offered us three hundred thousand dollars for it." She gets up and goes into the bedroom. It is a small room dominated by a huge, thick-pine, four-post waterbed with an overhead mirror. There is a pine baby's crib on one side of the bed and, on the other side, a narrow closet with a slatted door. Through those slats it is possible to have a perfect view of the waterbed. Built into the headboard is a little shelf on which Kathy has placed, side by side like icons, and illuminated by incense candles, photographs of her two sons.

Kathy stares at the bed dreamily. "I love Colonial furniture," she says. "It means warmth and family to me. I was a good mother, you know." Her voice starts to break. "Our kids would all get pillows, sit by the fireplace with us, make popcorn and watch television every night. I guess because I had a horrible childhood, I did the extreme for my kids. . . . Now our lives are destroyed. For what? I'm not guilty of anything."

"Fame does have its rewards, though," says Jeffrey, who claims he kept such voluminous records in hopes of a book or movie contract. That's why he taped telephone conversations. That's why he hid in the closet and video-taped Doug Danziger making love to his wife. It did not bother him, Jeffrey says, watching other men make love to his wife.

"It's every man's fantasy," he says. "When your fantasy happens, it doesn't bother you. It becomes addictive."

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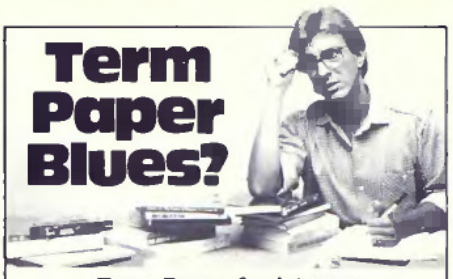
A fortnight before Christmas, the Willetses agreed to a guilty plea in exchange for a lighter sentence—and for their willingness to testify against their former lawyer, Ellis Rubin, in a criminal action. Those who hoped for the spectacle of a trial will have to console themselves with the sentencing scheduled for the first week in February. Rubin, in pursuit of the Willetses' defense, had already elicited testimony about nymphomania from a number of psychologists and sex therapists, such as Lynn Leight, who said, "When you unleash female sexuality, the whole world gets turned upside down."

People in Paradise agree with Leight, just as they agree with Fort Lauderdale mayor Jim Naugle, who said, "Everything Doug Danziger has done has been in the best interest of this city." They would add, however, that goes for Kathy Willets, too.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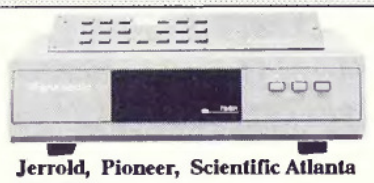

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# DARK SIDE *(continued from page 115)*

*"If you're into imports, all the major European brewers have at least one dark beer."*

stocks. As a result, the slightly stronger, fuller-bodied bock beers appeared in February and March, while the lighter, reddish-amber Oktoberfest brews didn't show up until early in the fall.

Several of the smaller breweries still follow this traditional schedule. Among them is Samuel Adams, the Boston brewing company that makes an outstanding malty (and potent) Doppel ("double") Bock. Bocks are even more common in the Midwest, especially in Wisconsin, from such breweries as Leinenkugel (which also offers Limited holiday lager), Point, Huber and Capital, among others. There's even a tiny brewery in Milwaukee called Lakefront that has its bock beer publicly blessed by a priest on Saint Joseph's Day (March 19), the traditional beginning of Catholic Bavaria's winter beer season.

Make a note on your calendar for later this year when several of these same Midwestern breweries will introduce their sweet-tasting, reddish-amber Oktoberfest beers. Other beers to try are from Sprecher of Milwaukee and Schell of New Ulm, Minnesota.

Also popular during the colder months are winter ales and porters. The so-called classic pale ales often have a tawny-red color, and many are darker than that. But regardless of color, a good ale should have a characteristically fruity taste. Hampshire Special Ale, brewed in Portland, Maine, has a fruity, slightly chocolate flavor. Ballantine India Pale Ale is an old favorite in the East and Midwest. In San Francisco, the Anchor Steam people brew a spiced Christmas Ale that is phased out after the new year. After that, Californians turn to the extra-strong Old Foghorn Barley Wine or local rival Sierra Nevada's Celebration Ale (another year-end brew that is made with different hops each year) and Big Foot Ale.

Porters, almost-black brews with a roasted taste, are a Pennsylvania tradition—especially such brands as Stegmaier and Celebrated Pottsville Porter from Yuengling, America's oldest brewery (founded in 1829). A great Midwestern example is Great Northern Porter, made at the Summit brewery in St. Paul, Minnesota. In the West, Seattle's Redhook brewery calls its porter Winterhook, and Yakima's brewery sells its honey-flavored entrant under the Grant's Imperial Stout label. There's also a smoked porter from the Alaskan Brewing Company that goes well with salmon.

If you're into imports, all the major European brewers—including Carlsberg, Beck's, St. Pauli Girl, Heineken and Löwenbräu—have at least one dark beer. Also check out Grolsch Premium Dark, a nutty new treat from the Old World.

There's also a fair share of dark beer brewed south of the border. Mexican labels such as Dos Equis and Negra Modelo are popular and widely available here. It's just too bad that the equally tasty Mexican "new year" beers aren't so easy to find. Another import in the tough-to-track-down category is San Miguel, an entrant from the Philippines. It's worth the effort, though, as many consider it to be a very tasty dark beer.

If you're hesitant to dive into the dark, many a beer lover has moved from gold to reddish-amber beer by way of the fruity Bass Ale or the hoppy Double Diamond from England. And while Bass does not export its stronger barley wine to the U.S., Young's, a London brewery, does. Labeled Old Nick Barley Wine, this worthy substitute features a provocative picture of Satan on the bottle. This playful use of the Devil may offend American fundamentalists but it raises

*"First I faked chastity. Then I faked orgasms. Now I fake fidelity."*

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Page 91: **Coat, shirt** and **pants** by *C.P. Company/Ideas from Massimo Ost*, at C.P. Company, 175 5th Ave., N.Y.C., 212-260-1990. **Watch** by *Swatch*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 3rd Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Jacket** by *Schott*, at Kaplan's, to order, 800-234-2775. **Blazer** by *Byblos*, at Saeed and Jane, 12 W. Maple St., Chicago, 312-337-6572. **Pants** by *Byblos* and **mock turtleneck** by *STNT*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. Page 92: **Parka** and **shirt** by *Nautica*, at the Nautica Store, 216 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-496-0933. **Pants** by *Pendleton*, for store locations, 212-661-1670. **Shoes** by *Dexter*, at Mickey Finn's Stores, 874 Berlin Tpke., Berlin, CT, 203-828-6547. **Suit** by *Greif Companies*, at Town & County, 2660 S. Glenstone, Springfield, MO, 417-883-6131. **Shirt** by *Geoffrey Beene*, at most Woodward & Lothrop stores, to order or for information, 800-955-0020. **Tie** by *Grays by Gary Wasserman*, at George Howard Ltd., Village of Crosskeys, Baltimore, MD, 410-532-3535. **Jacket** by *Willis & Geiger*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 5th Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Shirt** by *Marithé & François Girbaud*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 3rd Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Pants** by *British Khaki*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Scarf** by *Susan Horton*, at Susan Horton Designs, 212-255-0921. **Belt** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan retail stores nationwide, 800-633-4000. **Boots** by *Dexter*, at McRae's, to order or for store locations, 800-2MCRAES. Page 93: **Blazer** by *Pierre Cardin*, at Foley's, 1110 Main Street, Houston, 713-651-6326. **Pants** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein, Dallas, Boston, Cleveland and Costa Mesa. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Mark Shale, to order or for information, 800-488-2686. **Pocket square** by *Ferrell Reed*, at select Nordstrom stores nationwide, 800-925-4254. **Shoes** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, at Fratelli Rossetti, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-888-5107. **Jacket** by *Golden Bear*, at Charly's Leather, 1061 Lloyds Center, Portland, OR, 503-284-4066. **Pants** by *Benetton*, at Benetton, to order, 800-535-4491. **Socks** by *E. G. Smith Socks*, at Fred Segal, Los Angeles. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Vans, to order, 800-VANS-800. **Sunglasses** by *Bausch & Lomb*, at SunGear–The Sunglass Co. nationwide. **Jacket** and **vest** by *Istante*, for information, David Glazer, Inc., 212-582-0232. **T-shirt** by *French Connection*, at Urban Outfitters, 127 E. 59th St., N.Y.C., 212-688-1200. **Pants** by *Vestimenta*, at Evento Uomo, 1800 Post Oak Blvd., Suite 166, Houston, 713-621-6772. **Shoes** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, at Fratelli Rossetti, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-888-5107. Page 94: **Shirt** by *Tom Tailor*, at Infinity, 2015 Merrick Rd., Merrick, NY, 516-868-3698. **T-shirt** by *Introspect*, at Diplomat Clothing Co., 4765 Whittier Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-780-9610. **Vest** by *Hunting World*, at Hunting World, 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C., 212-755-3400. **Pants** by *Wrangler*, for store locations, 919-373-3564. **Watch** by *Pulsar*, at fine jewelry and department stores nationwide. **Boots** by *Dunham Co.*, at Brenner's Florsheim Shoes, 155 Nanuet Mall, Route 59, Nanuet, NY, 914-623-4141. **Jacket** and **tie** by *New Republic*, at New Republic, 93 Spring St., N.Y.C., 212-219-3005. **Shirt** by *Hart Schaffner & Marx*, for store locations, 800-526-3929. **Pants** by *Duckhead*, at most JC Penney stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan stores nationwide, 800-633-9000. **Shirt** by *Kenneth Gordon*, at Kountz and Rider, 5428 Walnut St., Pittsburgh, 412-683-5500. **Pants** by *Cotler*, at May D&F, to order, 800-633-4121. **Jacket** by *Lee*, at major department and specialty stores. **Sneakers** by *Converse*, at Farrah's Shoes, 4470 Mission St., San Francisco, 415-585-5595. **Backpack** by *Eastpak*, at specialty stores. Page 95: **Sunglasses** by *Bausch & Lomb*, at SunGear–The Sunglass Co. nationwide. **Jacket** by *Robert Comstock*, at Pitkin County Dry Goods Leathers, 533 E. Cooper Ave., Aspen, 303-925-6204. **Shirt** by *Barry Bricken*, at Clotherie, 2552 E. Camelback Rd., Biltmore Fashion Park, Phoenix, 602-956-8600. **Pants** by *Barry Bricken*, at Carroll & Co., 466 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 800-238-9400. **Shoes** by *Hunting World*, at Hunting World, 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C., 212-755-3400. **Shirt** and **T-shirt** by *Polo*, at Polo Country Store, 31-33 Main St., East Hampton, NY, 516-324-1222. **Sweater** by *Polo*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-606-2100. **Pants** and **socks** by *Polo*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Jersey** and **pullover** by *Russell*, at sporting-goods and finer department stores. **Jeans** by *Edwin Jeans*, at Burdines, Florida. **Socks** by *E. G. Smith Socks*, at Fred Segal, Los Angeles. **Sneakers** by *Reebok*, at the Athlete's Foot nationwide.

**PLAYBOY COLLECTION**

Pages 120–123: **TV** by *Panasonic*, at audio-video specialty stores nationwide. For information, 201-348-9090. **Cuff links** by *Butler & Wilson*, at Butler & Wilson, 8644 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood, 310-657-1990. **Reading rack** by *Innovative Fitness*, for store locations, 800-677-0871. **CD storage unit** by *Lorentz Design*, to order or for information, 800-933-0403. **Camera** by *Konica*, for information, 800-MY-KONIC. **VCR** by *Go Video*, at P.C. Richard & Son, to order or for information, 800-696-2000; Dow Stereo/Video, to order, 800-266-1801. **Bar organizer** by *MSC USA*, at Brookstone stores, to order or for store locations, 800-926-7000; New York Museum of Modern Art, 24-hr. service, to order, 800-447-6662. **Coffee maker** by *Möller International Design*, at Möller Design U.S.A., P.O. Box 27789, Santa Ana, CA, 714-955-4929.

**PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE**

Page 169: **Global positioning-system receiver** by *Sony*, for store locations, 201-930-1000.

few eyebrows in Britain, where the brewery's products have been publicly favored by the nonagenarian Queen Mother. Young's also offers a dark ale called Winter Warmer, and its northern English rival, Samuel Smith, has a powerful fruity ale called Winter Welcome.

The imports to treat with caution include Paulaner's strong Salvator Doppelbock (named after the savior by the monks who first brewed it) and Switzerland's even more potent Samichlaus (the name means Santa Claus in the German dialect spoken in that region). Samichlaus is the world's strongest beer, with an 11-to-11.5-percent alcohol content. In fact, it's so full-bodied and rich that you could almost eat it with a spoon.

If you plan to stock up early for next winter, check out Thomas Hardy's Ale from Britain, Liefmans' Goudenband Brown Ale from Belgium or the monastery-brewed Chimay Grande Réserve, also from the beer-blessed country of Belgium. All improve with age.

And don't forget, dark beer isn't only for drinking. It's also great for adding flavor to everything from beer bread to beef stews to casseroles. The Irish and English even put Guinness Stout into fruit puddings and cakes.

Few brews are darker or drier than Guinness. Drink it at a cool—but not too cold—temperature in winter. Do the same with Imperial Stout from Samuel Smith, a rich, extra-strong British style originally brewed as a winter-warming beer for export to czarist Russia.

Of course, alcohol won't warm you in the literal sense—unless, of course, you heat it up. To that end, here are a few hot tips on ways to warm your brew.

BIÈRE BRÛLÉ

Warm (but don't boil) a dark beer in a saucepan. Pour the beer into a flameproof glass. Add one ounce of mandarine liqueur or peach or peppermint schnapps, followed by the same quantity of gin poured slowly over the back of a spoon. Before the gin sinks, light it. Then let the flame subside and enjoy the result. A *bière brûlé* makes a nice visual after-dinner drink—especially if the lights are low when you flame the brew.

MULLED ALE

Warm a dark ale in the same way as above. Add an ounce of Scotch, a pinch of ginger, a twist of lemon peel and a stick of cinnamon for show.

STOUT PARTY

Warm a dry stout such as Guinness. Add an ounce of Irish whiskey and season with honey and nutmeg.

Each of these recipes is guaranteed to keep you toasty until Saint Patrick's Day, when beer temporarily turns green. Cheers!

PLAYBOY

# ON·THE·SCENE

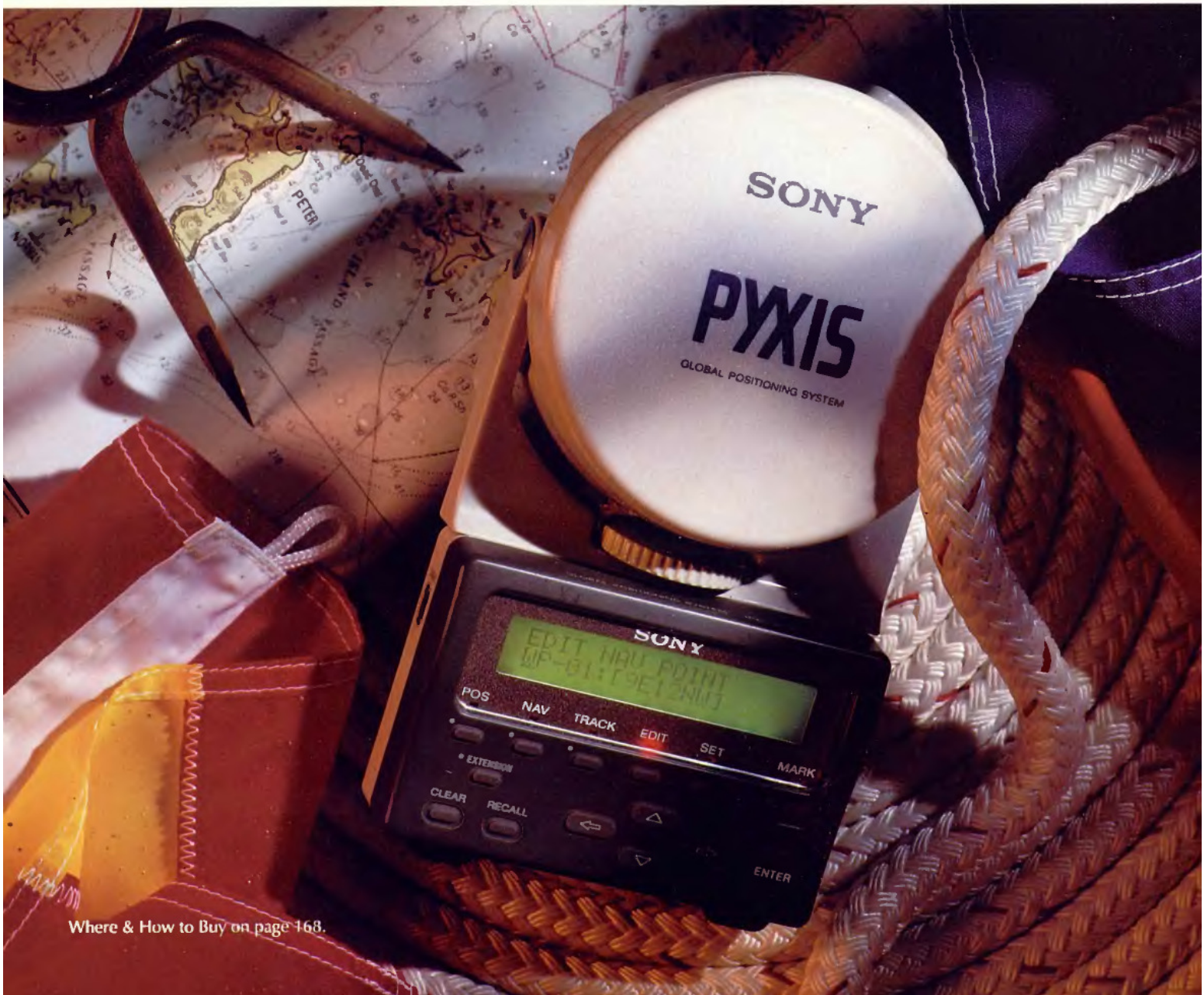
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

## FINDERS KEEPERS

Up until now, the favored Sony products to tote into the wilderness or out on your boat were a Walkman or a weatherproof camcorder. That has changed with the introduction of the pint-sized Pyxis, which, according to Sony, is "the industry's first hand-held global-positioning-system receiver." What's that? In a nutshell, Pyxis can track four satellites simultaneously, feeding back information on latitude, longitude, altitude and distance, direction and ground speed going to a particular point. As a back-up device to navigation equipment, Pyxis is terrific. It's also a handy tool for hikers who need to know how far their feet have taken them and whether they've stayed the course. Plus Pyxis is easy to operate and costs only $1395. What a find.

STEVE CONWAY

**One of the places you can buy Pyxis is Sony's recently opened showroom at 669 North Michigan Avenue in Chicago. In replications of domestic settings such as a home theater, home office and a high-tech living room, the showroom features the largest display of Sony consumer electronics under one roof in the United States. Ready soon will be an area for testing camcorders and provision for custom-design services.**




Where & How to Buy on page 168.

## Sneak a Peek

We like actress ANNIE GAYBIS' shirt. For more of Annie, go see her in *Bugsy*, check out Hammer's video and look for her *Baywatch* TV episode. She's also a *Star Search* contender. To us, she's already a winner.

## In Their Prime

To see PRIMUS in action, catch them on tour with Rush, then get *Sailing the Seas of Cheese* and listen to them inch toward the mainstream. Fans, don't worry. Bassist Les Claypool has a *Cat in the Hat* tattoo. The world is just about ready for these guys.

## Launa Starts Her Engine

LAUNA MOROSAN used to be an L.A. Raiders Raiderette. She's also been honored as Miss Coors Extra Gold. You may have seen her on TV's *Who's the Boss?* or *Quantum Leap*. Launa's got it uncovered.

## Party Dolls

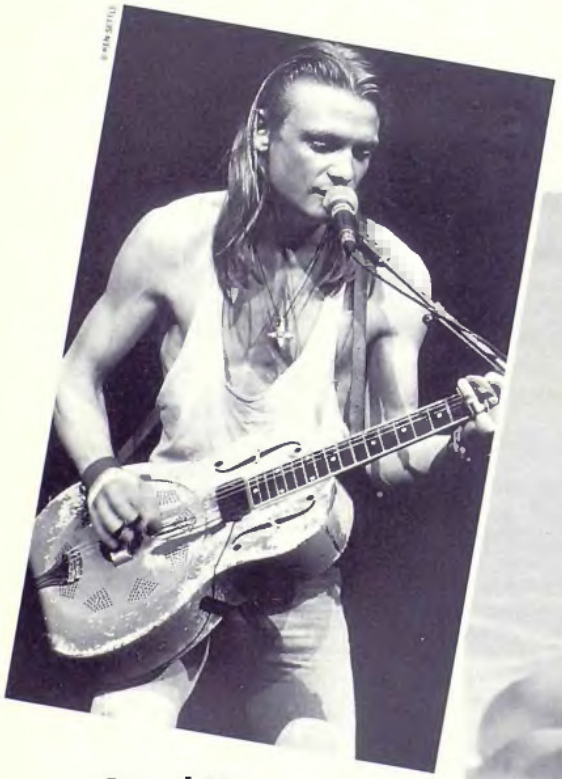
Singer TAYLOR DAYNE (left) and MTV's hip hostess DOWNTOWN JULIE BROWN showed everyone at a recent celebrity event how to party hardy. While Dayne is working on a new LP and gearing up to tour, Julie is keeping her options open and her lips loose.

## Boris Plays Ball

We all know that BORIS BECKER is a tennis pro. He's currently getting mentally prepared to join the clay-court season in Monte Carlo next month. In the heat of a game, Boris got his balls mixed up. His don't bounce.

## Keeping Cool

Canadian model LEANN MC CARTHER is adjusting very well to the States. In Canada, she worked for Budweiser and appeared in a movie and a calendar. Right now, she's sitting by the pool waiting to be discovered.



## Brand-New Troubadour

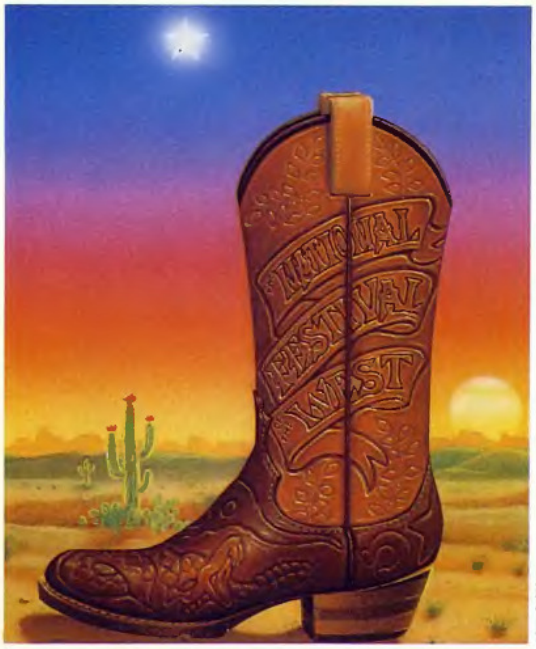
CHRIS WHITLEY's debut disc, *Living with the Law*, was a critical smash. His fall tour with Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers was a knockout. Get in line; be a talent scout.

## THE HEAT IS ON

Put some fire in your life! Mo Hotta, Mo Betta's catalog of incendiary pastes, powders, seasonings and *salsas* includes everything from Hellfire & Damnation Sauce to Hot 'n Spicy Wasabi Chips. It also sells six-packs in hand-crafted wooden containers, priced from $28 to $39, containing various hot sauces. (The catalog costs a buck.) Mo Hotta's address is P.O. Box 4136, San Luis Obispo, California 93403. Or call 800-462-3220 if you've really got the hots.

## BEST OF THE WEST

The National Festival of the West—which runs March 20–22 in Scottsdale, Arizona—should appeal to anyone who likes to live the cowboy way. At least that's what the festival's trail boss, Mary Brown, says. Western collectibles, screen celebrities (including Lash La Rue), music, art and poetry are all part of the goings on. And, of course, there's a gun fight, a hay ride, square dancing and a cowboy campfire plus other Western shenanigans. Admission is $5. Call 602-996-4387 for more information. Yee-haw!



## RISING MARKET

The country's economy may be in a recession, but the condom market is definitely in a state of inflation. In fact, an enterprise named Condomania has opened a condom boutique at 7306 Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles devoted to the idea that getting stiffed isn't all bad. There you'll find everything from mighty King Kongdom condoms to Knight Lights (which glow in the dark) to Desert Shield condoms (presumably for, er, hardened veterans) to Nooky Cookies (fortune cookies containing risqué fortunes). Prices range from 50 cents to $50. Condomania's New York store is at 351 Bleecker Street. A call to 800-9-CONDOM will get you more information about the products and a forthcoming catalog. Sorry, no free samples.

## PUMPED FOR TRIVIA

Until now, Pin the Tail on the Dummy was about the only game you figured bodybuilders played. But that has changed. Muscle Challenge, the bodybuilding trivia game, includes 1100 questions and answers (sample: The word gymnasium comes from a Greek word meaning what? Answer: A place for naked exercise), plus special card decks and bar bell and Olympic-plate tokens. The winner, of course, is whoever demonstrates the most knowledge of the sport—and that leaves muscleheads out. You can order a game for $38.95, postpaid, from Muscle Challenge, P.O. Box 455, Manhattan Beach, California 90266. Or call 800-525-4263 and put it on plastic. No fighting over who plays first.

## LET THE WINTER GAMES BEGIN

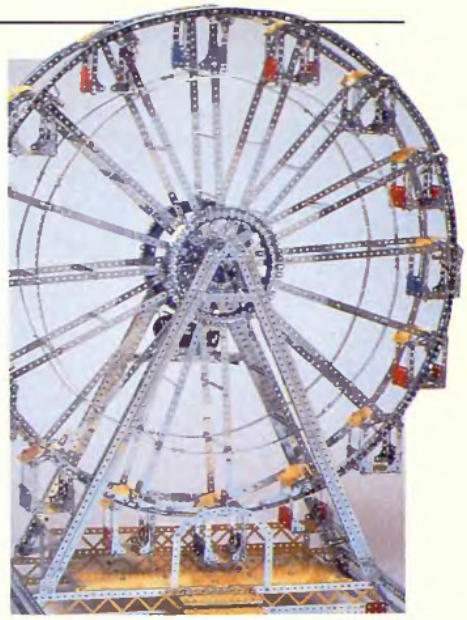
For those of you who can't make the Olympic Winter Games in Albertville, France, there's Accolade's The Games: Winter Challenge for the Sega Genesis video system. Bobsledding, luge, cross-country skiing, speed skating, ski jumping, giant slalom, downhill and the biathlon are all on one cartridge. Plus, there are two modes of play with three levels of skill. And for $59.95, you even get opening and closing ceremonies. (Also available for IBM PCs.)

## LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! BROWNIES!

No, Brownies on Tour isn't a group of girl scouts heading out of town. It's a new line of epicurean brownies created by Local Talent, a company in Cutchogue, New York, that brings "European panache to America's favorite home-grown dessert." The Connemara, for example, is an Irish-coffee brownie. And the Anjou unites pear *eau de vie* with rich chocolate. Prices are from $22 to $45 a box, postpaid. Call 800-736-4069 for the tasty details.

## ERECTION RETURNS

Back in 1963, plastic parts were integrated into that classic American plaything, the Erector set. The toy's popularity tumbled and eventually the sets were pulled from the American market. Now the French firm Meccano is bringing back all-metal Erector sets at prices ranging from $40 to $2500. (The deluxe set includes an electric motor, 3100 parts and 30 instruction booklets for making some very sophisticated toys, all housed in a handsome wooden cabinet.) F.A.O. Schwarz, Marshall Field's, Sears and hundreds of hobby stores stock the sets. Kids should have it so good.



## A WATCH THAT'S MICKEY MOUSE

Sounds Fun Inc.'s $29.95 Mickey Mouse Talking Time Wristwatch is technically for kids, but when we wore one to our favorite singles bar, all the ladies kept dropping by to check out the hour. On the watch is a three-dimensional likeness of Mickey that announces the time in his own squeaky voice. And Mickey's mouth moves whenever his two gloved hands are pressed together. There's also a digital readout if you just want the time.

## GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

Got a bottle of 1961 Lafite-Rothschild nestled in your cellar? It's currently worth about $570, according to *The Wine Spectator's Ultimate Guide to Buying Wine*. This oversized softcover tome includes complete ratings of more than 24,000 wines, plus tips on wine-buying strategy, wine storage, wine futures vintage charts, choosing wine for dinner and much more—all from a panel of knowledgeable oenophilists. Copies are $18.50, postpaid, sent to *The Wine Spectator* at 601 Van Ness Avenue, Suite 2014, San Francisco 94102. Or it's available in select wineshops and bookstores for $14.95. Read up and drink up!

# NEXT MONTH

VIRTUAL REALITY

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

BODY DOUBLE

BIG EIGHT

**"THE PALM BEACH STORY"**—A NO-HOLDS-BARRED LOOK AT THE VICTIMS, VILLAINS AND BUFFOONS WHO STUMBLED THROUGH THE **WILLIAM KENNEDY SMITH** RAPE TRIAL AND MEDIA CIRCUS—BY **HARRY STEIN**

**"VIRTUAL REALITY"**—EVER WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO WALK THROUGH WALLS? FLY JUST BY POINTING YOUR FINGER? AN ADVENTUROUS *PLAYBOY* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR EXPLORES A NEW FRONTIER—BY **WALTER LOWE, JR.**

**JONATHAN KOZOL,** CONTROVERSIAL WATCHDOG OF OUR NATION'S EDUCATION SYSTEM, TALKS ABOUT TEACHING THE IMPOVERISHED, THE DETERIORATION OF INNER-CITY SCHOOLS AND HOW **REAGAN** AND **BUSH** ARE AT FAULT IN A SHOCKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE YEAR IN MUSIC"**—OUR READERS HAVE THEIR SAY AS THE BATTLE OVER LYRICS RAGES, METAL MANIA RULES AND THE GLOVED ONE MAKES A COMEBACK THAT'S ONLY MILDLY DANGEROUS. ALL THIS AND *PLAYBOY*'S ANNUAL MUSIC POLL BALLOT RESULTS

**"DATING IN THE NINETIES"**—IT'S STILL A JUNGLE OUT THERE, BUT TARZAN AND JANE MEET, MERGE AND MATE IN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAYS TODAY. A NEW ROAD MAP FOR RELATIONSHIPS—BY **DAVID SEELEY**

**"VERY OLD BONES"**—FIRE AND BRIMSTONE, TERROR AND MADNESS, ILLUSION AND DELUSION. THESE INGREDIENTS AND A DIABOLICAL STORY FROM HIS FAMILY'S PAST INSPIRE AN ARTIST TO CREATE HIS FINEST PAINTINGS AND RID HIMSELF OF A FIENDISH INHERITANCE—FICTION BY **WILLIAM KENNEDY**

**"DOUBLE VISION"**—AUDIENCES THOUGHT THEY WERE FEASTING THEIR EYES ON A NUDE **JULIA ROBERTS** IN *PRETTY WOMAN*. GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE BODY YOU REALLY SAW IN A REVEALING *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL: **SHELLEY MICHELLE,** HOLLYWOOD'S SEXIEST STAND-IN

NOVELISTS **JOSEPH HELLER** AND **KURT VONNEGUT** CHAT ABOUT LIFE, LOVE AND LITERATURE IN A FREE-WHEELING CONVERSATION WITH **CAROLE MALLORY**

**"PLAYBOY'S GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT"**—HERE'S A PICTORIAL THAT WILL APPEAL TO BOTH THE GENTLEMAN AND THE SCHOLAR IN YOU

PLUS: **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT; "PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** BRING THE BIG SCREEN INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM WITH HOME THEATER, BY **LARRY JOHNSON;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

# Alive with pleasure!

**Newport**

*After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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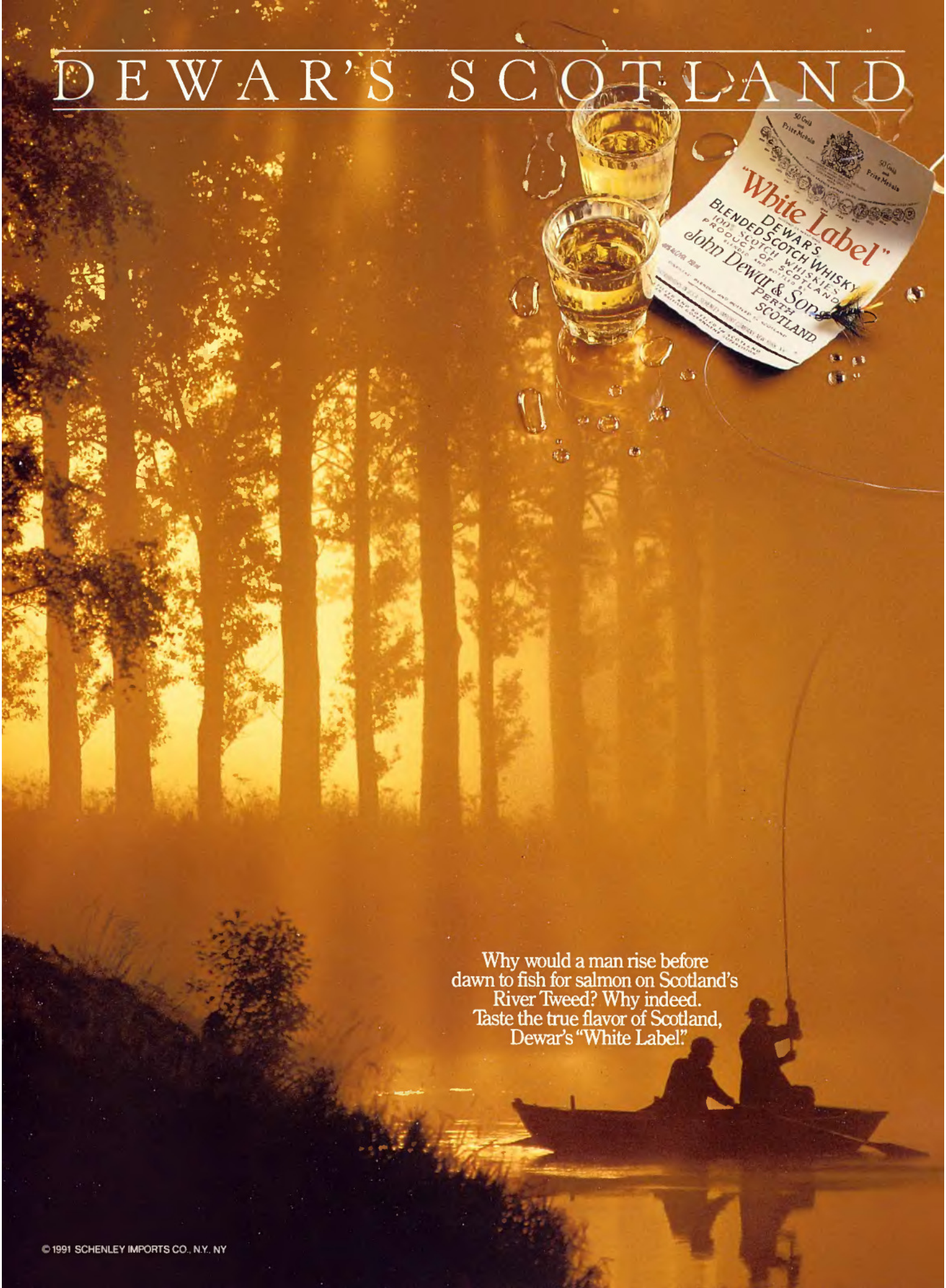
Kings: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

# DEWAR'S SCOTLAND




Why would a man rise before dawn to fish for salmon on Scotland's River Tweed? Why indeed. Taste the true flavor of Scotland, Dewar's "White Label."

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